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The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"Princess Mary's Gift Book," one of the most interesting of the season's gift-books, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It contains a frontispiece portrait of Princess Mary painted by J. J. Shannon, R.A., and stories, poems, paintings and drawings by many of the most famous of living authors and artists. All profits from the sale will be given to the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund.

We publish in this Number a very interesting reproduction of what is reputed to be a portrait of Charles Lamb painted by Raeburn, the original of which is now the property of Mr. F. H. Clarke. It is unsigned, but Mr. Clarke, who has expert knowledge in such matters, is confident that the work is Raeburn's, and that the portrait is of Lamb. The list of the artist's paintings in Greig's "Life and Works of Raeburn," includes the item: "Lamb, Charles (?) æt. 30. 28 in. by 24 in. Marquand sale, New York, January 23rd, 1903. Laurie"; and Mr. E. V. Lucas says in his "Life of Lamb": "In America, I should add, are two putative portraits of Lamb, one by George Dance, and one by Henry Raeburn. . . . Raeburn's portrait I have not seen." Mr. F. H. Clarke has been all his life an art student and collector; his grandfather, who has a place in the Dictionary of National Biography, was the late James Clarke, the antiquary, of Easton, Suffolk. He gives the following account of how the portrait came into his possession: "Just recently I had the rare good fortune to find myself *tête-à-tête* with a pictured gentleman who sat in a secluded corner of an old dwelling that was well filled with antique furniture, books and pictures. It was exactly the sort of sanctuary in which one might have expected to run across him in the flesh, some decades back, rummaging for old folios and prints. At the sight of him my heart beat faster, and as I recalled his suggestion 'If Shakespeare entered we should all rise,' I bared my head, so to speak, to the immortal memory of Charles Lamb, and to that portrait of him painted by Sir Henry Raeburn. Yes, through dirt and varnish, varnish and grime by superimposition at many a spring cleaning, the gentle visage peered out upon me with charming good humour and acute sensibility written clearly in its lines. The very lips, large and whimsical, seemed in the act of stammering out a pun. By the merest lucky accident I had come across it, and I lost no time in making it my own. A life-long study of pictures, a predilection of mine from childhood, and one in which I am helped by what I take to be a certain gift of intuition, enabled me to identify it and ascribe it to the artist, whose characteristic touch I could not mistake; and I have given myself the pleasure of restoring it in a manner which leaves the original mellowing varnish quite undisturbed." There is a marked resemblance to the Raeburn

Photo by Miss Compton Collier. **J. Byam Shaw,**

the well-known artist who has illustrated "The Garden of Kama," by Laurence Hope (Heinemann). He also illustrates the Queen's Gift Book

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Frederick Watson,**
whose new book, "Muckle John" (A. & C. Black), is reviewed in this Number.

portrait in the well-known later portrait of Lamb by Cary, and in the very scarce engraved portrait of him by F. Croll. Raeburn was in London when Lamb was aged twenty; again when he was about thirty-five; and for a third time when he was forty. The portrait was probably painted during one of these two last visits—in 1810 or 1815.

Two new books that Messrs. Arrowsmith are publishing immediately are a new novel by William Patrick Kelly, "The House at Norwood"; and "Hands of Healing," by Theodora Flower Mills, an idyll which was written before the author had read any of the other garden stories which have been published, and those parts of it which deal with outdoor life were suggested entirely by her own experiences. It will be illustrated in colour from paintings by the author.

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh, whose two new books, "India's Fighters" and "The King's Indian Allies," Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing, is one of the ablest and most successful of Indian authors and journalists. Some years ago Mr. W. T. Stead foretold a brilliant future for him, and his contributions to literature and journalism in these latter years have fully justified that pronouncement.

"Poems of Peace and War," a timely volume of verse by Miss S. Gertrude Ford, will be published this month by Mr. Erskine Macdonald. Part of the proceeds from the sale of the book will be devoted to the Red Cross Fund.

Messrs. Bell have published fourteen new volumes in their admirable shilling reissue of the famous Bohn's Library series, including selections from the Letters of Horace Walpole; Plutarch's Lives; Coleridge's "Notes on Shakespeare"; Lessing's "Laokoon"; Lucretius; "Roderick Random," and Fielding's "Amelia," each in two volumes; Hauff's Tales; Hawthorne's "Transformation"; Irving's "Bracebridge Hall"; Schopenhauer's Essays; and two more volumes of Lane's version of "The Arabian Nights."

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately, for *The Daily Telegraph* (in conjunction with *The Daily Sketch* and *The Glasgow Herald*), "King Albert's Book"—a publication of exceptional dignity and importance, issued on behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund. The book has had its origin in a widespread desire among leaders of thought and action throughout all the civilised countries of Europe, those of our enemies of course excepted, to offer a tribute of admiration to Belgium and invoke the world's sympathy and help for that gallant little nation. The outcome of this desire is that "King Albert's Book" contains, perhaps, more illustrious names than were ever before brought together within the covers of a single volume. Statesmen (beginning with the Prime Minister and the French President), ecclesiastics, scholars, soldiers,

Photo by Lena Connell. **St. John G. Ervine,**
whose plays have been produced at the Abbey Theatre Dublin, and in America. He has just published his first novel, "Mrs. Martin's Man" (Maunsel).

sailors, preachers, teachers, authors, artists and composers of nearly all the great nations of the world have contributed to its pages. It is a handsome quarto volume, containing a signed photogravure portrait of King Albert, many plates in colour and others in black and white.

There is no sign of falling off in the number of new books directly or indirectly concerned with the War. Among the many that reached us during last month are :

"First from the Front." By Harold Ashton, the *Daily News* War Correspondent. 2s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

"And They went to War," a notable little book of poems, by J. A. Nicklin. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Madame Maurice Maeterlinck (Georgette Le Blanc).**

"The Girl who found the Blue Bird," by Madame Maeterlinck, was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN; in this Number we review "The Choice of Life" (Methuen), Madame Maeterlinck's first novel.

"The German Spy System from Within." By an Ex-Intelligence Officer. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The New War Encyclopædia and Dictionary." 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"Fighting Lines." By Harold Begbie, including the striking poems Mr. Begbie has recently contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*. 1s. net. (Constable.)

"Hacking through Belgium." By Edmund Dane. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Aircraft in War." By H. Massac Buist. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **W. Pett Ridge,**

whose latest novel, "The Happy Recruit" (Methuen), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"An Englishwoman's Adventures in the German Lines." By Gladys Lloyd. 1s. net. (Pearson.)

"Prophecies and Omens of the Great War." By Ralph Shirley. 6d. net. (Rider & Son.)

Photo by Swains. **Arthur Edward Waite,**

whose Collected Poems Messrs. Rider are publishing.

"The Story of the Huns." By Edward Gibbon. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)

"The Nation in Arms." By Field-Marshall Baron von der Goltz. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Back from the Front," an eye-witness's narrative of the beginnings of the Great War, by Thos. A. Baggs. 1s. net. (Palmer.)

"Who is Responsible?" by Cloudesley Brereton—an admirable account of Prussian traditions and policy that have led to the present conflict, with a suggestion as to the settlement to be made for securing permanent peace. Third English edition. 7d. net. (Harrap.)

"War Poems," by Marie Van Vorst; the profits of which are to go to the Belgian Relief Fund. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

"Submarine Engineering," all about work under water, submarines, torpedoes, etc., by Sydney F. Walker, R.N. 1s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

"Your Navy as a Fighting Machine." By Fred T. Jane. 1s. net. (Palmer.)

"War Harvest, 1914," a book of verse, by Arthur K. Sabin. 6d. (Temple Sheen Press.)

"Neutral Nations and the War." By James Bryce. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

"English-Flemish Phrase Book." Compiled by E. V. Bisschop. 6d. net. (Leopold B. Hill.)

"The Entente *v.* The Alliance." By James M. Beck, late Attorney-General of the U.S.A. (Putnam.)

"How Belgium Saved Europe." By Dr. Sarolea. (Heinemann.)

"The War and the World's Wheat." By Alfred Akers. 3d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"The Organisation of the Army." By Treitschke. 6d. net. (Gowans & Gray.)

E. B. de Rendon,
whose novel, "The School for Lovers," Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing.

"Germany and the Germans," from an American point of view. By Price Collier. 2s. net. (Duckworth.)

"The Last of the Huns." By George Saunders. 1s. net. (Routledge.)

"The Third Great War in Relation to Modern History." By Laurie Magnus. 1s. net. (Arrowsmith.)

"The Life of Sir John French." By Harold T. B. Wheeler. 2d. (Aldine Publishing Co.)

"How the War Came About." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 4d. (Patriotic Publishing Co.)

"Britain's Duty To-day." By Edward Lyttleton, D.D. 4d. (Patriotic Publishing Co.)

"Motor Transports in War." By Horace Wyatt. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Though War Should Rise," by Mrs. Howard Taylor. Foreword by Rev. J. Stuart Holden. 6d. net. (Morgan & Scott.)

"Rifle Training for War," by Ernest H. Robinson. (Cassell.)

"The War in Europe," by Dr. A. Hart. (Appleton.)

"Nietzsche"—who is credited with having caused the Great War through his teachings—by J. M. Kennedy. (Werner Laurie.)

"Reminiscences of the Franco-German War of 1870." By William Jones. (Headley Bros.)

"The Soldiers' English-French Conversation Book." 7d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Photo by Arnold Genthe. **S. S. McClure.**

Frontispiece portrait from "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure (Murray) which is reviewed in this Number.

The beautiful painting, on our front cover, of the Cathedral at Louvain as it was before the destruction of the city, is one of the twenty colour plates by the Dutch artist, W. L. Bruckman, which illustrate "The Glory of Belgium," a fine art colour book with letterpress by Roger Ingpen, published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MR. B. P. NEUMANN.

IT has become a commonplace of literary criticism in these days to say that the world yet awaits the novelist who shall adequately interpret the lives of that mass of ordinary people somewhat vaguely known as the middle classes. The comment is so obviously true that one wonders why anybody ever thought it worth while to make it, or having made it, did not immediately modify it by stating the equally obvious reason. The fact is of course, that neither the middle class nor any other grade of the social community can ever find its adequate interpreter, because from the point of view of art it does not exist. There is nothing to interpret; although there is plenty to describe. The novelist may, and very often does, find in social conditions and special surroundings both a *milieu* and a motive; but his essential business is with the soul of man, and all the rest is merely the setting of the play.

Photo by Vandyk.

B. Paul Neumann.

All this admitted, however, it is none the less true that some of the finest novels of the last twenty years have drawn upon the life of the middle class for their characters and setting, and among the young men at present engaged in making a name for themselves, by far the greater number find their inspiration among "ordinary" people moving amidst ordinary and unexciting surroundings. One has only to recall the work of Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Gilbert Canaan, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. J. D. Beresford and Mr. Frank Swinnerton to realise what a wealth of artistic material they have discovered, and to appreciate the fact that it is by sheer intensity of vision and insight that they are enabled to uncover its charm. How far the choice of medium is due in this new school to the revolt against the romantic realism of the later years of the nineteenth century is a nice point, but unfortunately one that is outside the scope of this article; it is certain at least that along the road marked out by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett they have already progressed very far.

When, some two or three years ago, I made a first acquaintance with the work of Paul Neumann, I thought I had discovered another of these rising young men. The book was picked out casually from the library shelf on account of a vague Dickensian flavour about its title. "Roddles" was the name of it, and to one fresh from the reading of that incomparable book "Joseph Vance," and possessed of a vague craving for more of the same satisfying pabulum, it seemed to promise well. As it turned out, however, it was not in the least like "Joseph Vance," and anything further from what we are pleased to call the spirit of Dickens could hardly be imagined. I read it with at first a little irritation, for much of it, to tell the truth, was trivial, and there was a certain air of priggishness over some of the characters that made one fret. It was the story of two brothers, sons of a jobbing tailor, who, having had no chance of life himself for the exercise of his undoubted talents and abilities, forms a plan of life for his children by means of which they shall pass from stepping-stone to stepping-stone across the stream that divides the "haves" from the "have-nots," and attain at last the pinnacles of success, symbolised in the tailor's imagination by a house in the Cromwell Road. The plan works out with miraculous regularity in every detail. Free education forms the basis of the boys' success; they win scholarship after scholarship, proceed, one to University College, and the other to Cambridge, take up respectively the professions of doctor and barrister, and the book ends when both have attained the summit of their father's ambition — both of them "top-notchers," both resident in the Cromwell Road, one a knight and a judge; the other a famous physician and an F.R.S. Thus baldly summarised the plot of the book does not sound very attractive, and indeed as a plot it is tiresome enough; but in the hands of a capable artist the plot of a book does not matter. Almost any old thing will do. Given that intensity of vision I have mentioned before, the oldest story becomes new, the most ordinary thing becomes a miracle, and the most improbable happening, likely.

It is so with "Roddles." The character of the cockney tailor, with his shrewd and cynical outlook on life, his uncompromising hatred of sentimentality, his singleness of purpose, and capacity for self-sacrifice, covered by a half-assumed misanthropy, is one of which the greatest artist of our time need not have been ashamed. Mr. Roddles grows upon us as we read. He dominates the book, and gradually we are led to see the author's purpose in showing us every event in relation to the bitter old man. It is interesting to notice too, how little of apparent effort has gone to the making of this

character. He is delineated in a few strong strokes, his various traits developed, now by a phrase, now by a reported conversation. All the condensed bitterness of his life and the anguish of many memories are epitomised in his words as he looks at an old letter that was evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness. "I don't care about 'eaven, but I'd give something if 'ell was true." And the same bitterness breaks out again in his professed philosophy of life: "Most men are rats, and almost all women are cats, and life's a great big swindle. . . . Life doesn't play fair. She's the worst thimble-rigger there is, and luck's 'er thimble, and man's the little, dry, withered pea. Three thimbles she 'as. There's luck, and there's no luck, and there's blasted luck!" Blasted luck was the species that came to Mr. Roddles all his life, and he finds a kind of gloomy satisfaction in thinking about it.

The very unequalness of this book made me perfectly sure that Mr. Paul Neumann was a young writer, and the strong impression the work left upon my mind made me eager for more. Not long afterwards I came across a reference in a well-known literary weekly to "Open Sesame," which was included in a list of the best novels of the year. I procured "Open Sesame" post-haste, and after reading that began to discover things.

First of all, Mr. Neumann is neither a new writer nor a young one. His first book, "The Interpreter's House" was published away back in the eighteen-nineties and that was written when the author was round about forty. Mr. Neumann was a contributor to the famous "Yellow Book" in which he was represented by the first part of his fine novel "The Uttermost Farthing" afterwards republished by Blackwoods. In the course of the last twenty years he has produced more than a dozen novels, and among them two or three that stand very high indeed. His real power, however, went more or less unrecognised until the publication of "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick."

In this, perhaps the most completely satisfying of Mr. Neumann's novels, we have again the picture of a man to whom worldly success and the attainment of wealth represent the sole aim in life. Clement Shorter compared this book to the "Soll und Haben" of Freytag, and indeed it has a grip and mastery which give it a real significance and value. The story, as a story, is much more interesting than Roddles, and it has a unity and a coherence which the other entirely lacks. Josiah Porlick is the type of many a successful commercial man, entirely without imagination, close-fisted, building up a fortune by absolute disregard of any interest in life but money-making, self-centred and complacent. Like many of his prototypes in real life Josiah is religious, and has a sincere belief in a personal God, a kind of super-tradesman with whom one can bargain and compromise. The parts of the book referring to Josiah's religious feelings are wonderfully done, and provide delicious reading. In one respect, however, I think the character fails. Josiah Porlick builds up a fortune of half-a-million, a very considerable achievement which requires a certain vision and imagination, whatever else may be lacking. In real life a man so petty, so narrow-minded, so futile as Porlick might perhaps have built up a flourishing suburban business, as a grocer or an ironmonger, but he could hardly have done more. But this is a small point, and one that is more than balanced by the vividness with which every scene of the book is imagined. There is no *dénouement* in the ordinary sense of the word; the events march inevitably towards their conclusion. Josiah Porlick attains his greatness—the only greatness he is capable of comprehending; he glories in it and he dies. His life is one great tragedy of misapplied effort and misconception, but from his point of view there is no tragedy at all. The author paints in each scene with grim coldness and aloofness and produces his effect by sheer economy of means. And having done his work he makes his sole comment in the words with which the book ends: "It is a strange world, my masters, but up above the skies are blue."

This theme of worldly success in its relation to the things of life that really matter is a favourite with Mr. Neumann. One may say, indeed, that it is his only theme, for in some form or other it is the motive of at least half a dozen of his books. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul"—the message is two thousand years old, yet there was never more need to preach it than at the present time. One of the stories in "The Interpreter's House" is a beautiful little idyll called "The Forest Child." It tells of a boy who lived with his father by the banks of Asgartos (the river of life), and who was taught that the sole things in life worth striving after were knowledge and truth. The boy being grown a man goes forth into the world, shunning love and pleasure, and year by year adding to his store of learning. The winter of his life falls upon him and he is still unsatisfied, for ever before him he beholds the vision of knowledge unattained and unattainable. And at last, being very near his end, he wanders into a forest and meets a little laughing child whose name is Love. . . .

It is the fashion, I know, to speak slightingly of the artist who is also a moralist; most of us when we were very young have made an aphorism or two on the subject: "In so far as a man is consciously a teacher he fails to attain the highest levels of art"—something of that sort. But if the root of the matter is in us, sooner or later we come to realise that although Art for Art's sake is a good thing enough, Art for Man's sake is better still.

And the root of the matter is certainly in Mr. Neumann. His method is not that of the preacher. He selects and records, coldly chronicling, setting his incidents one after the other and leaving the conclusion to the reader. In "Dominy's Dollars," which was written after "Josiah Porlick" and before "Roddles," we have again the story of a man who attains great wealth. For sheer power of description I can remember few scenes in fiction which impressed me more strongly than the opening chapters of this book, describing the life of a Jewish boy in the New York Ghetto, and though the rich vein is soon exhausted it is perhaps all the better for that. The episode has its place; it is faithfully recorded and then left; but in the light of the rest of the book it becomes for the reader a memory that constantly recurs, as one must suppose the memory of these early days recurred to the mind of Dominy himself.

Of "The Lone Heights" and "Simon Brandin" little need be said except that they neither of them represent Mr. Neumann at his best. "Open Sesame" is, however,

in a different class, for its method is unique among our author's work. It is a novel of character in the real sense of that very much abused term, for the story is made to march by the constant action and reaction upon each other of the various personalities with whom it is concerned. As a study of the intimate life of a group of middle-class families it invites comparison with Mr. Swinnerton's "Happy Family," surely the best novel in this kind that has been written for many a year. "Open Sesame" is, perhaps, open to the charge of being a little jerky and spasmodic. The author makes his effects by a series of almost self-complete and detached pictures, each one marvellously vivid, that pass across the screen like the scenes of a cinematograph. But the characters are real, complex beings, not mere personifications of single qualities tricked out with a dress and a name, and, what is very rare, they really develop and display themselves in the course of the story. A fine example of this is the character of Will Porteous, a youth of ponderous solemnity, whose nickname of "Bub" fits him like a glove. I do not think his appearance is ever described, but after a page or two one visualises him clearly and without effort—round-faced, with heavy features slightly overdrawn, the cheeks a thought too full, the lips a thought too thick. . . . The development of the latent power in the man, the morbid self-exaltation which leads him to a transient success as a faith-healer, and the decline into ego-mania and general paralysis are described with a reality and vividness, that one associates rather with the greatest French art than with English. And it is all done with the minimum of comment, by the accumulation of impressions—a touch of colour here, a phrase there, a contrast or a relation. The effect is similar to that which a masterly impressionistic painter can give. Peering closely one sees crudeness and exaggeration, but step back from the canvas!

Mr. Neumann's last book "The Rise and Glory of the West-ll-Browns," was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN. His last but one, "Chignett Street," published in the spring, is a study of that particular kind of boy who attends the London elementary school, and who up to the present has received rather less attention in literature than many an obscure African tribe. In essence he is the same kind of boy as attends Eton or Harrow; he plays "kick-can" instead of fives, and keeps "weeny" instead of "cave," and works off his animal spirits in an asphalt playground instead of in green fields shaded by stately elms; but the difference is no deeper than that. Mr. Neumann describes the boys and the teachers and the schools with absolute fidelity, and if he fails somewhat to render the exuberance of boyhood's vitality the fault is, perhaps, due to his very carefulness and accuracy of observation. One cannot do everything. C. SEDDON EVANS.

EDITH HOWES.

THE Dominion of New Zealand enjoys a world-wide reputation as a paradise for the worker; it can also claim to be one of the fairylands of the Empire, since it boasts scenery of a splendour and grandeur unequalled in any other part of the globe. Also the thermal districts in the North island present the weirdest spectacles, providing a series of remarkable "thrills" to the unwary. It was only to be expected that amid so unusual an environment genius would presently come to light, and that this genius would find expression along literary bypaths. Edith Howes may be regarded as one of the pioneers in this regard; she is destined to become as famous as Selma Lagerloff or Lewis Carroll, to cite two authors with whom she has much in common. Although born in the Homeland, Edith Howes was of such tender years when first she crossed the ocean that she can fairly claim to be a true daughter of Maoriland. Cursorily considered, there is little in her life story to arrest attention, and yet, precisely because it is a life story, it has many points of interest. She early accepted the vocation of a public-school teacher because she conceived the idea that her mission and purpose in life was to teach and train and mould the characters of the children around her. In New Zealand the compound "public-school" summons up no memories of Eton or Harrow, Rugby or Winchester—it is simply the State or National school where free education is provided for children of all classes, and where the sons and daughters of professional men sit side by side on the benches with the children of the working man. It is an institution where money or position counts but little, it is the highway to the High School and the University for all who have the intelligence and ability to pass the necessary examinations and secure the essential scholarships. Long before she was out of her teens, Edith Howes was a servant in the employ of the Government Education Department, her speciality being the infant classes. As the result of experience gained in trying to lay hold of the minds and hearts of these little children, Edith Howes became one of the early exponents of a rational nature study that would enable the children to absorb and become familiar with the mysterious and wonderful processes of evolution—not from books but from the fountain head of Nature herself. Allied to a faculty of observing closely she had studied elementary biology, and in addition was great "chums" with a brother who was a born naturalist with a special leaning towards entomology. With the idea first of all of interesting her own infant classes, and to open their eyes to the fairyland all around them, Edith Howes studied closely, and then made into fairy stories the life histories of many of the plants, flowers, and insects familiar to all little children. These stories speedily became popular, and other teachers hearing of their success begged for permission to use them, and

Photo by Mora Studio Gore. **Edith Howes.**

typewritten copies began to be circulated from hand to hand. The fame of the nature studies so cleverly disguised as fairy stories came to the ear of the editor of the New Zealand School Journal, and he asked Edith Howes to contribute a series of them for publication. Noticing the universal approbation with which they were received, Edith Howes began to think that she might secure an even wider public. She collected all that had appeared in print, wrote a number of fresh stories, copied them all on her typewriter, selected at random a London publisher, and sent the precious manuscript over the seas. Three months elapsed and back came the parcel "declined with thanks"; and for a period of several years that parcel travelled backwards and forwards from New Zealand to London, and from London to New Zealand. Certainly there were some publishing firms who recognised the merit of the stories, but they were "out of their line," the writer was "unknown," they did not "care to venture." At length when the humour of the process was beginning to pall and the bill for postage had mounted up to a considerable sum, there was found a publisher who made the author a "sporting offer," and in despair of getting her work before the public in any other way that offer was accepted, and "Sun Babies" saw the light. An advance copy of the book was brought under the notice of Dr. W. B. Benham, Professor of Biology at the Otago University, and a recognised authority in all English speaking countries on earth-worms and kindred subjects. The Professor was fascinated with the literary charm of the book, and in addition he publicly certified to its exact scientific accuracy. As the outcome of such certificate, Edith Howes was constituted a honorary member of the New Zealand Institute. Favourably reviewed in the New Zealand newspapers, "Sun Babies" had a record sale throughout the Dominion, and to-day there are multitudes of the boys and girls of New Zealand who know most of the stories off by heart.

Encouraged by the success of their venture the publishers solicited a second book. Edith Howes fished out from the back of a drawer, where it had long lain covered with dust, the manuscript of an earlier effort. This book, which was subsequently published under the title of "Fairy Rings," told how two delightful children, named Win and Twin, brought the fairies all the way from Ireland, over the seas in a fairy ship, and established them safely in the Maoriland bush. It represented an attempt at protest against that insidious form of materialistic education which would stunt and dwarf the beautiful imagination of a child by excluding from its reading fairy stories under the excuse that they "were not true." "Fairy Rings" constitutes a fine satire on all such materialistic methods, and in the story Edith Howes gives full play to a fine poetic instinct allied to a magnificent imagination. Many of the rhymes in this book will rank in the same children's garland that includes the wonderful nonsense of the "Alice" books.

"Fairy Rings" was received by the children of New Zealand with equal favour, and by this time the fame of the two books had spread to Australia. The education authorities of the Commonwealth, quick to recognise so valuable an aid to the teaching of the young, incorporated the stories amongst the recognised text books of the Education Department.

Edith Howes' third book, "Rainbow Children," followed the same lines as "Sun Babies," and with her widened experience and extended knowledge she was able to publish a volume of nature studies the value and charm of which cannot be over-estimated, and again its circulation among the limited populations of Australia and New Zealand was most gratifying. Her fourth volume, which recreated the Maori myths and traditions immortalised by Sir George Grey, and gave them to the children under title "Maori Land Fairy Tales," has from the point of view of circulation excelled all her previous work.

Edith Howes' life story forms a distinct contradiction to the old saw that a prophet has no honour is his own country, since it is in her own land of New Zealand, and in the neighbouring continent of Australia that her readers are mainly to be found. Comparatively few copies of her books have found their way into the homes of England or America, but wherever found they have always been appreciated. Her publishers when asked to explain the small circulation of these beautiful fairy books in England fell back upon two explanations, neither of which seems quite satisfactory—the one that fairy stories are out of fashion, English children no longer read them, the other that Edith Howes deals with New Zealand flora and fauna and consequently her nature study does not appeal in the Homeland. Private experiment, however, proves both these explanations fallacious, for in several instances families of children in different part of England were entranced by these charming stories in exactly the same way as our New Zealand children are.

The future holds big things for Edith Howes, for all the time she can spare from her teaching is devoted to gathering fresh material for new stories. And she is no second-hand gatherer of facts. She spent a recent holiday at one of the beautifully secluded sea-side resorts in which the coast of New Zealand abounds. Every day, wet or fine, would find her wading in the rock-pools or rowing in a boat to some almost inaccessible spot, observing the habits of the sea creatures and securing specimens for the aquarium which she had established on the balcony of the house where she was staying. Or camera in hand she was engaged in collecting material for illustrating some of the many books which she has in project. Indefatigable and hard-working to a degree, sparing no pains to get at the exact truth about everything, she works incessantly with one idea, to open the eyes of the children to all the wonders and beauties of Nature displayed on every hand, in short to gain for them an entrance into that fairy land in which she herself so happily dwells.

Edith Howes lives continually in the hope that one day she may be justified in devoting all her time to her books, but so far the support accorded her by the British public will not permit her to follow that course. But the time will come when English and American parents in search of the best books to give to their children will discover Edith Howes. She is well worth discovering, for she believes in the part that women are called upon to play in this world, and she is doing her best to show the way.

A. H. GRINLING.

THE READER.

BARRIE BENIGNUS.*

By Dixon Scott.

THE more melancholy the Christmas, the greater need for mirth; and it is beautifully characteristic of our Barrie, gentlest-hearted genius since Lamb, that he should have chosen just this Yule, of all Yules, to double his annual bequest and play the part of Santa Claus twice over. More even than that, indeed. He has *quintupled* his usual gift. For though "Half-Hours" sounds humble, it contains four complete, perfect plays—two at least of them masterpieces, and one ("The Twelve-Pound Look") publicly backed by no less a man than Granville Barker against "any other one-act comedy in existence." In *existence*, mind you—not merely in England. "I wonder," he once wrote, "how many of the people who laugh consumedly at 'The Twelve-Pound Look' know really how good a play it is. I think I am prepared to back it against any other one-act comedy that exists; and I know a few first-class ones, mostly not, I am sorry to say, in the English language. Apart from its technical excellence, that not a word is wasted (though there are, to be candid, just a couple or so of speeches I would take out to pronounce it flawless †), and the marvellous ease with which every effect is made, the temper of the thing is so fine. People prate for and against there being no moral purpose in art. Can any woman of spirit walk out of the theatre after seeing the 'Twelve-Pound Look' without feeling an inch taller? If that's not a high artistic achievement, I don't know what is." The author of "The Twelve-Pound Look," in short, is the boy who makes women grow up. The play may be marked Half-an-hour, but it adds years to your life.

* "The Admirable Crichton." By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated in Colour by Hugh Thomson. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Half Hours." By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† These must have been taken out, and the wounds healed by magic. There certainly isn't a trace of them now. I defy Mr. Barker, with all his skill as a surgeon, to remove even a bracket without breaking the skin and drawing blood.—D.S.

One by one they steal nearer to the pot until they are squatted around it, with their hands out to the blaze.

Reproduced from one of the paintings by Hugh Thomson which illustrate "The Admirable Crichton," by J. M. Barrie (Hodder & Stoughton).

And it is small just because it is powerfully concentrated, triple extract of a play three times its size. It occupies no more room in these pages than a sachet of lavender or a paper-knife left lying among the leaves; tucked into the toe of a stocking, concertina'd up small, you scarcely would know it was there. But take it out, and it expands with the plop of an opera-hat, like one of those Chinese tricks that swell insanely in water. Only in this case all that is needed is air. It works like a wild conjuring-trick, thrusting out wings, porches, properties, until Christmas-day itself seems just a toy twinkling in one of its corners, whilst assorted New Years wander and camp in its corridors, waiting for you to select the one you like best.

And that telescopic quality is true of all five. They are illimitably elastic. And this is not only because of that cute economy of craftsmanship which Mr. Barker rightly admires—an economy often as great as even Kipling's at his best. Something additional has been done to them all, in readiness for Christmas morning—something which not even Mr. Granville Barker, but only a privileged reviewer or two, has yet been allowed to see. For the great fact about the five, as they appear in these two volumes is that they are not (like most printed plays) mere styptic reproductions of the astringent verbal skeletons of direction and dialogue which the author handed over to the wizards of the theatre to be fleshed. They are not substitutes for the acted plays; they are subliminations, supersessions; they bear the same relation to the acted play as the acted play did to the author's "copy"—they carry the stage-performance one completing stage further. Chief among Barrie's powers as a dramatist there always has been, it is true, a rare gift for writing his plays with more than words. He uses an alphabet of limbs and letters intermixed—"Pantaloon," for example, contains five principal

characters of which only two use any words at all; it must have been not so much written as depicted. But this last "state" of Pantaloon is fuller far than that first draft could have been of the mute elements that enfold the dialogue with life. All that the players and producers imported, all the "business" and the bloom, the glamour and reality that their arts and presence bestowed; and all the enrichments of limes and scenery, and even the thrilling atmosphere of the theatre itself, the powerful influence contributed by you and me in the auditorium, has here somehow or other been reproduced, absorbed into the sympathetic ink and deftly communicated by all manner of touches that steal to and fro in italics. It is the entire actual performance, not its literary embryo, that is cunningly packed up so small here. Nay, we even get things the clumsier theatre had to miss out—shades of emotion so frail that they would inevitably have been frizzled had they tried to get through the footlights—scenes it would take a stage revolving like a mad tee-to-tum to set before us with proportionate swiftness. Honestly, now—did anything, or could anything, in the actual performance of Pantaloon, give you quite as much, and as perfect a pleasure as the way it ripples open here?

When the curtain rises we see COLUMBINE *alone in the little house, very happy and gay, for she has no notion that her tragic hour is about to strike. She is dressed precisely as we may have seen her on the stage. It is the pink skirt, the white one being usually kept for Sunday, which is also washing-day; and we almost wish this had been Sunday, just to show* COLUMBINE *in white at the tub, washing the pink without letting a single soap-sud pop on to the white. She is toasting bread rhythmically by the fire, and hides the toasting-fork as the policeman passes suspiciously outside. Presently she is in a whirl of emotion because she has heard Harlequin's knock. She rushes to the window and hides (they were always hiding), she blows kisses, and in her excitement she is everywhere and nowhere at once, like a kitten that leaps at nothing and stops half-way. She has the short quick steps of a bird on a lawn. Long before we have time to describe her movements she has bobbed out of sight beneath the table to await* HARLEQUIN *funnily, for we must never forget that they are a funny family. With a whirl of his wand that is itself a dance* HARLEQUIN *makes the door fly open. He enters, says the stage direction, but what it means is that somehow he is now in the room. He probably knows that* COLUMBINE *is beneath the table, as she hides so often and there are so few places in the room to hide in, but he searches for her elsewhere, even in a jug, to her extreme mirth, for, of course, she is peeping at him. He taps the wicker basket with his wand and the lid flies open. Still no* COLUMBINE! *He sits dejectedly on a chair by the table, with one foot toward the spot where we last saw her head. This is irresistible. She kisses the foot. She is out from beneath the table now, and he is pursuing her round the room. They are as wayward as leaves in a gale. The cunning fellow pretends he does not want her, and now it is she who is pursuing him. There is something entrancing in his hand. It is a ring. It is the engagement ring at last! She falters, she blushes, but she snatches at the ring. He tantalises her, holding it beyond her reach, but soon she has pulled down his hand, and the ring is on her finger. They are dancing ecstatically when* PANTALOON *comes in, and has to drop his stick because she leaps into his arms. If she were not so flurried she would see that the aged man has brought excitement with him also.*

Nobody in the audience knew of that Sunday skirt. Nobody in the pit could see that engagement-ring. None of us guessed, until he spoke, that Pantaloon was specially excited. And as for the dance itself, there are only two people in the world who could do it as it is done by those words; and Nijinski and Genée have never danced together yet. And when, in "The Admirable Crichton," the aid of an actual illustrator is accepted too, who shall measure then the prerogatives of the reader over the mere play-goer? For the illustrator is Mr. Hugh Thomson, whom I once called a Scotsman (it was last Christmas, when we were strolling down Quality Street), and he has here taken the opportunity of putting himself right with the world by rollicking like the irrepressible Irishman he actually is. He does things no straight-laced Scotsman would ever permit himself, flouting barriers which even Sir James himself is sadly obliged by his northern conscience to observe. "*The exterior of the cottage is probably picturesque, with a thatched roof,*" speculates the author wistfully in "Rosalind," "*but we shall never know for certain, it being against the rules of the game to step outside and look.*" Such rules, such prim Barrie-cades, Mr. Thomson, very properly, simply spears with his pen and tosses over the moon. He does all the things that the author wanted to do, but couldn't. He sends his art roaming and rippling up hidden reaches of incident, flushing all the adventures that Barrie had to leave unexplored. He gives us, for example (on page 112) the most glorious view of Lord Loam's reported encounter "off" with the ill-read monkeys who failed to return nuts for stones, as all monkeys in stories are supposed to do. "I always understood," complained his lordship, "that if you flung stones at them they would retaliate by flinging cocoa-nuts at you. Would you believe it, I flung a hundred stones, and not one monkey had sufficient intelligence to grasp my meaning. How I longed for Crichton." And how we longed to have seen him at it. Yet it seems to have been even funnier than we supposed. For the purple antics of the old gentleman in the immemorial forest we *were* perhaps prepared; but the huddled embarrassment of the monkeys, the pharisaical attempt of some of them to assume a lofty indifference and pretend that the improper phenomenon is not there, the deepening consciousness of others that they are not doing the correct thing, were elements of the scene we had not grasped. And Mr. Thomson keeps opening up these vistas, approaching the play, so to say, from behind, knocking down the back-cloth and showing us, to our joy, that a genuine world does stretch away behind, and not a disillusioning hinterland of pulleys. He pierces time, too, as well as space, as on page 48, perhaps the happiest disclosure in the book. Crichton is making his great speech:

"My lady, I am the son of a butler and a lady's-maid—perhaps the happiest of all combinations—and to me the most beautiful thing in the world is a haughty, aristocratic English house, with everyone kept in his place. Though I were equal to your ladyship, where would be the pleasure to me? It would be counterbalanced by the pain of feeling that Thomas and John were equal to me."

As though the opening phrase had touched a spring, a door flies back in the scene, and there, with Shakespearean suddenness, even while he suavely speaks, we behold the great man at the age of one, toddling adorably between the happy combination. The enrichment of realism is inestimable. We are in the presence of historic personages. Water-colours have done what

A reproduction of the painting by J. J. Shannon, R.A., reproduced in full colour in "Princess Mary's Gift Book." Published by Hodder & Stoughton for the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.
A Frontispiece for "Princess Mary's Gift Book."

grease-paint never could. There are twenty-one of these revelations, besides countless curly tail-pieces, and the decorated title-page with the poignant juxtaposition of the two Crichtons, the baggy-kneed one with the salver and the hefty one with the axe, is precisely the sort of thing that drop-scenes always would be in theatres if only theatres were ordered as they would be (and will be) in the world which Barrie has sought for so wistfully, and so far in vain, among the appearances that others call reality.

* * * * *

For that, finally (to cut a little deeper), is the quality that makes all these plays so really beautiful, so humanly appealing and compelling. They are all based on a belief in a charmed world beneath this selfish one, much as the Never-Never Land of deathless childishness and sensible fun lay beneath the grisly wood of wolves and pirates. Some astonishment has been expressed that Sir James should have been chosen to plead the cause of the Allies in America; yet it may be doubted whether, among our reigning writers, there is any who has sought so earnestly for things pure and lovely and of good report, or who has such an anguished horror of greed and treachery and inhumanity. The war must have been even more a nightmare to him than it has been to the rest of us. All his life (one speaks of course of his life as an artist, the life to which all the rest is merely fringe) he has hunted hungrily for the world he dreamed of as a boy, the world of radiance and romance, where beauty and nobility stoop to welcome aspiration with a smile. He thought to find it in London, like so many wistful Scots; and strove for a time to make the metropolis fit his idyllic art. The result was the trixy distortions that we know. Grizel smiled a crooked smile and Tommy hanged himself quaintly; London simply turned into a phantasmagoria of cruel giants and pitiable dwarfs when looked at through the simple old-fashioned panes of the window in Thrums. There was only one thing they seemed to suit, and that was the wee folk who were already dwarfish, the little people who play in Kensington Gardens. That discovery gave him his middle masterpiece, the happiest of his books, and some serenity and trustfulness returned to him. He began to think kindlier of the ugly giants since their children were so nice; he couldn't quite fear a world that was sprinkled with such elves. And one of the results was these plays of his, collected in "Half Hours," wherein he drew the giants carefully, humps and ugliness and all, more in wondering curiosity than repugnance. The "Twelve-Pound Look" is one of these plays; "The Will" is another. Sims, the preposterous male, goggling and swelling ogreishly, is dismissed with a kick that would hardly leave a bruise. Philip Ross, his brother giant, in "The Will," is admitted to the common fellowship of poor humanity, traced back to fair ideals and dashing hopes. They are satires absolutely without venom—satyres written by a faun; it may be doubted whether there are any others in the language. Barrie began as a hero-worshipper; now he has become a villain-pardoner. He used to be shy and wistful; now he is tolerant and benign. "The Twelve-Pound Look" may send away all women an inch taller; but it doesn't make the men feel too small; it simply reduces them to a natural size. "The Twelve-Stone Look," you might call it. Its author has been disillusioned, but some essential sweetness in his nature has saved him from any bitterness. And so he comes to us this haunted Christmas, his arms heaped up with toys, perhaps hoping they may do something to defeat the dire wizardry that still holds the world in its spell.

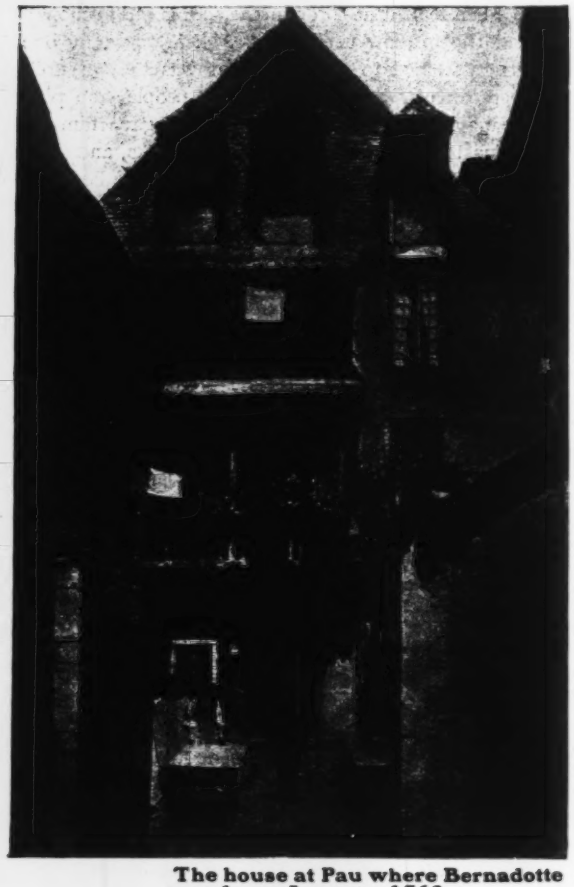
BERNADOTTE—GASCON AND KING.*

By Dr. William Barry.

IF Mr. Barton holds academic distinctions, they are not printed on his title-page. Various references lead me to conjecture that he is an Irish scholar, not unknown to Trinity College, Dublin; and he terms his present volume a holiday task fulfilled. I, for one, am grateful to him. Although reading of the French Revolution, the Consulate, and Empire in all manner of books during a long half-century, I never could get a clear picture in my mind of the adventurer who, from a second-rate general, became a King, and, unlike the other Napoleonids (so to call them) did not lose his throne. Great war-histories tell us next to nothing about Bernadotte. In the early confused and heroic outbreak of French *sans-culottes* against old Prussian or German Imperial troops, the man was but a captain; then he won his colonel's rank, and only at Fleurus, in 1794, was named general of brigade, but by Kléber and on the battlefield. I will not pursue his upward march farther just now. All I mean, however, is the plain fact that Bernadotte has no place in French legend corresponding to the glory of Masséna, Moreau, Ney, or Murat. He did not plan campaigns which fill with excitement and the thunders of victory an imagination bent on great visible, great audible deeds. Other men achieved renown excelling Bernadotte's and perished miserably, Moreau by dreadful cannon shot, Ney and Murat by military execution. The successful Gascon took the crown of Sweden after being adopted into its Royal house, annexed Norway, reigned from 1818 to 1844, and founded a dynasty still enduring—French of the Pyrenees on the edge of the Arctic Circle. These things make romance. Yet we ask, not a little perplexed, who was Bernadotte?

He was, Mr. Barton says, "le Gascon qui réussit," of the type most famous in Henry of Navarre, a soldier with something in him of the lawyer by inheritance, a cadet of fortune, as daring as lucky, who ran away from home into the army at sixteen, and carved out an extraordinary future by the sword. On occasion of a sharp quarrel Bonaparte, who was technically a gentleman born, said that, unlike Bernadotte, he had never "eaten out of the private's mess." Bonaparte's manners, as Talleyrand observed with sorrow, were not always good. The "private's mess" turned this young Gascon, debarred from promotion as a mere lawyer's

* "Bernadotte, the First Phase, 1763–1799." By D. Plunket Barton. With Portraits, etc. 15s. net. (London: Murray; Dublin: Hodges & Figgis.)



The house at Pau where Bernadotte was born, January, 1763.

From "Bernadotte," by D. Plunket Barton (John Murray).

son, "bourgeoisie de la robe," into a patriot, which he remained all through, and a Jacobin at some critical moments. We are apt, in watching the Revolution with its tragedies at Paris, to overlook the revolt which took place in the army against officers whose title to command was their emblazoned shield. Bernadotte, however, proved by his chivalry, and a certain very delightful kindness towards the vanquished, that no one could be more of a gentleman than he. With good looks, imposing height, a most eloquent tongue at need, courage in his blood, and a gift of attention to detail, he was made for the French army. When that career lay open to talent, he did well. He was among those who founded the "Army of the Sambre and the Meuse"—names terribly significant to us once more—illustrious in a degree that provoked jealous mockeries from Bonaparte's "Army of Italy," when these two forces joined hands at Milan. The ragamuffins who had taken and pillaged Lombardy felt huge disdain of "les Messieurs," "the snobs," kept in much stricter discipline by their brave knight from Béarn. At this point we strain our eyes to get a glimpse of the opposed—I cannot say the rival—captains. Bonaparte's ambition was kindling; he dwelt on Cæsar and Alexander, dazzled with their histories the unlearned Gascon, apt as yet only in field-manœuvres, and emphatically put him down. I confess that to me, as to Count Leo Tolstoi, when composing "Peace and War," the entrance of Napoleon empties the stage. He is the one modern "Man of Destiny." But, wishing to be fair towards Bernadotte, we let him do all he can. Of course, he was incapable with his rhetoric and his Gasconades (excellent in their kind) of comprehending the Corsican-Florentine greatness, which even yet has not found its formula. Rivalry there could be none; opposition sprang up by instinct on the side of Bernadotte as Napoleon developed his aims and began to harness the Revolution to his chariot. For the enthusiast of 1789 never quite lost belief in freedom, in democratic ideas, while the lonely Italian thought of France simply as an instrument by which to conquer fame and the world.

Hence these figures move round each other at periods like the bright sun with its dark companion in a star-cluster. They are united and divided by the most curious accidents. A young girl, Désirée Clary, of Irish descent, whose family were settled at Marseilles, refused the hand of Bonaparte, would not look at Junot or Marmont, lost her *fiancé* Duphot in a riot outside the French Embassy at Rome, and married Bernadotte. She lived to be crowned Queen of Sweden, and survived until the year 1860, which seems yesterday compared with Napoleon's times. But, again, Joseph Bonaparte married the sister of Désirée, and the family alliance served the Gascon general in hours when he would otherwise have paid with exile to Cayenne or death in prison for his resistance to schemes against the now decadent French Republic. As Minister of War under the Directory he is praised by good judges. Napoleon's conquest of Egypt and unauthorised return led up straight to the catastrophe which ends this book, a downfall of hope that must have appeared final to Bernadotte himself. At this point we are able to confront Mr. Barton's narrative with M. Vandal's most interesting, not to say vivid, chapters in "L'Avènement de Bonaparte." We have come to that "pickle-herring tragedy" the Eighteenth Brumaire (November 8th, 1799), on the anniversary of which I am writing. There are details in each account supplementing the other. It remains, though a stroke of State which brought happiness to France, a singularly ignoble, or even imbecile, episode in the life of Napoleon. He is not the hero of the day, but much more so his brother Lucien, whose sham-antique Roman boldness saved the inarticulate conqueror of Italy from destruction. Napoleon lost his head in front of the people's representatives, whom a little later his "myrmidons" were chasing through the windows of the orangery at St. Cloud. And how did Bernadotte demean himself on this new Day of Dupes? He did nothing. The Republic could not be saved by him—thus he argued—unless it gave him commission to act. The plotters, who were the effective Government, would give none. So the Republic fell. The Consulate succeeded. Napoleon was master until he signed his abdication at Fontainebleau in 1814.

This should have issued in the stage-direction, "exit Bernadotte." Fortune behaved more kindly to her Gascon cadet. He was not even exiled. Time brought prizes beyond his most extravagant dreams. He became Marshal of France, Prince of Ponte Corvo, and the royal person whom his indulgent country pardons for some sharp practice in consideration of a really fine character, a romantic history, and an attachment to

Sweden, always the friend of *La Grande Nation*—Always? What will Sweden do in the world-crisis now, torn as she is between old French memories dating back to Richelieu, and a misguided admiration for the portent known as German culture? How, we might enquire, would Bernadotte act if he were living? He could not in his conscience allow of Napoleon's usurpation, though magnificent. Would he not, in our desperate conflict, side with freedom against a second-rate Cæsar?

I have not wandered from my subject; the contrary, indeed. Now one word is due to Mr. Barton, whose researches and memorials lend to these pleasant pages a value of their own. I am always very glad when studies at once original and painstaking come to us from Ireland. We want more of them. Let me just observe, as an old hand at criticism, that I hope the author will give us what is left of Bernadotte's fascinating career; and that, in doing so, he will turn his most careful thought on the problem of translation from the French. The letters and speeches, redolent of Southern eloquence, with which he has dealt or will have to deal, raise that problem in its acutest form. To take only one point: the order of words in a French sentence does not coincide with our English order as regards many particulars, yet these pages often follow the French with disastrous consequences. I had marked illustrations, but cannot give them here. All I need say is that, when the French pay us the compliment of translating our works into their own language, nothing will persuade them to sacrifice their native idiom. I record my impression; French translators seem to me the best in the world. But then all French writers feel proud of their language.

BERNARD SHAW.

By Yone Noguchi

I WHO saw that even the Thames was hopeless to save Cleopatra's Needle, whose artistic setting had been spoiled by the sad suburbanism of electric trams (what English indifference to art if you consider how Paris treats it!), was so glad to find myself once at Bernard Shaw's flat in Adelphi Terrace, and as the first thing, to have a most interesting view of that monolith. The somewhat heavy, purple, gray January fogs were unable to hide away the monolith whose solitary aloofness made it more easy to think about a certain great temple of Heliopolis than of somebody's advertisement with a Scotch soldier in kilts, or something, on the other side of the river. The whole view without was so unreal, giving me a feeling as if I were sailing toward a "City of Beautiful Night," contrary to Thompson's city, surrounded on three sides by a delightful garden where the people are Yeats' færies dancing like a flame: how could I think at that moment of Bernard Shaw and his modern age? Within, the fire burned luxuriously in the drawing-parlour, whose walls were tastefully filled with pictures, and with book-cases wherein I found books in *editions de luxe*, not particularly meant to read; the screen, chairs and couch were most properly placed. The floor was well polished; the rugs were perfectly superb. I confess I could never believe, when I stepped in here, that this was really, truly, Shaw's flat (Bernard Shaw, the curser of conventionality and sophistry); even with his bust by Rodin upon the large table, the room failed to convince me it was Shaw's. If it were not Shaw's, whose room might it be? I was glad, however, to have Mrs. Shaw before myself, the most pleasing person, with jolly wrinkles round her typical Irish eyes, who gracefully matched with the room; wasn't her feminine love of things beautiful, even her conventionality in little vagaries, symbolised by it? I dare say I was not disappointed not to find Bernard Shaw here then, although he was promised to be in presently; I secretly hoped that if he should come in he would come as a guest like myself, to enjoy Mrs. Shaw's hospitality.

Photo by Lena Connell. **G. Bernard Shaw.**

Bernard Shaw entered the room as I hoped he would, as if a guest who had made a delay of half an hour only to make his entrance more impressive. I looked up into his face for the first time in my life. I had imagined before that he might be dark and austere, with a cynical touch somewhere in his face; but my supposition fell flat when I saw that his Irish eyes like those of his delightful wife already danced before he

began to talk. His reddish complexion and hair of the lightest shade gave him a certain optimistic gaiety. When he entered, his tall slender body, covered with a sack-coat of fancy-coloured tweed, leaned forward; rubbing his palms, clasping his hands together twice or thrice (sometimes a stage manner of an American Jew), he began to exclaim:

"I have been at the Savoy to see the rehearsal of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' It was perfectly absurd. I never saw in my life anything more absurd than that. But it is Granville Barker's art always to get something quite good out of those absurdities."

He paused and looked round to see what impression he made on us. Of course I knew that was a usual manner of a clever talker. Then Shaw stepped forward to the fireplace, and walked back to the table, where his own statuette poised like a stuffed eagle. He was rather restless. The thought came to my mind, that it would not be any wonder if we could find ten thousand Bernard Shaws in London alone, since his peculiarity or eccentricity in manner as well as thought is the easiest kind to imitate; I thought it would be a mistake for an actor in Shaw's plays to go to their author's personality for a model. Again I thought that he would be justified for the first time in some distant future when the actors will go to his books alone. I confess it had become my habit to exclaim: "What a miserable Shaw!" since I landed in England. Here again I was almost going to exclaim it when the maid, with the cleanest apron on, who perfectly fitted Mrs. Shaw's house, announced that the luncheon was to be served. We, all the guests, I and Coburn the artistic photographer (certainly Shaw included as the chief guest) were conducted to the dining-room where I found Mrs. Shaw's taste in all the decorations as I expected.

I sat with Mrs. Shaw at my right, Shaw at my left. Shaw who well understood how to act the part of the chief guest (thank God I was one to be entertained as if I were only a host) began to talk when the soup was half through; it is the interesting time to begin the talk. Shaw slightly threw back his head, making his long face straight, and leaned forward a bit, and then again threw back his head, and shook his shoulders, when he exclaimed, placing his eyes on my face:

"Why, I should like to know, do you Japanese, who live in such a lovely country of art and natural beauty, ever go to America, the country of all sorts of barbarities? What do you gain there?"

He continued without waiting for me to answer:

"I have become perfectly disgusted with the Japanese ever since I saw once a certain Japanese on the platform, who was diligent in expanding on his countrymen's best qualities which we wished to forget. Now where will Japan be if, as he claimed, she is filled by those Japanese people with the worst Japanese characteristics? One thing left for Japan would be to be annexed to England; Japan would be glad, perhaps, to become an English colony. My beautiful dream of Japan is spoilt. I have no desire to go there."

"I dare say," I interrupted, "you would have a still greater reason for your fear in going to Japan; I mean that you would surely encounter your books badly translated, and your plays most horribly acted."

"My plays here are horrible enough," Shaw exclaimed.

Mrs. Shaw stopped her hands (I noticed some rings there) and looked up to me and asked, evidently interested in Japanese plays:

"Is it possible now to see the real old Japanese plays?"

I explained to her, or rather to Shaw, as best I could, the changed artistic conditions that Japan of the past thirty years has created, wisely or foolishly, in which the East and Japan always retreat before the Western invasion; and I added that the author who calls himself Bernard Shaw had considerable of a hand in the assault against Japan.

"How sad!" Mrs. Shaw sighed.

Shaw kept himself quite silent, being busy with the vegetables on his plate. I was pleased, however, to see the proof that he was a true vegetarian and not a mythical one invented by himself. I was taken, a moment later, by a sudden thought of shame for our mannerless revelling over the things rich, even wicked, which could only excite our human weakness, while Shaw was left alone in sad purity; I wondered if there was any more solitary figure than himself. And I thought that he was talkative, even desperately, and often noisy, because he wished to hide his own solitary heart; in his case, I thought, his talkativeness (not always wise, I grant) was his very last weapon of defence to play against the cruel world. What right had we, I wondered, to ridicule and criticise his talk? He suddenly became, at least to my mind, an unhappy martyr who was sacrificing everything for the pleasure of his company; he appeared to be the tenderest soul whose existence was always misunderstood.

He saw now that the whole company were too quiet; he thought it his office, as the chief guest at this Mrs. Shaw's luncheon, to make the party lively by his talk. He pushed back as usual, and fixed his Irish eyes on my face, and said, after shaking his shoulders:

"I should like to know whether literature, even bad literature, will pay in Japan. Literature does not pay at all in England. Besides, we have no decent publishers, not even one in the whole of London."

He fell presently into a reminiscent mood (what a fortune for us) and began in rather a composed voice: "I used to read the French of the seventeenth century when I was young; I can say I could well understand Voltaire and others in those days. I decided that the novels I should write must be plain and simple, perfectly free from English idioms, as if a novel translated from the French or Russian; then I thought that such a novel would be read by the simple people as well as the educated. I wrote a novel or novels with a great purpose, perhaps adopting the French form, the longest novel being twice as long as 'Vanity Fair'; how hard I tried to find a publisher for them. But my efforts in those younger days were useless; I have them still in my drawer. Just fancy that I never made a penny during those first nine years; and it was only some one hundred pounds that I earned in my tenth year. Again let me say that literature does not pay at all in England. Then my literary style and thoughts began to develop in quite an opposite direction from my original determination; and here I am as you see. It has been often said that I have no style at all. But I think I

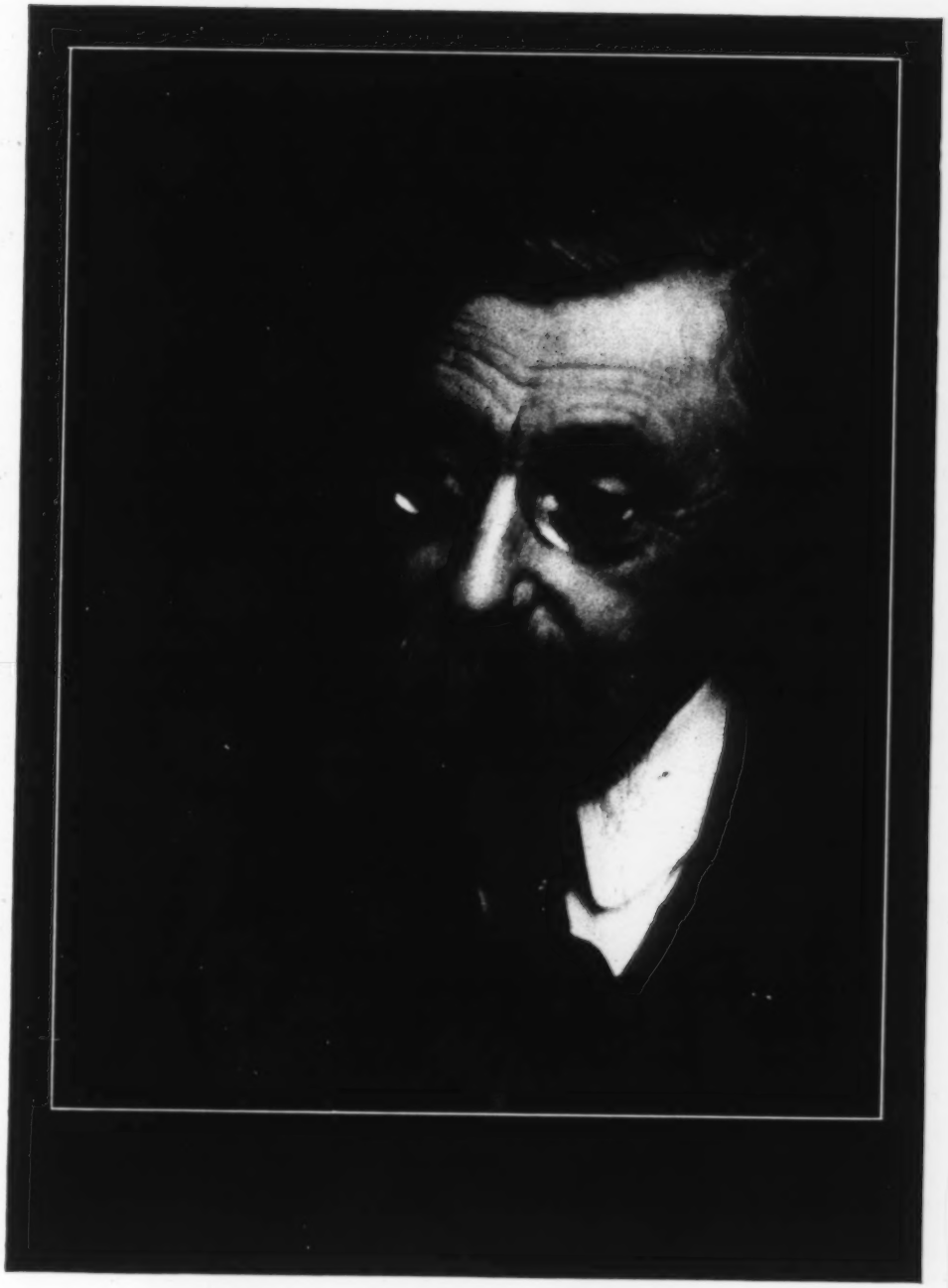


Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

ÉMILE VERHAEREN,
BELGIUM'S NATIONAL POET

have a style which is not the style of others. It is a mistake if you think you can get a real style from style. How stupid for people not to see my style at all!"

The dish of desert was duly brought in. I saw a little round pretty straw mat before myself, which I admired; I was told by Mrs. Shaw that it was the hand work of some poor Irish woman. Although I was not sure whether I liked the other mats set before the others, I declared that mine was decidedly beautiful and harmonious in colours.

"Yes, that is very pretty," Mrs. Shaw said. "And that is Miss Lena Ashwell's taste."

I was highly pleased that my taste agreed with that of the famous English actress, whose acting of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" I had seen at my last visit some ten years ago, and that I was given an opportunity now to use the mat of her choice.

Yone Noguchi.

From a painting by Yoshio Markino in "The Story of Yone Noguchi" (Chatto & Windus), which is reviewed elsewhere in this Number.

After the lunch, we withdrew to the former drawing-room where we men began to smoke presently. I was glad to hear from Bernard Shaw's own mouth what a sensation it was when Rodin ("Wonderful Rodin!" Shaw exclaimed) was modelling his face; and he imitated appropriately the French sculptor's manner of work, particularly how he stared at his face. Then Shaw approached the fireplace with both of his hands in his trousers pockets; he took them out slowly, and as before, he rubbed his palms against each other once or twice and then looked up to me and said:

"I wonder what you ever learn from England, stupid, silly, with her eternally unchanged mind. I often doubt if England has any mind at all."

"You have to go to Ireland," Mrs. Shaw interrupted, "if you wish to see a real human mind."

Shaw now brought out a watch, murmuring: "I have a committee to attend this afternoon." Then again he turned his remarkably interesting face to me, and exclaimed:

"You are a perfectly wonderful man if you can live in Japan. I am Irish. But I cannot live in Ireland. Good-bye for the present. I hope to see you soon again."

Like a blast he banged the door and ran away to make his appearance somewhere for the sake of the pleasure of his company. The party grew at once quiet and indifferent, since we had lost the chief guest; when we also began to feel like leaving Mrs. Shaw's delightful parlour, she was showing around a reproduction of Holbein's Duchess of Milan, and she said: "I am thinking to assume this rôle at the coming fancy ball."

I thought no part would fit her better. My imagination's eyes saw at once how interesting she would look with a black satin dress with ruffles, edged with a narrow black line round the neck and wrists. I thought she was an artist since she well knew where she should belong.

I thanked her for her kindness, and turned back slightly at the door, when I saw through the window the audacious Waterloo Bridge bidding me good-bye. I was sincerely glad that I had not come here at evening when somebody's Scotch soldier, or something, on the other side of the river would be lighted.

VERHAEREN EXPLAINED.*

By Francis Bickley.

THE name of Émile Verhaeren, the greatest name, not excepting Maeterlinck's, in Belgian literature, has within the last few weeks been more often on the lips of Englishmen than at any time during the thirty years since he began to publish; and the man himself is living and writing in our midst. But that is not the only reason why the appearance of this English version of a German study of the poet is timely. German "culture" has lately been made to stink in our nostrils, and it is good for our sense of proportion to have a reminder that disinterested art and criticism, worthy to rank with any in Europe, were being produced

* "Émile Verhaeren." By Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Jethro Bithell. 6s. net. (Constable.)

yesterday—and will be produced again to-morrow—by men of the Teutonic race.

Herr Zweig is a Viennese, a notable member of a brilliant young school, a poet, and the translator of Verhaeren's voluminous poetry. His short study of Verlaine was recently published in English, but this book on the Belgian is a much more elaborate matter. Of many criticisms in many languages it is indeed the most complete. As his translator points out, Herr Zweig is not only a disciple, but an apostle, and he writes with an apostolic eloquence. But though he sometimes grows dithyrambic, he never ceases to be discerning, and he has written a valuable piece of constructive criticism, treating the man, his thought and his accomplishment as an organic whole.

For this treatment, which is the most profitable form of criticism, Verhaeren is a peculiarly satisfactory subject. His work is a wonderfully complete record of his growth. Everything he writes is the vivid indication of a psychological state. Never does he repeat himself for the mere sake of writing: each poem is an entry in his spiritual diary. In two books, "Les Flamandes" and "Les Moines," he exhausted his first external impression of the duality of the Flemish world, the kermesse and the cloister, the spirit which produced Bruges and that which produced Rubens and gives Belgium to-day the highest drink bill in Europe. Then followed a prolonged period, ten almost intolerable years, of mental stress, which were unique not so much in themselves as for their victim's faithful rendering of them into art. "Such crises in the life of a poet," says Herr Zweig, "are almost always sterile." At most they are shown to us transformed by memory. "And it is, therefore, of incalculable value that here a poet should have observed himself and given us a clear picture of himself in this state, that, without fear of the ugliness, the confusion of his ego, he should have described, in terms of art, the history of a psychic crisis. In Verhaeren's trilogy, "Les Soirs," "Les Débâcles," "Les Flambeaux Noirs," we have a document that must be priceless to pathologists as to psychologists. . . . Never—if we except Dostoieffsky—has a poet's scalpel probed the wound of his ego so cruelly and so deeply, never has it gone so dangerously near to the nerve of life." From this agony of introspection, which was barely checked on the hither side of madness, Verhaeren saved himself by what his critic calls the "flight into the world." He travelled and became interested in social problems, an interest which found its main expression in another trilogy (two volumes of lyrics and a play), and thence passed, with no further reaction and in perfect logical sequence, to that larger view from which sprang the "cosmic poetry" of "Les Visages de la Vie," "Les Forces Tumultueuses," "La Multiple Splendeur," and "Les Rhythmes Souverains." It is in the light of this last phase that Herr Zweig reviews the whole of the poet's work. Everything that went before was but a preparation for this full blossoming. A curiously superficial criticism has connected Verhaeren with the French symbolists. The only characteristic his work has in common with theirs is its metrical unorthodoxy. He has nothing of the *nuance* insisted on by Verlaine and developed to vanishing point by some of his successors. His style is crude, violent and rhetorical. His interest centres in the burning thing he has to say, and he has little concern with the purely æsthetic aspect of expression. Essentially, he is a philosopher, as resolute to solve the problem of modern life as Nietzsche or Bergson. Like Nietszche, he is a New European. He is resolutely responsive to all the positive forces in modern life. "He has approved of all that is in our epoch; of everything, to the very resistance to it which he has conceived of as only a welcome augmentation of the fighting force of our vitality." At one with Nietzsche in his splendid affirmation, he differs from the great German in his acceptance of democracy. On the other hand, he differs from many modern democrats in his admiration for the dynamic and often unscrupulous individuals to whom the great achievements of a commercial world are due. As Mr. Bithell says in his short preface, his teaching appears "in a grotesquely distorted form in what is known as 'futurism,'" and "the gospel of a very serious and reasoned futurism is to be found in Verhaeren's writings." It is a futurism which loves the present and respects the past. Verhaeren's liberalism is boundless.

Mr. Bithell has made an admirable translation of an admirable book. "Whatever divergences there are," he says, "have been necessitated by the lapse of time." From this it is to be inferred—and the inference is supported by references to books unpublished when Herr Zweig wrote in 1910—that he has here and there, without taking any liberties with essentials, brought the matter of his original up to date—a sensible and commendable proceeding.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

By Henry C. Shelley.

COMEDY, Romance, Tragedy—such are the diverse notes struck in the three novels by which A. S. M. Hutchinson has firmly established an enviable position among the writers of the younger generation. The first of those stories, "Once Aboard the Lugger," was declined by one publisher on the ground that "humour was out of his line!" The MS., however, quickly finished its travels, for the second book-purveyor (Mr. Alston Rivers) to whom it was submitted had grace given him to recognise that such a high-spirited story heralded the advent of a novelist certain to command a large audience. Nor was he mistaken; in England there were demanded more editions than are usually required of a first novel, no matter how brilliant, while in the United States the success of the story was so pronounced that Mr. Hutchinson was embarrassed by applications from American publishers for the option of his next book.

Numerous attempts were made to "place" the author of "Once Aboard the Lugger," the trend of the classification being in favour of assigning him to the Dickens school. It was universally admitted that he was a genuine humourist, and perhaps his pre-occupation with the commonplace folk of London and Suburbia accounted for the conclusion that he was a disciple of Boz. But such a verdict was wide of the truth. If Mr. Hutchinson were asked to name his master he would instantly rejoin, "Fielding." In his favourite bookcase the place of honour is occupied by one of those mellow editions of Fielding which seem to exale the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, and its owner confesses that he knows its contents "by heart." He will add, too, that he wants no other author with the exception of Meredith.

This preference for Fielding explains "Once Aboard the Lugger"; like the "Joseph Andrews" of its author's best-loved novelist, it was evidently begun in a rollicking holiday mood and resulted, in the main, in a sequence of burlesque episodes. If, however, Mr. Hutchinson did not evolve a Parson Adams to focus the story, he supplied the deficiency by many passages of shrewd comment upon the comedy of life, much after the manner of the Greek chorus. Indeed one would not have been surprised to learn—though such was not the case—that he had repeated Fielding's experience of writing for the stage of the theatre ere attempting to set his puppets on the larger stage of life, for "Once Aboard the Lugger" conforms to Fielding's theory that the novel is nothing more than a "comic epic" in prose.

Photo by Bassano.

A. S. M. Hutchinson.

A comic epic that novel truly is. And the satire is of so urbane a nature that the type of character satirised has probably enjoyed the comedy without the least suspicion that he was laughing at himself. In other words, the Christopher Marrapits who expend upon cats the affection which is worthy of a better object, the Mrs. Majors who condone such weaknesses for the reward of a comfortable home in the housekeeping capacity, the Margarets with yearning souls, the employers of long-suffering governesses, the London detective sharks with their bogus office-doors—replicas of all these have without doubt smiled and chuckled over the foibles of their own prototypes in bland ignorance that they might have been the models the author had in view. Indeed Mr. Hutchinson sugared his pill so adroitly that he has had to assure anxious enquirers of his antipathy to all cats. Whether his satire of sensational Fleet Street methods has been deflected by a kindred unsuspecting innocence he has not disclosed. But it would be doing an inexcusable injustice to "Once Aboard the Lugger," to press its moral too heavily; for its story, incident, and dialogue the book is an unalloyed delight, robust with a twentieth century Fieldingism, irresistible for its humour, and, above all, remembering it is a first novel, surprising for its maturity.

Equally surprising, perhaps, was Mr. Hutchinson's seeming indifference to his success. "Once Aboard the Lugger" was published in 1908, and, as hinted above, there immediately arose a clamorous demand for the author's next novel. Yet it was not until four years later that his second story, "The Happy Warrior," was forthcoming. Such an unusual delay must not be attributed to apathy towards royalties; the novelist is no more insensible to the hard cash rewards of popular approval than the majority; on the contrary, he set to work upon "The Happy Warrior" a few months after its forerunner had been published. Nevertheless nearly four years elapsed ere the new novel was available for its expectant readers.

That fact is the most convincing proof of Mr. Hutchinson's confession that he is "appallingly, vilely conscientious." For he imagined that "The Happy Warrior" was practically finished in the September of 1911, but when he read it over for the final retouching, he became convinced that the whole would have to be rewritten! "I envy authors," he remarked by way of explanation, "who have the courage to snap their fingers at little improbabilities of time and place and character. Time and again, when writing, I find myself floored by a trivial unlikelihood that, if persisted in, I believe no one would notice. But, unhappily, I can't make my pen do it. If needs be, I must rewrite whole chapters to remove the obstacle." Many of the scenes in "The Happy Warrior" had to be rewritten a dozen times before he was at all satisfied with the result. Besides, Mr. Hutchinson, apart from the handicap that his time is so fully occupied as editor of the *Daily Graphic*, is a slow worker so far as fiction is concerned. "No divine flames of inspiration," he avers, "make my pen fly over the paper. It is all a labour of love, but a very slow, careful labour notwithstanding. I can only think when I am actually sitting at my desk with pen in hand. I envy those authors who can go for long walks, construct a chapter while they stroll, and then come home and rush it down on paper. I absolutely cannot. Indeed, unless I have a good nib and good paper and am writing neatly, I cannot get on at all." It is not surprising, then, that "The Happy Warrior" was so long delayed.

But the novel was worth waiting for. Richly did its author justify the confidence of those who anticipated that his first story was the herald of far greater things.

Cover design from "The Clean Heart,"
by A. S. M. Hutchinson (Hodder & Stoughton).

For although "The Happy Warrior" began upon a note which was reminiscent of "Once Aboard the Lugger," it quickly rose to a far higher level and sustained that elevation to the close. There was the same easy command of humour, the same vivid characterisation, the same terse style, the same atmosphere of sincerity; but to those qualities Mr. Hutchinson added a deeper searching of the springs of human emotion, a sounding of lower depths and a scaling of greater heights. In fine, he at his second venture produced one of those rare novels which leave the reader as in a trance, which set thought and emotion on long journeys, which warm the heart with a glowing affection for all human kind, and have immediate effect in the more limited sphere of the reader's own circle. "The Happy Warrior" is a triumph of construction, harmonious in its scale and proportion of parts, alive with the play of humour and pathos, distinguished for its firm grip on character, tingling with interest in incident and development, and remarkable for the frank manner in which the author takes the reader into his confidence at the very moment when that reader is congratulating himself that he can foresee the plot. Rarely has a novelist been able to disclose his hand early in his tale without relaxing his hold upon his reader, but Mr. Hutchinson took that unusual course on his forty-eighth page, without the least slackening of absorption in what was to follow.

That he was able to achieve such a triumph was due to his conception of the novel. Once more he was faithful to his model in utilising the novel to present a view of life. He deliberately set himself the task of showing that it is what a man is and feels that should be taken into account in our estimate of that man. For although "The Happy Warrior" has a fine plot, Mr. Hutchinson does not rely upon incident for his chief interest; above all the story is concerned with character development. And every ray of light is deftly focussed upon the Happy Warrior himself, the wholly lovable Percival, who is tested in many ways from childhood to manhood, and is never found wanting. It is a wonderful gallery, too, in which Percival is the central figure, for Rollo, his friend and rival, and Aunt Maggie, and the bird-like Miss Purdie, and the sturdy Mr. Hannaford of the "norse farm," and Dora the "Snow-White-and-Rose-Red" idol of Percival's love, and Japhra the gypsy and his gypsy daughter, Ima, must surely enthral the fancy of all who love to dwell apart with the dream-children of the world of imagination. Nor should Mr. Amber be forgotten, the faithful librarian of the old Burdon family, a gentle-souled creature of the kin of Parson Adams. Some of the most exquisite pictures in the story are those which reveal the old book-lover in communion with the youth in whom he discerned the true scion of the Burdon house.

So persistent is the fetish of the "happy ending," that there were some who complained of the climax of this rare book. But for Mr. Hutchinson to have closed his story in any other way would have done violence to Percival's character. In the hour when Ima was still questioning, her father resolved her doubts. "Why, this was the happy ending such as none could make it. How had he endured to live and overthrow his friend? How live in silence and carry those hot embers in his breast? Nay, nay, the fight came to him—that heart of ours—and he took up the prize. A fighter I marked him when a child he came to us. A fighter I knew him, and a winner always. Mark me what I told thee once when he lay with us: Though it be death, always victory." And on that note the story ends; a high note, a note which pulls at the heart's strings and films the eyes, but a note in perfect harmony with all that has gone before. It leaves the reader in the rarefied atmosphere of romance, and if it be true that the supreme test of fiction is its power to influence character, then Mr. Hutchinson is wholly justified of his choice of the romantic method, for the romantic method is more potent for good than the realistic, inasmuch as it is more loyal to idealism.

Nowhere in "The Happy Warrior" can the most alert reader discern the slightest evidence of a wandering

A reproduction of one of the paintings by W. L. Bruckman, reproduced in full colour in "The Glory of Belgium." (Hodder & Stoughton).

THE GLORY OF BELGIUM.

fancy on the part of the author, yet Mr. Hutchinson declares that his anxiety to be finished with that story was due to his absorbtion in the idea of his third novel, 'The Clean Heart." Indeed he avers that he has thought about that book for years.

And he has been rewarded by the instant recognition of that story as a trumpet-blast against a materialistic age. There is little that is attractive about his hero, a Mr. Wriford who has achieved phenomenal success as a journalist and author ; but that is in keeping with Mr. Hutchinson's scheme of things, for it is obviously his desire to make the Wriford type utterly revolting. Notwithstanding the biblical quotation of the title-page—"Create in me a clean heart, O God"—the story is not concerned with religion as religion is usually understood ; no, its theme is selflessness, illustrated in every phase by the vivid portrayal of a man who lives for himself in contact with people who live for others. Wriford has missed the secret of happiness, and finds it not until he realises that they only are happy who sacrifice. "Happiness was in making others happy, and nowhere else." So "The Clean Heart," which is concerned with the tragedy of a life that has missed its purpose, holds tenaciously to one dominant idea.

If the story has not the harmonious architecture of "The Happy Warrior," and is told in a style which surges along like a mountain torrent, its qualities of rapid transition and tense dialogue are native to its object. The psychology of Wriford is more subtle than that of Percival, while in delineating the characters who affect his salvation, Mr. Hutchinson has made a notable advance in the command of subsidiary interpretation. All the remarkable qualities of his previous novels are exemplified afresh, his unforced humour, his wealth of ingenious incident, his vivid dialogue, his sincerity ; but to these is added the spirit of a prophet committed to a flaming crusade against the self-centred mood of the age. Even the "happy ending" is a call to the immolation of self, for chastened though Wriford is the verity of his transformation will be severely tested by the hourly companionship of the crippled Essie. Indeed "The Clean Heart" calls for a sequel, a sequel which shall justify the high sacrifices of Puddlebox and Essie.

Of Mr. Hutchinson himself no friend could trust himself to write all he thinks. But this must be said: In his generous enthusiasms, his buoyant spirit, and his faithfulness to his intimates, he is the living counterpart of his own Happy Warrior.

GIFTS FOR GOLDEN GIRLS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

THIS year the Christmas gift-book should be more in evidence than ever. There will be so many homes under the shadow of a glorious sorrow that even the children must needs be quiet, and there will not be much Christmas junketing this year. Christmas parties, pantomimes, Christmas-trees and treats of all kinds will be unthinkable ; but no one wants the children's hearts to be heavy, so they must find their ease in a book.

The great heroisms will be by their own hearths this Christmas, and the ancient tales of heroes contain nothing greater than the children will hear of those who came so near to them that they could not recognise them as heroes to be. Some heroism, alas, they shall

Nuts in May.

From "Games for Playtime and Parties."

An exciting moment.
From "Headmistress Hilary" (Nisbet).

be told with tears, and in other homes there will be lurking care and anxiety when the Christmas bells ring for those who are at the war as prisoners or missing. So the children will need their books to comfort them, and no grown-up person will grudge the children what comfort a book affords.

An unusual and charming book for an imaginative child is "Onta Karel's Stories,"[1] which a South African lady, who calls herself Sanni Metelerkamp has given in nervous and vivid English. The opening chapter, with its delightful interior of a South African farm, will draw children over the threshold to hear the weird stories of Onta Karel, the old Bushman, who is the Schezerade to little Jan, the child of the farm. The strange tales are really a peep into a fascinating wonder-world, and we can see the children absorbed by a winter-fire, as little Jan was, who was the original listener to these stories.

The next book on our list, "William the Silent,"[2] belongs to the "Heroes of All Time" series, and so is very much in tune with our thoughts in this fateful year. This book would suit equally girls and boys, and, if given to a girl who loves history, will be borrowed by her brother, to whom the ordinary girl's book would be piffle indeed. So if anyone desires to stiffen the moral back of a girl by giving her the life of a hero to read which she can pass on to her brother, he or she can do no better than buy this well-written and well-illustrated book.

"The Story of Peter Pan"[3] will appeal to the many, many fortunate children who have seen this children's classic played, for children are never tired of hearing a favourite story, and do not even ask for new faces on their old friends. While for the relatively few and unfortunate who have not seen "Peter Pan" the book will be a foretaste of delight. The pictures by Miss Alice Woodward are as charming as we have a right to expect from this fanciful and sympathetic artist.

The old nursery fairy-tales are no more out of fashion than kissing or the flower o' the broom is out of season. They crop up year after year, just as the flowers come with the spring, and they have new sweet faces. Here is "The Violet Book of Romance,"[4] in which Miss Alethea Chaplin re-tells for the thousandth time a dozen of the most honoured of the nursery classics. She tells them with the simplicity the child expects; and the pictures in colours will further enhance the joy to be derived from these dear familiar things.

"Games for Playtime and Parties"[5] is produced with music, and delicious drawings by Margaret Tarrant, very charmingly by Messrs. Jack. There is always an outstanding merit in the production of this firm's books, and this apart, from its technical interest, may well be bought for the joy of its pictures of children. Something of Kate Greenaway, something of Dicky Doyle: Miss Tarrant has sat at the feet of these gay and whimsical artists, but is no slavish imitator. Although she has profited by others, her genre is her own.

"The Little Gardeners"[6] is a re-issue of a book which proved a very popular volume in "The Children's Bookcase" series. It is the tale of three little people's gardens, and the succession of seasons, and the things that had to be done in the gardens month by month; and whereas a gardening book that set out to be such a thing might look dull to the children, this gardening in the form of a story will attract at once. Grown-ups do not understand sufficiently the energy which prompts them to be doing, which results in mischief if it is not allowed or guided the proper way. This attractive little volume will set many boys and girls gardening.

A poetic and imaginative child will be attracted by "Pan o' the Pipes,"[7] a book of fairy-stories out of the common by Christie Deas, illustrated by Gordon Mein. The stories are delicately fanciful, and the illustrations, initial letters, etc., are very well done. Paper and printing are unusually good, and the book is bound in khaki covers.

[1] "Onta Karel's Stories." By Sanni Metelerkamp. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

[2] "William the Silent." By A. M. Miall. 1s. 6d. (Harrap.)

[3] "The Story of Peter Pan." 1s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

[4] "The Violet Book of Romance." 3s. 6d. net. (Heath, Cranston & Ouseley.)

[5] "Games for Playtime and Parties." 3s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

[6] "The Little Gardeners." By L. Agnes Talbot. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[7] "Pan o' the Pipes." By Christie Deas. 3s. 6d. net. (Walker.)

"The Tiny Folks Annual" is for quite small "littlest ones,"[8] of whom Mr. De Vere Stacpoole wrote:

> "For half the sweetness out of Heaven
> Is given to people under five."

This is a most delicious book for those darlings. Beautiful big print, thrilling stories, lovely pictures, page borders of doggies and bears and elephants and all the beasts dear to the baby's heart. It is a book that will have the felicity of being clasped to a very young bosom, even of going to bed with the baby at night, and no book could wish for a greater felicity than that, and no other editor could crave a sweeter reward. So Mrs. Strang and her helpers are to be congratulated.

Another very young book is "Scraps from the Punch and Judy Magazine."[9] The Magazine is apparently an amateur venture, and the contents of the book are perhaps rather intended for private circulation than for the legitimate market. Many of the drawings show dexterity, but the whole, with its anecdotes and verses of a local interest, is an olla podrida, rather intended for home consumption than for anything more ambitious.

And now I come to a batch of the girls' books issued year after year by Messrs. Blackie, Nesbit, Chambers, Hodder & Stoughton, etc., with very little variation in the authors' names, and, with a few striking exceptions, very little variation in the contents. Or so I am assured by the Critic on the Hearth, who has the run of a fairly large library, and has most modern English poetry, and a good deal of ancient, at her fingers'-ends. With her poetry is a matter for consumption every day and at all hours, and she has stocked enough of it in her memory to last her, if she had the misfortune of being cut from new books, for any length of time. However, there is no doubt that a great many school-girls prefer the strictly limited interest of the school-story, and school-stories seem to increase in number year by year. Let the Critic speak for herself.

POST SCRIPTUM.

By PAMELA HINKSON.

"Head-Mistress Hilary,"[10] by Kathlyn Rhodes, will be welcomed to high favour by those who have read "School-Girl Honour," Miss Rhodes' last Christmas story. It is a simple, pretty story of school-life, but one cannot help thinking that institutions like St. Anne's are of the charming sort that only appear in fiction. The adventures of Stella Gaskell and her companions will be followed with great interest, not to say excitement. Many will find fault with the story that this pleasure comes to an end all too speedily. Miss Rhodes makes a very good story out of her material, and schoolgirls will like to read "Head-Mistress Hilary."

[8] "The Tiny Folks' Annual." Edited by Mrs. Herbert Strang. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)
[9] "Scraps from the Punch and Judy Magazine." (Collingridge.)
[10] "Head-Mistress Hilary." By Kathlyn Rhodes. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet & Co.).

I am very sorry L. T. Meade is dead. She wrote very pretty stories for girls. I am very glad that "A Band of Mirth"[11] is not about school-life, but is connected with the family, and deals entirely with family life. It is a wonder so many people can write different stories about life at a girls' school, where the same thing is always happening. It is nice, but unusual, to find two geniuses in one family, but geniuses—should it be genii?—are always interesting. Anyone might read this book, even brothers.

"A School-Girl's Diary,"[12] by May Baldwin, has a rather novel plot for a girls' book. It is not imaginative. This diary of an orphan girl is very pathetic, and the opening paragraphs, in which Jean tells of the death of her parents, would bring tears to a girl's eyes, if she was not hard-hearted. But the story of Jean's subsequent career is far from melancholy, and the reader will follow with excitement and envy the account of her travels through the Mediterranean and South Africa and Australia, and home again to England.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds writes for grown-ups, but she writes well for girls. I hope she will write a great many girls' books. This is a most exciting story, as you could tell by the name—"The Prisoner of the Garret."[13] Think of someone living in a concealed garret in your house, and all the queer things that happen and set your heart galloping. This story for girls cannot be surpassed. You will do well to buy it.

[11] "A Band of Mirth." By L. T. Meade. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.
[12] "A Schoolgirl's Diary." By May Baldwin. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)
[13] "The Prisoner of the Garret." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 3s. 6d. (Partridge.)

"As he played, he was further surprised by a splash."
From "Pan o' the Pipes" (*Walker & Son*).

"Peggy of the Circus" [14] was rescued from circus life by Dr. Marchmont, who brought her up with his own children. Peggy naturally had rather a hard time of it because people looked down on her, and she had a very strict governess, who found fault with all she did, and, being "a low, common circus child," Miss Peggy got blamed for everything the others did. But in the end she turns out to be the doctor's niece, so that was a surprise for Miss Prescott. It is a very pretty tale simply told, and I am glad it is not a school story.

[14] "Peggy of the Circus." By Mary Farrah. 2s. 6d. (Chambers.)

MARIE CORRELLI'S NEW NOVEL.*

IT is not the least of its attractions that in the pages of Miss Marie Corelli's new novel we are able to get beyond hearing of the roar of guns and let our thoughts escape from the lure of the newspapers into the happier atmosphere of the serener world as we knew it before the horrors of war darkened over us, and as we may know it again some day after they are lifted. Miss Corelli's books cover a very wide range of thought and emotion, of human interest and spiritual experiences, and in classifying them one would place "Innocent" beside "God's Good Man," and "The Treasure of Heaven." It is a simple love story, but has little enough in common with the stories that are usually so described; for it does not move on conventional lines nor arrive at the conventional happy ending. It is a story of "love that never found its earthly close," and it develops against a background of old, half-forgotten romance that adds subtly to the charm of it.

To attempt any bald summary of the plot would be an injustice; for the tale has its rise in the character and temperament of the heroine and is not a matter of sensational incidents; it is the spiritual adventure of a girl who has come under the potent influence of an old-world romance of faithful love and self-sacrifice and has conceived for herself a high and pure ideal of what love is—an ideal that is shattered at last by the man she loves. There was a mystery about Innocent's birth; she was left as a baby at a comfortable, Elizabethan farmhouse, adopted and brought up by the farmer, Hugo Jocelyn, and did not know until he told her, shortly before his death, that she was not his daughter. There was a deep affection between them, and he was anxious that she should marry his nephew, Robin, who was to succeed him in the ownership of the farm. Robin was more than willing to carry out such an arrangement; his passion for Innocent was the chief joy and sorrow of his life, but she had nothing but a sisterly regard for him, and to her whose fancy had brooded so long and so tenderly over the written romance of a long-dead, perfect lover, and who had formed so white an ideal of love, marriage for pity, for her own comfort, or even to please the man she believed was her father seemed utterly impossible to her. Priscilla, the vividly drawn, delightful old housekeeper at the farm, preaches worldly wisdom in vain:

"What a woman must expect in life is good 'ard knocks and blows," she said—"unless she can get a man to look arter her what's not of the general kicking spirit. Take my advice, dearie! You marry Mr. Robin!—as good a boy as ever breathed—he'll be a kind, fond 'usband to ye, and arter all that's what a woman thrives best on—kindness—an' you've 'ad it all your life up to now——"

"Priscilla," interrupted Innocent, decidedly—"I cannot marry Robin! You know I cannot! A poor, nameless girl like me—why, it would be a shame to him in after years. Besides I don't love him—and it's wicked to marry a man you don't love."

Priscilla smothered a sound between a grunt and a sigh.

"You talks a lot about love, child," she said—"but I'm thinkin' you don't know much about it. Them old books and papers you found up in the secret room are full of nonsense, I'm pretty sure—and if you believes that men are always sighin' and dyin' for a woman you're mistaken—yes, you are, lovey! They goes where they can be made most comfortable—an' it don't matter what sort o' woman gives the comfort so long as they gits it."

But Innocent is not to be persuaded. After the death of Hugo Jocelyn, she resolves to put an end to Robin's uncertainty by taking the decisive step of running away to London. The old farmer has left her a legacy sufficient to maintain her, with economy, for a couple of years, and she hopes in that time to succeed in realising certain secret literary ambitions and so earn a livelihood for herself. She realises them by a lucky hit with a first book, and has before long made not only money but a brilliant reputation. Meanwhile, she has unravelled the mystery of her birth, and, more momentous still, has met with the man to whom she is soon to give her whole heart. He is an artist, a handsome, careless, pleasant fellow, who is charmed with her beauty and her intellect, makes passionate love to her, and wins her heart, but presently tires of her and, at length, confesses frankly that he has no thought of ever marrying her—or anyone—that marriage only brings love to a drab, matter-of-fact conclusion, and that if he made her his wife it would spoil all—"it would be like catching a fairy in the woods, cutting off its sunbeam wings and setting it to scrub the kitchen floor." To love and grow weary of loving, and lightly change her mind and pass on, is impossible to Innocent's loyal and earnest temperament; but nothing else is possible to the shallow nature of Amadis de Jocelyn, and the inevitable result is the tragedy of disillusion and despair in which Innocent's life goes down.

The story is written with the vigour and imaginative power that distinguish all Miss Corelli's work. The descriptions of country life and scenery are admirably done; the characters are drawn with strong, bold strokes and with a most sympathetic understanding of human goodness and human frailties. The outstanding character in the book is that of Innocent herself—clothed, at the outset, in all the winning idealisms and blithe innocencies of girlhood, and at the close, still as pure of heart, as high of soul as in her happier days, but a pathetic figure of grief and desolation, with all the world of her dreams fallen in ruins about her. Miss Corelli has the great gift of being able to tell an interesting story interestingly, and she uses it again triumphantly in unfolding this poignant narrative of Innocent's career.

* "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact." By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

SCOTTISH MONKS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

IN REPLY TO A COMMENT OF RUSKIN.

BY JANE T. STODDART.

IN his lecture, "Mending the Sieve," first read at the London Institution in 1882, Ruskin recalls, with gratitude, his father's habit of stopping patiently with him, on business journeys, at any country inn that was near a castle or an abbey. "In these more romantic expeditions, aided and inspired by Scott, and never weary of re-reading the stories of 'The Monastery,' 'The Abbot,' and 'The Antiquary,' I took," he says, "an interest more deep than that of an ordinary child; and received impressions which guided and solemnised the whole subsequent tenor of my life." Ruskin proceeds, however, to complain that the great magician failed to do justice to the monks of his native land, and portrayed the Catholic faith only in its corruption or its depression.

"The crozier and the cowl became with him little more than paraphernalia of the theatre, to relieve in richer chiaroscuro its armour and plumage; and the final outcome and effective conclusion of all his moonlight reveries in St. Mary's aisle was but, for himself, and for his reader, that

> 'The Monks of Melrose made gude Kale
> On Fridays, when they fasted.'"

Ruskin claims, in opposition, as he imagines, to Scott, that the Valley Monks represented "the purest and probably the most vital element of Christian civilisation" during a long period of our history.

We can only conclude that the memory of the Waverley novels was partly dimmed for Ruskin in 1882. There are two monastic figures on whom Scott lavished the strength of his genius—Clement Blair and William Allan; and there are minor personages of the various orders well worthy of respect and admiration. Dr. Pusey took a very different view from Ruskin as to Scott's power of presenting the life of the undivided Catholic Church. Dr. Liddon tells us that in private conversation Pusey often dwelt on the novelist's indirect relation to the Oxford Movement. "That relation," added the biographer, "consisted not only in the high moral tone which characterised Scott's writings, but also and especially in the interest he aroused on behalf of ages and persons who had been buried out of sight to an extent that to our generation would appear incredible."

MONKS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

We visit the fair city of Perth in the reign of Robert Third, and find the king housed in the Blackfriars Monastery, taking counsel with the Prior, who ranks with the foremost statesmen of the realm. He represents the pre-Reformation Church in the fulness of her power and dignity. He is aged between forty and fifty, and an air of deep deference cloaks the natural haughtiness of his carriage. Though his education and habits have taught him to keep two chief objects mainly in view—the extension of the Church's dominion and the suppression of heresy—he is set before us as a man of high and serious character. "He honoured his religion by the sincerity of his own belief and by the morality which guided his conduct in all ordinary situations. The faults of the Prior Anselm, though they led him into grievous error, and even cruelty, were, perhaps, rather those of his age and profession; his virtues were his own."

FATHER CLEMENT BLAIR.

Prior Anselm is a shadowy figure, but side by side with him in "The Fair Maid of Perth," we have the noble Carthusian, Father Clement Blair, the friend and counsellor of Catherine Glover, a Reformer before the Reformation, a man with the spirit of Wessel, or Wycliffe. He alone, among Scott's ecclesiastical types, has something of the mystic fervour which inspires the Russian monks in Döstoevsky's masterpiece, "The Brothers Karamazov." Unlike them, he is impatient of abuses, and sharply critical of his superiors. Choice, as well as necessity, makes him a lonely man. Like Raymond Lull, or Fra Domenico, the friend and fellow-martyr of Savonarola, he is ready to throw himself into the fire. Sir Walter shows us this great soul in his strength and in his weakness. Enthusiasm misled him when he dreamed that Catherine Glover, the simple burgher maiden, might be lifted to the throne of Scotland. Catherine's strong sense instantly repudiates his suggestion that if the Duke of Rothesay could obtain a divorce, she might rise, as Margaret Logie rose, to share the throne of David Bruce. Her rebuke is accepted by the old man as a salutary admonition. Father Clement cannot deny the charge of Simon Glover, that his steps are haunted by general ill-will, and like other daring innovators, he is apt to make enemies. But the sublimity of his character is revealed in his final interview with Catherine's father in the Highland solitudes. "The fire within," he says, "must not be stifled, the voice which says within me, Speak, must receive obedience. Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel, even should I preach it from amidst the pile of flames!"

Sir Walter adds, "So spoke this bold witness—one of those whom Heaven raised up from time to time, to preserve amidst the most ignorant ages, and to carry down to those which succeed them, a manifestation of uuadulterated Christianity, from the time of the Apostles to the age, when, favoured by the invention of printing, the Reformation broke out in full splendour. The selfish policy of the Glover was exposed in his own eyes, and he felt himself contemptible as he saw the Carthusian turn from him in all the hallowedness of resignation."

We may apply to Clement Blair the words of Montalembert, "No men ever showed less terror of the strongest, less weak complaisance towards power, than the monks. Amidst the peace and obedience of the

cloister, they tempered their hearts every day, as indomitable champions of right and truth, for the war against injustice. Noble spirits, hearts truly independent, were to be found nowhere more frequently than under the cowl. Souls calm and brave, upright and lofty, as well as humble and fervent, were there and abounded —souls such as Pascal calls *perfectly heroic.*"

MONKS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The Valley Monks of Roxburghshire, who meet us in "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," belong to the middle sixteenth century. One or two of them, such as Abbot Boniface and Philip the Sacristan, might seem to justify Ruskin's contemptuous allusions, but they are mere foils to men of a grander type. From Ruskin's lecture we might suppose that Scott had no higher vision of an Abbey dignitary than Boniface, with his stoup of wine and his half-sacked capon on the table; or the same rosy-cheeked bon-vivant smacking his lips over the haunch at Glendearg, with his napkin tucked under his chin. Boniface himself, by the way, is by no means a despicable person. He retains his love of hard work in the open-air, and his skill in fruit-grafting. We leave him peacefully occupied in the garden at Dundrennan, "with a spade in his hand and dressed like a lay-brother." Of him also the words are true:

> "Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
> Den können wir erlösen."

THE SUB-PRIOR EUSTACE.

Two successors only of Boniface filled the Abbot's chair before the final ruin of Kennaquhair. The last head of the ancient house, Edward Glendinning, is a secondary character, good and lovable indeed, but overshadowed by his strong brother Halbert. Mr. Andrew Lang, in introducing "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," scarcely troubles to name Edward. It is William Allan, better known as the Sub-Prior Eustace, who represents for Sir Walter the pattern of a saintly Churchman of that age. Not one of his men-characters is more carefully or more sympathetically drawn. That Eustace was a gentleman of good family may be assumed, partly from his University experience, his travels in Switzerland and Italy, but chiefly from his conduct on every occasion. This is a monk who might have filled the chair of Innocent III., or Hildebrand. His keen and eager spirit "glanced through eyes to which it seemed to give supernatural lustre." Slight and insignificant in appearance, he ruled by force of intellect and character. The glance of those keen grey eyes was dreaded by wrongdoers, but he knew how to unbend. There had been "fairy hopes" in his youth, as we learn from his soliloquy in the Vale of Glendearg. His many fasts and vigils had not transformed him into a sour-featured, gloomy ascetic. Like St. Francis de Sales, he was a favourite with the young. To Halbert he gave a brooch of St. Cuthbert and to Edward a gay missal. All the teaching the children received was from the kind Sub-Prior. He had so much of the world about him as to admire black-eyed Mysie Happer, and to laugh over the comedy of Sir Piercie Shafton. We see him at first employed on the ordinary business of the Monastery, where he lived, by the Primate's desire, as a guide and support to Boniface. His mild intervention "gets round the heart" of the surly bridgeward, who had usurped the Abbey's privileges. We follow him into the autumnal glen, where the rustling, neglected leaves remind him of dreams long banished from his heart. We see him as he kneels by the corpse of the Lady of Avenel, filled with sorrow and self-reproach; as he overawes the fierce Border jackman, Christie of the Clinthill; as he returns to the monastery by moonlight after his weird adventure with the White Lady, resolved, at any cost to his self-esteem, to confess to the Abbot that he, like Father Philip, had been made the sport of supernatural powers. Christie meanwhile, after having, as he believed, couched his lance with fatal effect against the stern monk who threatened him with "the black pool of Jeddart" has surrendered himself to the community, and now awaits execution. The Sub-Prior insists on his pardon, and hands him the golden crucifix, for which Christie had been willing to stain his hands with crime.

"It was the bequest of a dear friend to me," says Eustace, "but dearer service can it never do than that of winning a soul to heaven."

The scene between the Sub-Prior and Henry Warden in a later chapter was named in the *Quarterly Review* as one of the three most remarkable passages in the novel. A careful study of "The Monastery" will show how, in scene after scene, incident after incident, Scott develops the character of his ideal Churchman. The book, is spoiled, as all admit, by the intervention of the White Lady; but, as Mr. Andrew Lang points out, Scott could hardly have chosen a finer theme, and the weakness of the plot as a whole must not blind us to the nobility of the central figure. Eustace is a statesman, a scholar and a Christian. Though his religion authorises him to persecute, he is incapable of any act of harshness or cruelty, and he leaves his old fellow-student, Henry Warden, behind him at Glendearg under no restraint. His election as Abbot of Kennaquhair is welcomed by him, not as the reward of high talent and the signal for repose, but "with the native exultation of a haughty spirit called to contend with imminent dangers. . . . Those who approached him could perceive an unusual kindling of his falcon eye, and an unusual flush upon his pale and faded cheek."

The speech in which he summons his brethren to martrydom is the most eloquent passage in the novel. With Murray and Morton he treats as an equal, negotiating with the daring adroitness of a born leader. Amidst the excitement of the hour he remembers Edward Glendinning and considerately arranges that the disappointed lover shall not witness his brother's triumph. The finest tribute to his character is that of Henry Warden, when he remonstrates against Murray's proposal to "pull down the nest and chase away the rooks." "Nay, but do not so," said Warden, "this William Allan, whom they call the Abbot Eustatius, is a man whose misfortunes would more prejudice our cause than his prosperity. You cannot inflict more than he will endure; and the more that he is made to bear, the higher will be the influence of his talents and of his courage. . . . Turn his crucifix of gold into a crucifix of wood—let him travel through the land an oppressed and impoverished man, and his patience, his eloquence

and learning, will win more hearts from the good cause than all the mitred Abbots of Scotland have been able to make prey of during the last hundred years."

We learn with regret, though no surprise, that the last years of Eustace were embittered by theological controversy. He must have survived at least fifteen years as head of his monastery, for Roland Graeme is a grown lad when Mother Bridget announces the Abbot's death to Magdalen. The Catholics felt his loss as a perilous blow to their cause. "Who remains behind," says Bridget, "possessing his far-fetched experience, his self-devoted zeal, consummate wisdom, and undaunted courage?"

"Let thy spirit be with us, holy man!" cries Magdalen, as she stands before the tomb which bears the words "Hic jacet Eustatius Abbas." If Clement Blair was a forerunner of Knox, Eustace has the charm, the learning, the piety and the self-devoting spirit of the Jesuit martyr Campion.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS will be given for the best New Year's Greeting to our soldiers at the front, in not more than eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss Teresa Hooley, of Risley Lodge, Derby, for the following:

THE STAR CHILD.

To ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

In His storehouse vast of a million stars
God set the souls of the babes unborn,
And their radiance fell through the golden bars
On a far-off world and a race forlorn.

But He took in His hands a soul apart,
More white and wise than the rest might be,
And laid it close to His lonely heart
Till it heard the beat of eternity,

The rhythm of wave and wind and earth,
The secret breathing of sap and sod,
The throb of Creation and Death and Birth—
There on the heart of Almighty God.

And the soul of the child waxed great and grand
And simple as His high mysteries are,
All-tender to pity and understand.
God saw, and created another star.

A myriad rays to a single star
The souls of the unborn children shone;
But God created in love, afar,
A shrine apart for His perfect One.

* * * * *

From a world in darkness far beneath
A wail uprose to the patient Ears,
A shuddering cry of woe and death,
Despair and anguish—a voice of tears.

God out of His heaven beheld a Maid
So pure as the star that held the soul
Of His perfect unborn child. God said
A Mother and Babe shall save the Whole.

At His word the soul flew down to earth,
To a body tender and soft and small
That lay in a manger—for His birth
No room there was in the Inn at all.

And the star shone bright in the eastern sky,
O'er the stable rude where the young child slept
To the music of Mary's lullaby,
While the hovering angels vigil kept.

With gifts of frankincense, gold, and myrrh
The Wise Men came, by the radiance led,
To where, in the stainless arms of Her
Their Monarch cradled His helpless head.

O'er the wondrous portals out of sight
Of the rainbow nursery where child saints play
There blazes a great and deathless light—
"The Star of the Saviour's Soul" they say.

We also select for printing:

AT THE LAST.

I can sleep now;
Lean closer o'er my bed;
Yes, kiss my pallid cheek and brow—
Ah, with hope long since fled,
I have your kiss at last, I can sleep now,
And leave my love unsaid.

Silhouette by Lt.-Gen. Baden Powell.
From "Atkins at War" (Herbert Jenkins).

Do not weep now,
For though my lips be cold,
And though I cannot kiss your cheek and brow,
Nor say what could be told,
I am at rest at last
I can sleep now,
When you your love unfold.

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate Hill, N.)

SACRIFICE.

If you were dying I would give
My life if only you could live—
For you would hold me to your breast,
And thus, in ecstasy of rest,
Seeing alone your deep true eyes
'Twould seem I died in Paradise.

If your soul faltered and should fall
Leaving you lost, bereft of all
If I alone might bear the blame
That urged your tender life to shame,
I could stay quiet beneath the sod—
Knowing you were at peace with God.

(A. E. Davison, 102, Heath Street, Hampstead, N.W.)

THE ROAD TO GRANDMOTHER'S.

Ah, me! for the road that led away
Between the rows of the hedges tall,
With a stretch of haze low down in the west
And a shimmer of clouds high over all.
And there were the fields of dreaming wheat
With a lark a-singing down in the grass,
With never a fear and never a care
For the passing by of a little lass,
And there was the breath of clover blooms,
And the berry brambles a-reaching far,
But not so far as the heart of me
Reaching out where the dream worlds are.

And the road to grandmother's led away
Straight on and on till it came to the sea,
With the white waves curling out in the bay
And always a ship waiting there for me.
And I never knew to be tired then
Nor weary at all when the day was done,
But I'd walk the road from grandmother's home,
Blithe and gay at the set of sun.
Ah, the road in the morning was glad and fair,
But at night the light from the early star
Was the white ship bearing me home again
From the far countries where the dream worlds are.

And there was the own mother waiting me
All tender and sweet in the front yard grass,
And there was a bed snug up to the eaves
Willing to welcome a little lass.
But now, Ah, me, I'm that tired at night
And the road would be all too weary and long,
And my heart doesn't lift as it used to do
At hearing the thrill of a wild birds' song.
There'd be nobody waiting my coming home,
But remembering of it is passing sweet.
O, God of me! make me to know again
The feel of the old road to my feet.

(Grace Noll Crowell, 3818, Peter's Ave, Sioux City, Iowa, U.S.A.)

MUSIC.

When the flute rejoices,
When the violins
Mourn with human voices
Immemorial sins,

I am hearing only
Wastes of melody,
Where my spirit lonely
Wanders seeking thee.

(Enid Derham, 49, St. John Street, Oxford.)

An overwhelming number of lyrics have been sent in this month, and after careful consideration we select from them for special commendation the twelve written by Miss V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), MeLandburgh Wilson (New York), Peggy Grant (Southbourne), E. H. (West Hill), Ivan Adair (Dublin), W. G. Priest (Norwich), Evelyn Wright (Battersea), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), Julia W. Greenwood (London, W.), G. E. Marsden (Christchurch, N.Z.), Erl (Durham), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

THE MAN WITH THE DOUBLE HEART.
By MURIEL HINE. (John Lane.)

"I'll marry one lady to-day,
And I'll marry the other to-morrow."
W. S. GILBERT, *Trial by Jury.*

We also select for printing:

THE LAST SHOT. By FREDERICK PALMER. (Chapman and Hall.)

"'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

THE REAL KAISER. (Andrew Melrose.)

"Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man,
And I can't think why."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Sorcerer.*

(A. Gordon Fletcher, 81, King's Road, Erdington, Birmingham, and Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE BEAVER.
By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. (Heinemann.)

"That's French, I fancy, for a hat."
REV. R. H. BARHAM, *Misadventures at Margate.*

(A. Sedgwick Barnard, Monsall Lodge, Bury New Road, Prestwich, Manchester.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best acrostic on any British Admiral or General is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdowne, of 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham for the following:

TO ADMIRAL JELLICOE.

"We must be patient; Nelson waited for more than two years off Toulon."
ADMIRAL JELLICOE TO WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Just as of old through weary days and nights
Expectantly did Nelson wait the foe,
Looking with eager eyes across the wave,
Longing to strike some sure, decisive, blow,
I know thou waitest with thy gallant ships,
Calmly and patiently, until the hour
Of opportunity shall prove again
England still rules the sea, supreme in power.

The three best of the many other acrostics received are by Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Seagrave Neale (Highbury, N.), Mrs. Emily Yeo (Reigate).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. N. Raghunathan, of 143, Victoria Hostel, Chepank, Madras, for the following:

CHITRA: A PLAY IN ONE ACT.
By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan & Co.)

This is no drama at all, according to European ideas. There is little action here, and no characterisation. But it swells with the full tide of life in repose. It depicts the eternal quest of Soul for its kindred; and in it the Soul ultimately attains the union it longs for in a spirit of chastened content. This drama is a perfect expression of the Hindu ideal of Love and Peace to be realised in service. Tagore has here worked out a reconciliation perhaps impossible outside the sphere of Hindu thought, but shimmering in the many-coloured haze of poetry.

We also select for printing:

MEN OF THE DEEP WATERS. By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON. (Eveleigh Nash.)

As a student of morbidology, Mr. Hodgson is well-known to all readers who like a *soupçon* of the eerie and mysterious in their literary pabulum. Many will, no doubt, give pride of place to his latest volume, which contains some of the finest imaginative work from the pen of this author. The book consists of a series of stories and sketches, some of which are connected with the episode related in the story of "The Derelict"; this latter

A reproduction of one of the Plates by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., for "King Albert's Book." (Hodder & Stoughton).

JUSTICE.

must be read carefully if the reader is to understand the sequences. His depictions of the natural wonders of the ocean world are most graphically done, and will account in some measure for the superstitions incidental to those who go down to the sea in ships.

(A. B. Longbottom, 31, Gerard Street, Derby.)

BERNADOTTE: THE FIRST PHASE.
By D. PLUNKET BARTON. (Murray.)

This is a remarkable book, written in a scholarly, dramatic fashion suited to its subject. Bernadotte was a Gascon—fellow-countryman of Henri IV. and d'Artagnan, who doubtless would have loved him. To rise from the ranks to a throne was an achievement after their own hearts. He and Napoleon stand out the two great figures of their time. Bernadotte was the soldier *par excellence*. His power with his troops was amazing. It frightened Napoleon. The history of their relations, and of Bernadotte's steady rise to fame is deeply interesting. We await eagerly the author's further account of them.

(Miss M. V. Woodgate, 68, South Eaton Place, S.W.)

REMEMBER LOUVAIN. By E. V. L.
(Methuen.)

We speak of the "Apothecary's Art."—and yet any child can mix. Given time, and the faintest literary "turn," and who cannot compile? But "E. V. L." is a literary apothecary. This collection of poems is compiled with true art and taste. Those of us, who, as children, have stood with hands behind us, reciting, parrot-like, "It was about the lovely close," may now for the first time read the lines with intelligent interest, in company with other gems, some up to date, and all admirably selected. But why the title? The dominant note is not revengeful.

(Miss M. J. Dobie, 4, Hunter Street, Chester.)

JOHN CALVIN. By HUGH Y. REYBURN, D.D.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

An interesting study of a sombre but virile personality, written by one in sympathy mainly with the ideals of this ardent reformer. It is a pity, perhaps, that there is not a little more of Calvin the man and less of Calvin the Evangelist. We should possibly better understand to what virtue within himself it was due that he was able to dominate so completely one of the most independent of medieval republics, and at the same time to impress his dour teaching upon so many mixed peoples.

(Arthur R. O'Connor, 1, Newhall Street, Birmingham.)

We specially commend the following writers of the best six of the large number of other reviews sent in, viz.: Edgar Caton (Leeds), Miss M. Marshall (Birmingham), F. Heathcote Briant (Catford), Femina (Golder's Green), Miss Marie Russell (Glasgow), A. H. Leonowens (Kensington Gore).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. Alice Wise, of 7, High Street, Leicester.

New Books.

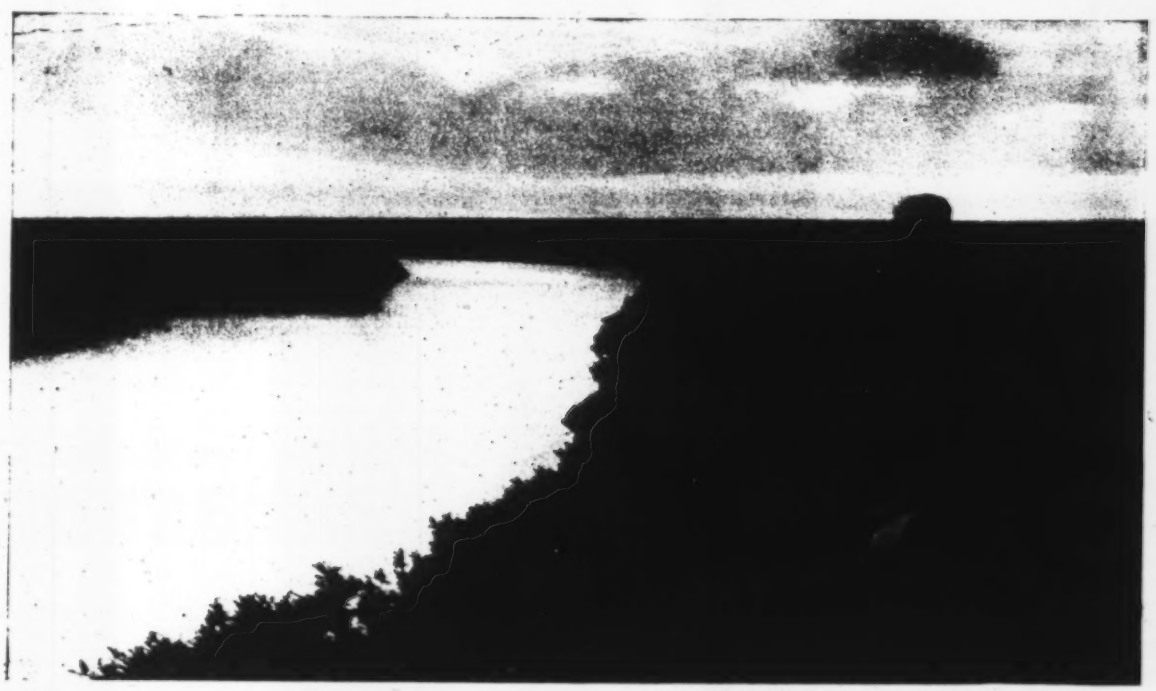
SIBERIA.*

The name of Nansen is always likely to attract readers, and, as the subject of his latest book is Siberia, this attraction may have an additional and rather fortuitous charm at the present moment. For somehow we look upon this great, silent land as awaiting patiently the breath of civilisation from a victorious Russia. Unfortunately, a population cannot be built up in the twinkling of an eye. And that really is the need of these boundless plains.

* "Through Siberia, The Land of the Future." By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by A. G. Chater. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Dr. Nansen's volume is mainly an elaborate diary of a trip undertaken little more than a year ago, and lasting, in all, not three months. It has the faults of most diaries, that is to say, it is inclined to be monotonous, and it is full of trifling details, but still it manages to give a great deal of picturesque information. Dr. Nansen is a trained observer of a remarkable kind, he has wide deductive knowledge, and he has a poetical eye for the sombre and mysterious haunts of the world. Let me give two short examples of his powers of romantic discription:

"It was a fine night when I came on deck, about midnight. The sunset glow lay deep red, like a slow, smouldering fire,



Over the Marshy Land of Nosonovski Ostrov.
From "Through Siberia" by Fridtjof Nansen (Heinemann).

over the surface of the river on the north, with dark shreds of smoke-like cloud in front of it. Venus shone just above, and over Venus and the sunset gleamed an arch of northern lights. It was an extraordinarily beautiful sight. High up the sky was deep blue and starry, beside us the surface of the water reflected the sky, and beyond it lay the low bank and the endless tundra."

and :

"Even the tundra and the teiga have their poetry, their melancholy and their bright dreams in the great, simple features of this eternal round—in summer, when all is green; in the sunset of autumn with the blue lakes and the reedy streams; in the endless white mantle of winter, with the gleaming sun and the crackling frost and the raging snowstorm; and then the long winter night, while the moon sails calmly over the great white surface—and at last the spring, when life awakens once more, and the brooks begin to murmur beneath the snow, and patches of ground appear, and flocks of birds come up from the south, geese and ducks and snipe, by thousands and millions."

These passages have a clear beauty of their own, and they give us, surely a better idea of vast, untrodden regions than do pages of minute and enervating detail. For the worst of diaries is that they are essentially records for oneself rather than for the world. Ten years hence one may be very glad to know that it was on this very day, at 7.25 p.m., in 1914, that you met your old friend John Smith outside such-and-such an inn, and that he insisted on your sharing his supper of cold chicken and apple tart with him, but ten minutes hence it can be of no earthly interest to anyone else. To some extent this diary suffers from a similar defect. And yet it is always full of vigour. Dr. Nansen is not at all *blasé*. From the instant he started north in a Norwegian steamer till the instant he alighted from the train in Vladivostock, his curiosity is unabated. He not only observes, but he discusses, all sorts of problems, from that of the origin of the Siberian races to that of the future of the country.

It should be added that the book contains various maps, and many photographs of reasonable interest. It is well "got up."

RICHARD CURLE.

ROBERT BRIDGES: A CRITICAL STUDY.*

A good book, like this, on Mr. Robert Bridges ought to command a welcome. He has the esteem of most of the chief younger poets. His theories have always been provoking. He is poet laureate, and his poems, like Blake's, have lately been published in one volume at eighteenpence. The poems—and Mr. Brett Young's book tells us no more—tell us plainly something about the man, a decorous, sensuous, fastidious Englishman, who might have been a dean. It is very characteristic of him to say in one poem, after he has been speaking of a Crusaders' effigy of brass :

> "Yet dearer far to me,
> And brave as he, are they
> Who fought by land and sea
> For England at this day;
>
> Whose vile memorials,
> In mournful marbles gilt,
> Deface the beauteous walls
> By growing glory built . . . "

Neither patriotism nor religion deprives him of taste. I do not think any other notable English poet ever wrote so, in a considered and not satiric poem. And again and again, the poems reveal a man who enjoys his patriotism, his religion, his taste, all very keenly. No other poet, not even Wordsworth, suggests such a variety of balanced and enduring enjoyment as Mr. Bridges: only Wordsworth suggests equal happiness. Perhaps indolence is not less strong. How characteristic is the verse :

> "All through that idle afternoon we strayed
> Upon our purposed travel well begun,
> As loitering by the woodland's dreamy shade,
> Past shallow islets floating in the sun,
> Or searching down the banks for rarer flowers
> We lingered out the pleasurable hours."

How characteristic is the poem beginning :

> "The idle life I lead
> Is like a pleasant sleep,
> Wherein I rest and heed
> The dreams that by me sweep . . . "

How characteristic the penultimate verse of "Dejection" :

> "Again shall pleasure overflow
> Thy cup with sweetness, thou shalt taste
> Nothing but sweetness, and shalt grow
> Half sad for sweetness run to waste. . . . "

That he tells us of ecstasy and of toil, and that everything is not cold, does not much modify the impression of balanced enjoyments, various, but all touched with indolence. There never was a better temper for reflecting nature, and particularly gardens and small lovely things. Mr. Brett Young says that all the necessary adjectives are to be found in the first line of Mr. Bridges' poem on the Downs, and it may be so; yet the poem has something of a picture's smallness. Mr. Young is, however, perfectly right in giving whole chapters to the poet's "Freshness of Vision" and "Landscape," and in giving elsewhere so much to prove the poet "the first man to bring the atmosphere of the English landscape into poetry with all its delicate changes and shifting colour."

These excellent chapters are the most positive and enthusiastic in the book. But they are also analytical: the other chapters are mainly so. The critic is a man of taste and reading, like the poet. For example, he is capable of considering the rival merits of three lines by Virgil and a translation by Mr. Bridges, and furthermore deciding that "in two lines at least" the translation is "better than the original." Again, he is prepared, in part, to attribute the poet's "early avoidance of the physical in his love-poetry to a conscious choice and rejection of material from the standpoint of poetics." I can indicate something of his character, too, by quoting his remark that Mr. Bridges' poems "are more purely concerned with the beautiful than the work of any of the poet's contemporaries or successors"; and his other remark that he would place in the category of the sorrow of Priam over Hector, not the sorrow of Werther, "the bulk of the beauty which Bridges uses." Naturally, then, Mr. Young singles out for refutation only the charge that Mr. Bridges is cold and academic. I think he takes the charge at its stupidest, and is too ready on the one hand to call another poetry "bonfires of stale emotion," on the other hand to whisper: "It is almost as though the poet's haughty disdain of emotion made him choose this means for the suppression of feelings too tempestuous to be trusted to a freer form." He says what can be said, and says it well; nor, luckily, does he attempt to prove the existence of that "haughty disdain." But he might have done Mr. Bridges and his critics a further justice if he had considered such lines as those in "A Water Party" :

> "Guard, Hamadryades,
> Our clothes laid by your trees!"

or the last lines of the first verse of the "Elegy among the Tombs" :

> "And to poetic sadness care confide,
> Trusting sweet Melancholy for my guide. . . ."

or the end of the first eclogue :

> "But these were men when good Victoria reigned . . . "

in fact, the whole eclogue. He might have considered not only lines like "Thee fair Poetry hath sought," but Mr. Bridges' imitations generally, and along with his prosody his interest in pronunciation and phonography. Perhaps fear of being carried into personalities has prevented him. His book contains nothing biographical. But I do not suggest that it should have done, or that it is not kept continually interesting and often delightful by Mr. Young's curiosity, learning, fastidiousness, and enthusiasm. He has said well much that was waiting to be said, much that no one else would have said, without being dulled by the belief set forth in the "Preliminaries" :

"As a poet he is not among the greatest; he treads too deliberately the middle course between imagination and fact,

* "Robert Bridges: A Critical Study." By F. E. Brett Young. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

"Stevenson received me in bed."

From "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure (Murray).

without the inclusive vision that is the crowning glory of the classic style. He lacks, too the sustained ecstasy of imagination which is the birthright of the greatest poets. And his genius has an indolent cast, as though he were content merely to seize what he may of a constant flow of beautiful impressions and to fit it to the most beautiful and varied language."

I do not know who else could have given us as good a book.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A MAN OF GRIT.*

In the late Andrew Lang's delightful introduction to the Swanston Edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson, there occurs the following passage, descriptive of one of the characters in "The Wrecker," the story written by R. L. S. in collaboration with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne: "Mr. James Pinkerton is a laudable creation, with his loyalty, his innocence, his total ignorance and complete lack of taste, and his scampers too near the wind of commercial probity. The spirit of hustle incarnate in a man otherwise so innocent, the ideals caught from Heaven knows what Amercian works for the young, and the inspired patriotism, the blundering enthusiastic affection, make the Early Pinkerton a study as original as it is entertaining." We now learn from the publisher's advertisement of "My Autobiography" that Pinkerton's "real live self" is Mr. S. S. McClure. Stevenson tells us in one of his letters that "the character, Jim Pinkerton, of the Advertising American" was one "on whom we build a good deal," and Mr. McClure himself states that some of his own experiences, which he related very fully to Stevenson, were attributed to Jim Pinkerton in "The Wrecker." Admirers of Stevenson's work will therefore welcome heartily this very attractive account of a man whose life story was well worth telling.

The history of Mr. McClure's career would have delighted the heart of the late Dr. Samuel Smiles, and had it been available at the time of publication of that once popular work "Self-Help," it is highly probable that his story would have been added to the number of those strenuous fighters against fate and untoward circumstances. If ever a man deserved to succeed in life Mr. McClure was assuredly such a one. We follow the unfolding of his deeply interesting narrative with wrapt attention, with sympathy and with admiration. Its perusal should act as a tonic to many a struggler. Perhaps the author's name may not be so well known in this country as in America, but there must surely be many English readers to whom the magazine bearing his name is familiar. Before he founded it in 1893, he had served the interests of many writers in this country in widening an acquaintance with their works throughout the vast continent of America. This he did by means of the Newspaper Syndicate, which was the first to be established in the United States and was the outcome of his boundless energy and enterprise.

Mr. McClure was born in humble circumstances—the son of a north of Ireland man who combined the callings of farmer and carpenter, and whose early death was the cause of his widow's decision to emigrate with her four young children, to Amercia, to which country several of her brothers and sisters had preceded her. Of the many expedients he adopted to provide the expenses for his school and college training, Mr. McClure writes fully, and that part of his Autobiography in which they are related is of absorbing interest. Equally so are his descriptions of the difficulties he encountered and ultimately overcame in endeavouring to establish first the Newspaper Syndicate and afterwards the Magazine. Several pages are taken up by an account of his interview with Stevenson during his stay in America, which will appeal to admirers of that choice writer, though it may be that it will not make any considerable addition to their knowledge. Among other writers with whom he forgathered, were George Meredith, Henley, Harland, the American, editor of "The Yellow Book," Kipling, to name but a few of them.

During one of his many journeyings, made with the object of obtaining "copy" for his magazine, he visited Germany in 1895. He wished to obtain a series of the best portraits of Bismarck, and spent two days with the son of the "Iron Chancellor." The account of his interview with Count Herbert Bismarck cannot fail to interest at the present time:

"He was," writes Mr. McClure, "a man of middle life. He was, I should say, typical of great men's sons—a man of some force, but overshadowed by his father. He took me to a little building on the estate which he used as a Museum, in which were kept all the presents sent to his father from all over the world. I saw a great many curious and interesting things, but the thing I best remember was a cabinet photograph of the present Emperor, taken when a boy, and sent by him to Bismarck while his grandfather was still on the throne and his father was an apparently sound man with the prospect of a long reign before him. On this photograph was written, in young William's hand, '*Cave adsum.*'

"Count Herbert called my attention to this photograph, but neither by word nor manner did he comment upon it. When I asked him what his father said when he received this picture, Count Herbert replied imperturbably: 'My father said nothing that it would have been unbecoming to say of his future Emperor."

* "My Autobiography." By S. S. McClure, Founder of *McClure's Magazine*. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

The Kaiser's overwhelming vanity—his megalomania—is apparently of no recent growth. It may be that when in the fulness of time, though earlier than seemed probable, the boy became Emperor, Prince Bismarck was quite prepared for the sequence of events which led to his resignation.

Mr. McClure has written a most interesting book which will be read with equal enjoyment by both English and American readers of the Magazine—even by many in this country to whom the existence of the journal may be unknown.

A few slips are to be noted here and there in the narrative. In connection with Robert Louis Stevenson it is not correct to state that "Treasure Island" and "The Black Arrow" appeared in *Henderson's Weekly*. There never was any such periodical. These stories were first printed in *Young Folks*, the publisher of which was named Henderson, hence perhaps the error. Professor Drummond wrote "The Ascent (not the *Descent*) of Man." Mr. Rudyard Kipling, if he ever was a reporter, as the writer claims, was on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, and not on that of the Allahabad *Pioneer*. Mr. Kipling was undoubtedly a contributor to the latter. The present writer remembers with what pleasure he read, when in India, a series of travel sketches entitled "From Sea to Sea," which were printed in the *Pioneer* sometime in 1890 or 1891, if his memory be not at fault. Mr. McClure is a naturalised American, and it is therefore quite in keeping for him to conform to the orthography of his adopted country, but it is not a little disconcerting to meet in a book produced in England, and bearing the imprint of Mr. John Murray, such an outlandish and foreign-looking word as "traveling" which occurs with "damnable iteration" throughout the work. There is no index. These strictures may seem ungracious with which to end a notice of a book which has given so much genuine enjoyment—an enjoyment which will assuredly be experienced by every reader of Mr. McClure's delightful autobiography.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

RUSKIN AT HOME.*

To all lovers of Ruskin this charming little book of personal recollections will be very welcome. It does not pretend to throw any new light upon his character; for we knew already of the tenderer side of it—of his fondness for children, his interest in all that interests them, the delight he had in their company, the graceful, playful relations he was pleased to maintain towards his favourites among them; but nowhere are these attractive characteristics of the man more delicately or more pleasingly revealed than in these pages.

When they were very small girls Miss Peggy Webling and her sisters made the acquaintance of Ruskin, and she and her sister Rosalind were invited to spend seven weeks as his guest at Brantwood. Later, with their mother and a third sister they went on a shorter visit there; and when he came to town he frequently called to see them at their father's house. On one of the first of his calls:

"My sister Lucy, then a very little child, was playing upon the grass. She ran to meet him. He made a grand sweep with his hat and, kneeling upon one knee, kissed her hand. Josephine read him fairy tales she had written, and Ethel made the silver point drawing that is reproduced in this book, and we were all happy."

Between his visits to them, and theirs to him, the girls wrote to Ruskin at frequent intervals; his kindly, whimsical replies have been faithfully preserved, and some of them are here put into print for the first time. Rosalind sent him on one of his birthdays a bunch of mistletoe and violets, and he acknowledged it in verse:

"Only you, of all my pets,
Sent me living violets;
Only you, from Druid grove,
Sent the sign of noble love.
Therefore, with a faithful mind,
So long as you keep so kind,
I will love you, Rosalind.
J. R."

And some of the most delightful of his letters are to the same child: "I'm only able to send you just this little word to say how glad I am that you like your bracelet: and how much I should like you to come and see me. No—but let me see *you*, for a little while—see *me*! indeed. I don't know where I am gone to for all I can see of myself," he says in one letter; and in another, "I haven't dared to write because I lost in a heap of a crammed drawer one day, a little triangular letter—which has never turned up the smallest point of its three since, and which had—perhaps—no end of niceness inside! which I've never got the good of." To Rosalind, too, he wrote in one of the last of his letters. "You are really a great love to care to come and see an old—holly of the wood like me. No difference to you? But I can't climb any more, but only hobble and puff, and I can't teach you Wordsworth any more, for I've forgotten him myself, and I can't row you over the lake any more—though, perhaps you and Pegsie could row me."

This booklet is a thing to buy and keep were it only for the letters that are in it; but no less delightful are Miss Peggy Webling's pictures of Ruskin in his homeliest moods. He used to read Scott to his two small guests, and would have them recite to him, and, writes Miss Webling:

"I can never repeat the majestic words of the First Psalm without hearing the sound of Ruskin's voice, for he taught it to me. A whiff of the scent of good leather, if I take a well-bound book into my hand, instantly puts me back into his study, reading Miss Edgworth's tales in an old edition."

It was part of Ruskin's wisdom that he knew how to be happy in the simplest ways, and part of his greatness that he could so beautifully sympathise with the joys of children, and leave in the heart of one of them, for after years, such fragrant memories as these.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "A Sketch of John Ruskin." By Peggy Webling. With Frontispiece Portrait, drawn from life, by Ethel Webling. 1s. net, post free. (Of the Author, 124, The Grove, Hammersmith, London, W.)

THE EVERLASTING BATTLEFIELD.*

The two novels on my desk remind me that war is not confined to that terrific clash of ideals which has its point of opposition in France. War is struggle writ large in the hieroglyphics of bombs, blood and death; the strife of ideas made many a home a battlefield of contending forces long ere Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium. Hence, the novel that focusses the intellectual turmoil, the claims for new freedoms, and probes the modern woman's heart with an epigram like a surgeon's scalpel. "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," by Mr. H. G. Wells, and "The Second Blooming," by Mr. W. L. George, naturally form one mental meal, so to speak. The work of the younger novelist is dedicated to the elder in words of grateful discipleship, another reason why they should be grouped together, and it is an implied compliment Mr. George has earned for himself.

How many married men will read "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," and then go their way to speak of Joan or Mary to their next male acquaintance without being conscious of the impertinence of using the possessive case? As a mordant and subtle criticism of contemporary life, this novel will probably remain supreme, until Mr. Wells writes another in the same vein. Of course, Lady Harman is her wealthy husband's prisoner, while he is bound in invisible chains to a fortune built out of multiple shopkeeping. She is beautiful, fragrantly feminine, and intelligent; she married young, and seemed to be already tamed when caught. The mutual obligation of husband and wife forms a theme of arresting interest,

* "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)—"The Second Blooming." By W. L. George. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Faithfully Yours
John Ruskin

Silver point drawing from life by Ethel Webling.

From "A Sketch of John Ruskin," by Peggy Webling.

developed with consummate skill. The psychological movement begins when she first meets Mr. Brumley, a widowed man of letters, "one of those very natural-minded men with active imaginations who find women the most interesting things in a full and interesting universe."

Then, the combat is joined, for Mr. Brumley considers he is an expert awakener of Sleeping Princesses, of whom Lady Harman is the most alluring. He undertakes her initiation, and is himself initiated into some useful knowledge and endeavour, while egregious Sir Isaac—who whistles through his teeth at times of excitement, remains a prop of commerce and propriety, as best he can. The development of social consciousness in a sensitive and intelligent woman is unfolded, or seems to unfold itself amid a gallery of living types, each with its particular fad, and Lady Beach-Mandarin flows through it all, an engulphing dreadnought of the social sea.

Processes and tendencies, moral, mental and social, are laid bare with Mr. Wells's accustomed insight, and here and there the thread of the story seems to be unduly attenuated, when it runs, a faint streak of sentience through a desert of disquisition—fascinating talks about life as the author sees it. His close and accurate observation, as usual, begets almost the impact of reality, and tense moments of dramatic significance invigorate this great picture of English life at the cross roads.

In "The Second Blooming," Mr. George describes the lives of three young married women—sisters—and what his novel lacks as a consistent and artistic whole, is compensated for by his capable rendering of the congeries of themes, a little too much overlaid with detail. The groups consist of Grace, Clara, Mary and their respective husbands—livingly realised. They married into the class where, so far as the women are concerned, the toiling and spinning are done by proxy. They search for happiness in cultivated London, with a suspicion that happiness awaits them just round an unturned corner. When Grace comes to the conclusion that the man whose name she bears "is not a man any more but a husband" she is in full cry. It ends in an intrigue with a "flashy" mining engineer—a "second blooming"—so logical, and necessary, and up-to-date. Clara energises in the political field, her husband being a Member of Parliament. Mary, the almost happy mother of a happy brood, amid the turmoil is not quite content with her own content, and casts a look of longing at the hectic harvest in Grace's private garden.

Modern marriage is criticised with an almost overwhelming amount of revealing detail, its little antagonisms sharp-set, its usualness pictured in the mirror of feminine psychology. In "The Second Blooming" as in "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," you overhear women trying to discover the worth of their womanhood, within and without the sphere of sex.

Sometimes—it may be fancy—one seems to catch a sigh of pity for the Creator because of the existence of the implications of the Christian religion. Mr. George is not altogether guiltless of a little condescension to the bourgeois, which is hinted at occasionally by an attitude of mind, as of a hidden smile of toleration, regrettable in a writer of brilliant attainment. This novel enhances his reputation. Mr. George has now passed from fine promise to a conspicuous and assured place among the novelists who are seriously concerned with English literature.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

A MISCELLANY.*

The interest of a miscellany like the one before us must from its nature be chiefly personal; a noteworthy feature here is that it is almost exclusively academical. To its contributors, Dr. Mackay appears as little less than the genius of the young University of Liverpool, and more particularly of its Arts Department. This does not mean, however, that it will have little to attract the outsider. On the contrary, its spirit and quality have something arresting for a vision that looks below the surface. The varied contents may be distinguished as follows. Firstly, purely personal tributes, as the sketches by Sir Walter Raleigh, entitled "John Macdonald Mackay, Builder," and Mr. N. Wyld's "A Nocturne" with poetic offerings from Dr. Sherrington, whose turn for English verse recalls another former science professor of Liverpool, Sir Ronald Ross, from Prof. R. H. Case, who is sportive in the ancient manner and metre of the "Faerie Queene," from Antonie Meyer, "Es war einmal," and in a strange tongue, "Šerandéski," "To a Chieftain," from the learned librarian, Dr. Sampson, considerately translated into the vernacular; add an "Envoy," in Lowland Scotch that Burns might have owned, by the editor, Prof. Elton. Another division includes the acknowledgments of obligations to Mackay for the furtherance of studies with which the writers are concerned as "The School of Russian Studies" (B. Pares), "Ideals for a School of Commerce" (J. Montgomery), and "Birmingham University and Mackay" (E. A. Sonnenschein).

Another class consists of contributions to knowledge proper, history in its various divisions being largely represented. These articles, stimulating in form, and not oppressive in length, include items such as Henry the Eighth's Navy (with excellent illustrations) by Thomas Kerrich, edited by F. P. Barnard. "Un Procès de Sorcière au dix-septième Siècle" (Charles Bonnier). "German Pamphlets in Prose and Verse on the Trial and Death of Charles I" (Robert Priebsch), and for earlier times, "Notes on the Domainal Administration" of monastic and collegiate institutions (G. W. Coopland), and "St. John of Bridlington" (J. A. Twemlow). The "Father of History" is not neglected; two articles represent the modern tendency to be wise above "what is written." Prof. J. L. Myres dissects the account of Crœsus in a style that recalls the late Dr. Verrall, with a view to showing that it is a drama in disguise. His successor in the chair of Greek, Dr. Lehmann-Haupt, offers a not less seductive but less hazardous analysis of the narrative of the battle of Marathon, in which he traces the influence of Dionysius of Miletus. Prof. H. C. Wyld writes on the influence of "Class Dialects" upon Standard English, nor are old Irish (Kuno Meyer), Welsh (W. Garmon Jones), or Spanish (J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly) unrepresented. The Professor of Mathematics (F. S. Carey) has a note on "Ideal Numbers," Sir M. Conway one on "Long Galleries in Tudor Houses," while Prof. A. C. Bradley has some acute criticism on "Coleridge's Use of Light and Colour." Yet, after all, perhaps, the reader will turn first to the five Appendices, curious to learn from his own utterances something of the man who has cast over so many distinguished intellects what is hardly less than a spell. Professor Mackay here appears in the rôle, tacitly or explicitly assigned to him elsewhere, of prophet and preacher. His style accords with the oracular mission. He thinks in jerks, and his presentations are often cryptic and often hazy. His ideal is a democratic University, based on a system of Faculties, that is, the association of allied groups of studies, whose aims should not be so much formal instruction as inspiration and research, and in which the tyranny of examinations should be reduced to a minimum. That he has seen his ideal in great part realized, this volume is a proof. It need only be added that in externals it is worthy of a University Press.

* "A Miscellany presented to John Macdonald Mackay, LLD." With two portraits and 12 other illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (University Press of Liverpool.)

"MUSHROOM TOWN."*

To those who regard the writing of fiction as an art rather than a trade, the work of Mr. Oliver Onions must make a peculiar appeal. Here is a novelist who piques and intrigues because he gives you the idea that he writes

* "Mushroom Town." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Hodder Stoughton.)

his books primarily to please himself. Mr. Onions is, in fact, an incalculable writer; to him, as to the hero of the well-known story, you are drawn largely "because you never know what he will be up to next." Those, however, who have followed his work for some years know this much about the author of "Good Boy Seldom," that he rarely exhausts a subject, that he can be relied on never to cultivate the same kail-yard twice running. True to this practice of his, Mr. Onions has, in his latest novel, "Mushroom Town," covered entirely new ground. He describes with that wonderful command of essential detail of which he has the secret, the rise and growth—"the natural history," as the French novelist would say—of a Welsh watering-place, giving it, as it were, a sort of sentient life of its own, an infancy, a youth, an adolescence, and an arrival at years of maturity. Llanyglo is exploited as a fashionable and subsequently as a popular holiday resort by a Manchester business man, and on this solid foundation the author bases a very searching and entertaining account of the mutual dislike—not incapable of accommodation in practice—which the native Welshmen and the invading Lancashiremen entertain for one another. In Nonconformist Wales, it seems, as in Catholic Ireland, the Celt, though he feels none too happy in the company of the Saxon, will never refuse to take his money. Hence some nice points of casuistry arise; for the outrageous mill-hands of Lancashire—"bivalves" Mr. Onions very wittily calls them in this connection—will insist on celebrating a sort of Saturnalia on the beach, and, being thirsty folk, require many new public-houses to be licensed. What, then, shall the poor Welshman do? Shall he serve God or Mammon? As a matter of fact, the Welshman turns out to be just like the Englishman—a lover of compromise. He remembers what Samuel Butler says in "Elementary Morality": "It is all very well for mischievous writers to maintain that we cannot serve God and Mammon. Granted that it is not easy, but nothing that is worth doing ever is easy. Easy or difficult, possible or impossible, not only has the thing got to be done, but it is exactly in doing it that the whole duty of man consists." So he pretends not to see the amorous revels on the beach, and, if he is a member of the Town Council, he leaves the meeting hastily on business when the question of licensing the wicked public-houses comes up for settlement, lest he should vote for or against the proposal.

It will be gathered from what has been said that the sentimental side of "Mushroom Town" is inconsiderable. True, there is a moving love-affair between the son of the Manchester business man and a gipsy girl, an idyll told by the author with all possible delicacy and tenderness; but, after all, it is the merest episode. The interest, indeed, of this remarkable book centres not in individuals—though a Welsh M.P., a Welsh grocer, a Welsh bard, and a Welsh revivalist, are all most happily hit off; it depends almost entirely on the crowds that flock to the hotels or throng the beach, crowds which Mr. Onions describes in two ways, in group-conversations, which he reports in a vein of the happiest and most mordant humour, and in eloquent descriptive passages that are as brilliantly seen as any pen-pictures of G. W. Steevens's. One other episode, however, a tragi-comic one, deserves to be mentioned—the story of the four Lancashire lads who build the *Hafod Unos*, the pavilion of a night. There is something almost epical in this stirring tale of the gallant building, and of the still more gallant re-building, of the Kerrs' ramshackle house.

W. A. L. B.

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

America may not yet have done much good writing herself—but she is being increasingly the cause of good writing in others. She can perhaps claim Mr. James with his "American Scene" (though he had to turn European to paint it)—but apart from that benign volume the best books she has inspired have been our Mr. Wells's "The Future in America," and our Mr. Bennett's "Those United States," and now this new pilgrim's progress of our Mr. Graham's. None of these would have been written but for the rush of her life, sweeping like a bow across our tuned eastern strings. Her own human instruments are perhaps not yet quite mellowed enough; even her Howells and her Whartons lack "tone"; but with an irresistible gesture she makes us hand her our precious Strads, and sends the winds of the New World vibratingly over them. "From Russia to America," cries Mr. Graham, in his Prologue, "from the most backward to the most forward country in the world, from the place where machinery is merely imported to the place where it is invented, from the land of Tolstoy to the land of Edison, from the most mystical to the most material. . . ." He might have added, from the land of Siberia and enforced silence to the

* "With the Poor Immigrants to America." By Stephen Graham. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The Immigrants.

From "With the Poor Immigrants to America" (Macmillan)

land of Miss Helen Keller, the country that impels the very dumb to speak.

And its effect on Mr. Graham (I speak as one who follows his work admiringly) has certainly been entirely exhilarating and good. He was getting, perhaps, a little too oracular, and a little too carefully naive: he affected, or seemed to, a friar-like simplicity, and his vocabulary was growing vegetarian and parched. America put a stop to that, pretty promptly. When she tried to marry him, at Ellis Island, before he had fairly landed on her shores, to an immigrant girl whom he happened to be helping, she gave the first salutary jolt to the genuine Scotch humour which is the salt of him; and the shocks she kept administering as he strolled through her States kept that condiment in a continual state of agitation—it sprinkles and freshens these pages far more freely than any others he has yet written, and, as I think, will play the part of preservative.

"It astonished me to be taken for a pedlar. But I was almost as commonly taken to be walking for a wager. I was walking under certain conditions. I must not take a lift. I must keep up thirty miles a day. I was walking to Chicago on a bet. I took only a dollar in my pocket and was supporting myself by my work. Or I was walking to advertise a certain sort of boot. Or I was walking on a certain sort of diet to advertise somebody's patent food. I was repairer of village telephones. I was hawking tooth-picks, which I very cunningly made in my fire at the side of the road. I was a tramping juggler and would give a show in the town next night.

"Everyone thought I accomplished a prodigious number of miles a day. At least a hundred times I was called upon to state my average 'hike' for the day. Jews slapped me on the back and told me I was doing fine. I was told that I wasn't the only person on the road. The great Weston was behind me, patriarch of 'hikers,' aged seventy-five. He wore ice under his hat, and was walking from New York to St. Paul at twenty-five miles a day, and was accompanied by an automobile full of liquid food. Far ahead of me was a young woman in high-heeled boots tramping from New York to San Francisco. She carried a small hand-bag, walked with incredible rapidity, and was proving for a newspaper that it was just as easy to walk in Vienna boots as any other. . . ."

And so on. Simply disastrous to any kind of pose. Impossible to feel a lonely mystic when you are cheered on as a champion hiker; and the comparison with the aged Weston, I am certain, did our young Scotchman no end of human good. And his writing benefited instantly. That paragraph I have just quoted is really most admirably done—not only does it give us a far clearer picture of living America than the lofty pronouncement I am about to quote now, but it is really (little though Mr. Graham may perhaps be yet inclined to believe it) a far sounder and more effective piece of prose.

"The great heterogeneous mass of peoples wants to become one nation. There is a power which works through the peoples for that end. The people are ready to mingle; they are already mingling; they are going to and fro and in twos and threes, and every step and every transaction is something essential in the making of the coming homegeneous nation.

"It is a choir dance, a dance of molecules or atoms, if you will, but a dance of human atoms and one that yields a mystic music that can be heard by the poet's ear. Leading the peoples in the involutions and evolutions of the choir dance is a masked figure, not itself one of the people. What is that figure? Not trade, I think, though it helps; not common interest, though it is perhaps a rule of the dance; not even the American idea. The masked figure that leads is a fate; it is an instinct of Destiny.

"There are myriads of rites in the movements of the dance, but not one of them is charged with absolute significance. Thus in the mazes of evolution there stands impregnable, as it would seem, the historic open Bible of America. Around it, marking time, is a massed host of Americans, now reinforced by newcomers, now diminished by secession, swayed this way and that. . . ."

And so on, again. Like the gentleman in the play, I murmur, "Fancy that!" Not because I am a soured old cynic. Not because I don't believe in poet's ears. But because this kind of rhetoric, especially when written rapidly by the roadside (Mr. Graham tells us he wrote most of his book as he walked) tends to get formless and vague; that is to say, unpoetic. If Mr. Graham really were a visionary *sang pur* it might be another matter—but I am convinced his genius is all for the particular, not the general. And it is because America kept continually interrupting his lonely soliloquies with episodes absurd, homely, human, hilarious (all of them superbly reported), that I consider she inspired him to write his very best book. His best so far, that is to say, for his full masterpiece has yet to come. But he will write it all the better for having gone this Yankee hike. What his prose needed was, precisely, a good slanging.

DIXON SCOTT.

SOME RECENT POETRY.

It is very pleasant to find so much good poetry in so small a space as contains the "Ballads and Burdens" of Mr. V. Goldie.[1] His title is rather trite and not very appropriate, but his matter is admirably fresh and individual. He is frankly interested in himself, but the vivid and candid expression of personality is one of the things for which we have come to look in contemporary poetry. It is what we find most characteristic of Rupert Brooke and James Stephens, D. H. Lawrence and John Masefield, and it makes Mr. Goldie a candidate whose claims to representation in the next "Georgian" anthology must be considered. He is at once a hedonist and a revolutionary, and his verse is largely the record of reaction from one mood to the other; as in the "Rebels' Bugle Song" with its admirable prelude, "Græco-Roman" and "Isobel," which is a poem of the "Jenny" order, though less sentimental and of a more advanced psychology than its prototype. In a collection in which every number is of quality, the two vivid companion pictures called "Bathing," and the dashing "Outrider" are notable; while "Motley" and "Discord" show Mr. Goldie to be an expert in the psychology of Pierrot and his immortal fellows. Better than Dowson or Symons has he found the subtle note of the "Fêtes Galantes"; for he shares with Verlaine the whimsical humour lacking in the English decadents.

Miss Joan Tamworth has, in her "In the Time of Apple Blossom,"[2] tried to strike a similar note; but while Mr. Goldie's pieces are genuine Watteauesque, Miss Tamworth only achieves prettiness and barely escapes the pretty-pretty. Still, her verses, though somewhat indistinct in outline, are not without a suggestion of charm and glamour, and are always better than the frontispiece supplied by Mr. Collier Ripley, which would more appropriately adorn a chocolate-box or a menu-card than a book even of such modest pretensions as this.

A poetess of very different calibre is Miss Ethel Carnie.[3] In revolt against many things, a champion of the cause of her sex, she has humour and sanity as well as fervour, and does not let the propagandist in her get the better of the artist. Sometimes her craftsmanship is crude, sometimes her appeal is, with evident design, "popular," but in the main her simple and sincere poetry need not fear judgment by the highest standards of criticism, which, rejecting much, would yet retain a heaped handful of good grain. Though "Voices of Womanhood" has the unity bestowed by a very definite personality, it is free from monotony. Biting scorn alternates with and supplements a hope of mystical intensity. Poems of which the themes are individual and the treatment realistic are scattered among a greater number which are social, typical and symbolic.

Mr. B. H. G. Arkwright[4] is another revolutionary, though of a more academic kind than Miss Carnie. The first three poems, especially, in "Rough Edges" are the expression of a self-consciously independent nature. The first stanza of "Black Sheep" is a good specimen of Mr. Arkwright's outlook and his most authentic style:

> "Leave us alone!
> Part from us here,
> You that are kin to us, you that are bone of our bone!
> Skies may be dead for us,
> Your heaven's clear:
> Live your own living, and leave us to live out our own!"

[1] "Ballads and Burdens." By V. Goldie. 1s. net. (Fifield.)
[2] "In the Time of Apple-Blossom, and Other Poems." By Joan Tamworth. 2s. net. (Elkin Matthews.)
[3] "Voices of Womanhood." By Ethel Carnie. 2s. net. (Headley Bros.)
[4] "Rough Edges." By B. H. G. Arkwright. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

Elsewhere he echoes Swinburne far too closely either for our pleasure or his own credit. When we read "The Law" we remember "Dolores," and the majestic music of "The Triumph of Time" drowns the imitative cadences of "Treasure Trove."

"Do the Spring-tide breakers that lap and lift you,
Curving the fringe of your squandered heap,
Fingers of surf that sort and sift you,
Softly stirring your year-long sleep—
Do the wild sea-horses that charge and flee,
And form and break on the trampled sea
With thunder of hoofs that shake and sift you,
Fret to be free of the store you keep?"

It is almost incredible that the youngest of poets should be so naif in flattery of a master; and in the author of "Black Sheep," "Friends," and "London," (where the Swinburnian flavour is redeemed by the independence of outlook) it is inexcusable.

Temporarily sated with modernism, it is with a sense of refreshment that one turns to such work as that of Mr. Edwin Oppenheim[5] and Mr. Louis Ledoux,[6] the one prompted to poetry by the Alps, the other by Sicily. Mr. Oppenheim, in particular, is calm and unsurprising. Sometimes moving to a lighter measure, as in "On the Summit," he writes best in blank verse or the decasyllabic couplet. Of the school of Wordsworth and Arnold, he "yearns to the greatness of nature."

"There's a voice
Amid the wild disorder of the hills,
Where beauty is forever bursting forth
From out the heart of horror, that proclaims
Our little lives lie safe in the embrace
Of some large wisdom deeper than our thought."

Whether in descriptive or reflective mood Mr. Oppenheim writes with a dignity worthy of his masters and his theme.

Mr. Ledoux also recalls Arnold, because his verse has something of the clear yet sweet Theocritean light which lies on "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis." This quality makes the masque of "Persephone" and the various lyrics which follow it, though none of them stand out as of notable originality, pleasant to read; but Mr. Ledoux' finest achievement is his "Threnody in Memory of the Destruction of Messina by Earthquake." It is a dirge adequate to its tragic occasion, and if, in style, it suggests Arnold's great monody on Clough, Mr. Ledoux could not have found a fitter model.

There is readable if not very subtle matter in the versifyings of Mr. Lloyd Roberts,[7] Miss Ethel Castilla[8] and Mr. A. Safroni-Middleton[9]; while those who know its predecessor will welcome Mr. Smith-Dampier's second series of translations from northern balladry and original pieces in the vigorous old style.[10] But of a higher quality than any work mentioned here, except Mr. Goldie's, is Miss Anna Bunston's play of "Jephthah's Daughter."[11] Miss Bunston has succeeded where so many fine poets have failed: she has written a tragedy in blank verse in which the characterisation is as delicately articulated as in a realistic modern comedy. She has achieved the necessary synthesis of humanity and poetic dignity. Her play, therefore, is good to read and should be admirable on the stage. It is possible to find blemishes. The scenes which follow the climax are perhaps a little drawn out; and Jephthah's change from refusal to acceptance of his brother's proposal, and Mahlah's acquiescence in her fate, seem rather too abrupt. But of the soundness of both these criticisms the stage is the best test. Especially notable in a bevy of virtues is the tenderly humorous relief supplied by the children, Heth and Dinah, which takes the place of the broadly comic relief of the Elizabethans. The love episode, too, is interwoven with perfect tact.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

[5] "The Reverberate Hills." By Edwin Oppenheim. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

[6] "The Shadows of Ætna." By Louis V. Ledoux. 3s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

[7] "England Over Seas." By Lloyd Roberts. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

[8] "The Australian Girl." By Ethel Castilla. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

[9] "A Vagabond's Philosophy." By A. Safroni-Middleton. 5s. net. (Constable.)

[10] "More Ballads from the Danish." By E. M. Smith-Dampier. 2s. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

[11] "Jephthah's Daughter." By Anna Bunston. (Erskine Macdonald.)

THE DICTATORS.*

Whatever may be thought of the great Duke of Marlborough and his overwhelming wife—protagonists on the stage of history—of the man of destiny, conscious of genius, and his beautiful companion who controlled everyone but herself—one thing at least is clear. For some twenty years they were co-dictators. Cromwell was not openly supreme for more than five years; Wellington, also a soldier-statesman, not covertly in command for as much as two decades. And the Marlboroughs dictated together and at once. They are unique.

While the Prince Charming of battles gave, spontaneously, the law delivered to Europe, the lovely termagant gave her own law, in his paramount interests, to England. He stormed citadels, she cabinets. For him she manipulated that burrowing "Junto"—the "New-Whig" coalition-oligarchy—which eventually brought in the House of Hanover. While Marlborough worked his wonders in the field, she worked his business at home. He dominated, she domineered, and yet her domineering riveted his affection. She imposed her yoke (sometimes in defiance of Marlborough's cool tact) on a doting Queen at once vacillating and obstinate. She could bear "no brother" (or sister) "near the throne." Superiors she flouted, inferiors she cowed, in equals she disbelieved. In vain did the masterful Captain-General sigh for the quiet of Holywell and its châtelaine's violence, which he caressed and smiled at. He worshipped the ground she trod on, but the word of her tongue triumphed. Like Napoleon he was a fatalist; not so the love of his life and disturber of his peace. Indomitable, insistent, she led him up and down dale, over peaks, down precipices. She was a propagandist also, and eventually she converted him against his will to her own queer Marlborough-party. She proved at once his refuge and his ruin, the Lorelei who sank his boat. If Marlborough had any governing principle it was a sort of protestan Jacobitism. For the Duchess a parson was almost as negligible as a priest was odious. And the King over the water was as much her aversion as the abhorrent Dutch "Caliban" himself—or any monarch who would not bow the knee to the Marlborough dynasts. What she arrogated for herself she arrogated for and against her descendants, with most of whom she quarrelled to the close. Her guests of passion stood for creed, and her lord and slave was blown about by their hurricane. With all his treacheries to persons—which Dr. Stuart Reid has here and there mitigated but scarcely disproved—he was often faithful to causes. Nor should it be forgotten that in an age of ambiguous adventure equivocal approaches and more than one door of retirement from a scene far more complicated than Dr. Reid seems to realise, were held half legitimate. These new and fascinating letters reveal many a softer colour in the hard, polished stone, but they do not obliterate a love of money which again may be excused by the insecurity of the times. To this Swift too bears witness, for he denounced the parsimony which he himself practised, and for the same reason. When, in the Duchess's vexed old age, her pride and darling, Lord Blandford, passed away, this very book records how she exclaimed: "I would have given half my estate to save him." *Ha!!* Yet the record here is pleasant of John Churchill's acts of generosity, and of the thirty-six St. Albans alms-houses which at length offset Sarah's thirty landed estates. And it is also well shown that neither of them was bribable. Then,

* "John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, 1660–1744. Based on Unpublished Letters and Documents at Blenheim Palace." By Stuart J. Reid, D.C.L. With an Introduction by the Duke of Marlborough, K.G. With Portraits and Illustrations. 16s. net. (Murray.)

again, I cannot but think that she also mistook an ungovernable temper for "moral courage." In many of these respects her self-vindication, so trustfully accepted without counter-evidence by Dr. Reid, is a tell-tale prosecutor. She remains a superb shrew, fired by unquenchable ambitions, and this makes her end the more tragic. But her errors were in the main those of a fierce and faithful championship, which goes far to redeem them. In the same way Marlborough's true vein of heroism, his chivalry, the gentleness of his strength, the simplicity of his devotion, atone for much that endures as false—false steps in a day of false footings. For many new and subdued lights we are grateful to the new letters which the deft rearranger of the Blenheim Papers has now given us, and for his suggestive comments as well as those in the present Duke's Introduction. Throughout, there is much that is picturesque and moving. But to my mind the hard facts are not removed however tradition may have heightened or isolated them. We may assuredly rise from a perusal of Macaulay believing that the Marlborough's are too bad, but as assuredly these pages—in the light of any wide study—leave the impression that they are far too good, too good to be quite true.

For here tradition means largely Pope and Macaulay. Was the first wrong when he wrote of the stricken Duke's last phase:

> "Or to thy country let that heap be sent
> As Marlborough's was, but not at five per cent"?

Was he wrong in earlier allusions? Was he wrong when of "Atossa" he sang:

> "Who breaks with her provokes revenge from Hell,
> But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
> Her every turn with violence pursued,
> Not more a storm her hate than gratitude"?

Much goes to show that in substance he was right, and the Duchess's self-betrayals bear him out. Was Macaulay wrong once more when of them both he wrote: "He, though one of the most covetous was one of the least acrimonious of mankind; but malignity was in her a stronger passion than avarice. She hated easily, she hated heartily, and she hated implacably." To be sure Macaulay has not applied the same standard to Dr. Johnson, and none will more readily admit than I that his history is often a magnificent monument to Holland House. But in the case of the Whig Duchess, his immense knowledge and intense vividness can hardly have been so warped. Boldly—if not fully armed—Dr. Reid tilts against Macaulay. He has certainly modified the case for the treachery towards Talmash, in 1694, but the alternate perfidies to James and William do not seem to us shattered. Nor has he, apparently, borne in mind that striking footnote in which Macaulay substantiates the plot that caused Marlborough's first dismissal. Often Dr. Reid tends to be rather superficial. He has hardly perceived the subtle perspective of the political arena, while the lights cast by much contemporary evidence are ignored. Much, too, is omitted, and the characters especially of Godolphin and Rochester are largely open to question. Why, too, does Dr. Reid see anything "significant" in a consensus between Addison and Steele—both partisans—adherents of the Duke—about Marlborough's unpopularity in 1712. Moreover, the kaleidoscopic intrigues of that crisis (especially as to Prince Eugene's visit) pass unanalysed, and, among trifles, we miss the smart *bon mot* of the Duchess anent James II. that he wished "to drag his country to heaven with him." Once more, Bolingbroke is regarded with conventional eyes, yet Marlborough always liked him even after he had assented to the great General's downfall. Indeed when Bolingbroke escaped to the Pretender it was the returned Marlborough who is said to have given him the hint.

No doubt the Duke and Duchess had each the qualities of their defects as well as the vices of their virtues. Yet what a wonderful pair they are—brilliant, vital, ineradicable. How steadfast to themselves and each other! Their beginnings and their end are alike a fairy-tale, and belong to an era when Godolphin, for instance, was almost a Grand Vizier of the Arabian Nights. These new letters illustrate afresh the romance that lasted from courtship to catastrophe, and there is a tender touch, too, in the story of their preservation:

> "Both packets carry autograph indorsements written in the lonely, disillusioned age of the Duchess. Her own contributions to this strangely unequal correspondence are endorsed 'Some coppys of my letters to Mr. Churchill before I was married.' Then follows the request that Grace Ridley, her chief woman in-waiting, should be given the letters that she might 'burn without reading' them. There is another pathetic endorsement which states that the Duchess has herself read over the love letters of her youth in 1736, and then follows in extreme old age, 'Read over in 1743, desiring to burn them, but I could not doe it.' So they have come down to us."

Was she thinking with tears perhaps of those early lines of his—after some petulance of hers?

> ". . . If you have charety you will not only writt, but you will writt kindly, for it is on you that depends the quiett of my soul,"

or of those loving words of hers in an evidently much later letter which has crept into this correspondence:

> "Wherever you are, whilst I have life, my soull shall follow you, my ever dear Lord Marl, and wherever I am I should only kill the time wishing for night that I may sleep and hope the next day to hear from you."

She was not always thus kind, sometimes she was jealous, often furious; but throughout his life the more she tantalised him the deeper his devotion. He thinks and sighs and cares for her during all his campaigns; at home and abroad she is his chief concern. "No ambition," he assures her, "can make amends for my being away from you." From the saddle at Blenheim he informed her that the day was won, and he told her the day afterwards that:

> ". . . within the memory of man there has been no Victory so great as this, and . . . I am sure you love me soe entirely well that you will be infinitely pleased with what has been done."

It is strange in the light of scientific massacre to read of 26,000—the French losses—as huge, and to remember that the decisive battle lasted only from noon till twilight. There is much in this volume that is interesting about the campaigns, about Vanbrugh, too, and Blenheim Palace and the campaigns about them, about Pope, with his *mens curva in corpore curvo*, about the light and leading of three reigns.

Marlborough radiated a magnetism that never failed, and she wielded a magic even while she repelled. These pages recount a story of the two at once touching and typical. As a young wife, in one of her fits of temper, she had cut off the exquisite tresses which he so much admired. Unknown to her for long years he treasured them in the recesses of a secret cabinet, where she found and wept over them after her hero had expired—in a state of health and mind which made him stand in dejection before his portrait, ejaculating, "That was once a man." Another characteristic story. When Lord Blandford died—of a drinking bout—followed by prayer—at Balliol, the old Duchess was sent for "post-haste." She arrived at night with her beautiful granddaughter. The master, Dr. Leigh, met her. "How," she at once inquired, "is poor Blandford?" Dr. Leigh bowed his head. "Ay," she exclaimed, "I suppose he's dead. . . . I hope the Devil is picking that man's bones who taught him to drink." For every generation she made great matches and greater mischiefs—even to the blackening out of the likeness at Blenheim of Lady Di's sister. Deportment-Chesterfield proposed for her hand after the Duke's death, and was gratefully refused. So later on did the proud Duke of Somerset, who deemed the Seymours the greatest family since the flood, had insisted on the *pas* of precedence when William of Orange landed, and had received Charles of Spain at Portsmouth. What an alliance would that have been, such a conjunction of insufferable prides! She, once merely a country miss, had grown to control a Court with a higher hand than he who had been born and bred to it. She "the wisest fool which time has ever made," and he, perhaps not the wisest!

But all this, on the top of many a conjecture which this book provokes and aids, must be relegated to the entrancing, the inexhaustible chapter of Might-have-beens.

WALTER SICHEL.

BOYS AND GIRLS.*

Lover's Lane.

From "Boys and Girls" (Dent).

These charming verses for children embody all the joyousness of youth. They are full of rollicking humour, with here and there just a hint of sadness or sentiment that lends them a very human touch, and will make an appeal to grown-ups who love children, as well as to the children themselves. Mr. Foley finds themes for verse in the most commonplace everyday things, and is never at a loss for an idea; yet he is always simple and natural, for naturalness is the keynote of the whole book. He seems to be able to read right into the heart of a child, to share its intense enjoyment of a circus, to realise the many temptations that lure a boy from the way to school, and to understand every youthful thought and fancy, which grown-up people usually forget so soon, but which they must live through again when they read his verses. In a subtle way, too, Mr. Foley finds a delight in tracking down the little weaknesses of parents, as in the "Story of Self Sacrifice":

"Pop took me to the circus 'cause it disappoints me so
To have to stay at home, although he doesn't care to go;
He's seen it all so many times, the wagons and the tents;
The cages of wild animals and herds of elephents;
This morning he went down with me to watch the big parade,
He was so dreadful busy that he oughtn't to have stayed,
He said he'd seen it all before and all the reason he
Went down and watched it coming was because it's new to me. . . ."

And it goes on to show how "Pop" missed nothing of the circus, yet spoke disparagingly of it when he went home, saying it was a "sell," and "the same old show,"

"And said he'd seen it all before and all the reason he
Had stayed and seen it all was 'cause it's all so new to me."

This is a book to keep and read and re-read whenever you are in need of amusement and refreshment, for there is something in it to appeal to every mood.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.†

To the casual reader, these two books, admirably concise, lucid and co-ordinated as they are, would scarcely appear more than introductory manuals, as limited and selective as the greater number of such books, dealing, say, with the histories and literatures of Europe. But there is a great deal of difference between ancient Egypt and even mediæval Europe. The records are broken and fragmentary; the translations from the texts entail a highly expert and specialised scholarship, and the work of research and deciphering alone of inscriptions on monuments, tombs, and temples require years of careful preparation and patient discovery. In the light, therefore, of these difficulties, Dr. Wallis Budge's achievement is of considerable value. What this learned man has done is simply this. He has, in the first place, bridged the remoteness which even more cultured people feel towards the government, religion, customs and letters of ancient Egypt; and, in the second place, has neatly summarised the results of a complex erudition into a form accessible to and comprehensible by the normal reader. He has, in fact, revealed the mysterious annals of old Nile for the common man, not by imaginative insight (his work is designedly only an informative handbook), but by the sheer insight of tireless investigation.

Nobody can possibly conceive the significance of dynastic Egyptian literature, without realising its absolute dependence upon the religious life of the people. The Egyptians seemed to possess no kind of secular imagination at all. Even the autobiographical confidences of priests and state officers; the official Press Bureau of invasion, conquest, and pillage; the homely apothegms of daily life and the stories of travel and adventure, though not obviously religious in aim, are either modelled upon or inspired by mythological and ritualistic example and precedent. And by far the majority of the writings inscribed upon papyri, stelæ, and other monuments, and cut into the walls of tombs, pyramids, obelisks, and sarcophagi, are devoted to hymns and legends of the gods, to dithyrambic songs (such as in the Pyramid Texts), to moral and spiritual exhortation in the manner of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, to elaborate stories of the Creation, and to the sacrosanct Books of the Dead, written to speed the soul to a safe harbourage in the other world. It is no doubt the prevalence of theological literature which partly accounts for the absence of revolutionary expression, common in a people like the Egyptians, where the absolute autocracy of the king, the domination of the priestly orders, the rule of innumerable petty nobles, and the tradition of Imperialism and aggrandisement, result in a grinding oppression of the slaves and the industrial and agricultural classes. For the Egyptian religion was not only an intense faith, but a peculiar weapon and monopoly in the hands of the aristocratic caste. The consequence was that literature flourished, so long as it was conservative and was non-existent, as an expression of the inarticulate needs of the people. Still, it is a fine literature, as extracts from Dr. Budge's book (translated with faultless taste and appreciation of the English language) show amply enough. The ornaments, similes and coloured paraphrase of mystical symbolism are, as might be expected, far more characteristic of its temper, than simple and direct statement. Its imagery, though often, as in so many ancient literatures, a tedious cataloguing of attributes, can be magnificent and even exquisite. And in this literature, as in all literatures, there is that note of temporality, of regret at the passing of beauty, which is in Villon's "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" and Keats' "Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu."

Dr. Budge's historical *résumé* is divided into two parts—the dynastic records of Egypt, down to the Turkish occupation, and an attempt at reconstructing the religious habits and daily life of the different classes. Before the reign of

* "Boys and Girls." By James W. Foley. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

† "The Literature of the Egyptians." By E. H. Wallis Budge. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.) "A History of the Egyptian People." By E. H. Wallis Budge. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

the Ptolemies (the first Ptolemy was one of Alexander of Macedon's generals), and the Roman suzerainty, and after the Neolithic period, Egypt, in the course of 4,000 years, had no fewer than thirty dynasties—native, Theban, Semitic, Hensu, Nubian, Assyrian, Persian, and Macedonian. No history is more chequered, more futile in its foreign policy, and more glorious in its architectural achievements, also religious in their purpose and significance, and no nation has had as intricate, varied, and numerous a divine hierarchy. The history of ancient Egypt is indeed a history of its kings and its gods. To us, it is the history of the builders of its Pyramids.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

EARL ROBERTS.*

This is a serviceable and well-written chronicle of those more public achievements of one of our greatest soldiers, with which most of us are more or less superficially acquainted. It recounts the main facts of the career of Frederick Sleigh Roberts—how he was born at Cawnpore, September 30th, 1832; how he was educated at Eton and at the military colleges of Sandhurst and Addiscombe; how he took part in the Indian Mutiny, assisting at the Siege of Delhi and at the Relief of Lucknow and winning the Victoria Cross; how he served in the Abyssinian Expedition; how, in the second Afghan War he made his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar; how, first as Commander-in-Chief at Madras, and subsequently as Commander-in-Chief of the whole Indian Army, he re-organised the military forces of the King-Emperor; and how finally, in the darkest hour of the South African struggle, he revived the prestige of British arms and turned the fortunes of the war. All this Sir George tells us in a narrative which—interesting as it is in many ways—suffers considerably in perspicuity from the unpardonable oversight which has permitted a military history of this seeming importance, dealing with operations on two continents, to issue from the press entirely unprovided with maps. But—to tell the truth—the theme which Sir George has elected to tackle seems to interest rather than to inspire him: he never rises to the height of his great argument. On the one hand, he tells us nothing fresh about the personality of Earl Roberts, and, on the other, he fails to explain where, when, and in what circumstances that great strategist mastered his job, learned, that is to say, to move and to maintain an army in the field, with due attention to communications, transport and supplies. Apart, however, from this failure to appreciate the significance and the bearing of that twenty years' apprenticeship to his work which Earl Roberts served in the Quartermaster-General's Department of the Indian Army (1857–1878), apart, too, from the quaint blunder which the biographer makes in devoting twenty-five pages of the life of his hero to that ill-considered attack on Cronje's laager at Paardeberg, for which Lord Kitchener and not Lord Roberts was responsible, Sir George has, in this, the latest account of the great Field-Marshal's doings, given us a trustworthy and quite a readable example of book-making. When we say that a work of this kind is neither an intimate biography nor a study of campaigns in the manner of Kinglake or of Napier, we are not seeking to belittle it, we are merely desirous of indicating its unambitious character and scope.

* * *

THE WORKS OF TAGORE.†

All those who have read Tagore's masterpiece, the "Gitanjali," will ask, in meeting two other of his books, whether they are equal to that one, and we must answer at once that in our opinion the lyrical beauties, which are

† The Book of the Month. The Collected Poems and Plays of Rabindranath Tagore. Vol. I. Macmillan and Co.

the great merit of the "Gitanjali," are in "The King of the Dark Chamber" somewhat cloaked by the mysticism that of course was also a considerable feature of the great book. It is unnecessary to explain who is the "King," that personage whom many search for with more or less success; in fact, we should prefer if they were now and then disposed to interest themselves in other matters. It is not a play which could well be acted, not merely because the "King" remains invisible, but because the flitting to and fro of a number of characters seems to be governed by no dramatic, but by a loftier sense. What particularly attracts us in this work are the incidental songs, especially those which the Grandfather sings, he being one of the few characters who remain permanently in our recollection. For example:

"I am waiting with my all in the hope of losing everything.
I am watching at the roadside for him who turns one out into the open road,
Who hides himself and sees, who loves you unknown to you,
I have given my heart in secret love to him,
I am waiting with my all in the hope of losing everything."

This work is not so well translated by Tagore into English as was the "Gitanjali," and the reason is that he very often uses slang or unpoetic expressions which are at variance with the atmosphere, at any rate with our idea of the Indian atmosphere.

"Chitra" is a far more delightful thing. "Like an endless meaning," says Modana, who is Eros, "in the narrow span of a song." And while we can read "Chitra" in an hour, it will not quickly fade from us. Simple and beautiful and grand, it recounts the adventure of a Princess and her Hero-Lover; it has, we learn, been performed in India without scenery; and although two gods, Modana and Vasanta, are introduced, there are no difficulties in the way of an adequate representation. It is practically a duet of love between Chitra and Arjuna, the latter being a prince of the house of Kurus who, during the action, is living as a hermit in the forest. The lyrical drama is based on a story from the Mahabharata, which tells how Arjuna came to Manipur and asked the king for the hand of his charming daughter. The princess had always been treated as if she were the king's son, for he had no other child, and on condition that Arjuna agrees to let the princess's son be "the price that I shall demand for this marriage," the king gives his consent; Arjuna lives there for three years, and on the birth of the child he sets out again on his travels. In Tagore's play there are, as we would expect, various subtleties introduced: "Not for the short span of a day, but for one whole year," says Vasanta, Lord of the Seasons, "the charm of spring blossoms shall nestle round thy limbs." And when Arjuna succumbs to her: "Alas," she cries, "it is not I, not I, Arjuna! It is the deceit of a god. Go, go, my hero, go. Woo not falsehood, offer not your great heart to an illusion. Go." And the following scene between her and the two gods is gloriously Ruskinian and at the same time Oriental. "From the flowering *Malati* bower overhead," says she, "silent kisses dropped over my body. On my hair, my breast, my feet, each flower chose a bed to die on. I slept. . . . It seemed to me that I had, on opening my eyes, died to all realities of life and undergone a dream birth into a shadow land. Shame slipped to my feet like loosened clothes I heard his call—'Beloved, my most beloved!' And all my forgotten lives united in one and responded to it." But she longs to reveal herself to him without disguise. "A time will come of itself," says Vasanta, "when the heat-cloyed bloom of the body will droop, and Arjuna will gladly accept the abiding fruitful truth in thee. Oh, child, go back to thy mad festival." In the rest of the play, whose development excites our intense sympathy, there are frequent passages over which we linger. "I am thinking," says Arjuna, "that you, with this same lightness of touch and sweetness, are weaving my days of exile into an immortal wreath, to crown me when I return home." And [illegible]

WOMEN AND MEN.*

In "The Three Sisters" Miss Sinclair has given us a poignant story, admirably skilful in staging, conduct, and construction. No doubt its sombreness of tone partly inheres in the conception itself, and so has the artistic cachet of true inevitableness; yet the reflective reader will detect in this somewhat morbific atmosphere traces of the author's own *parti pris*. The Carteret sisters, for example, are genuine creations, while the father, who is the hinge of their lives, is distinctly a construction—an amalgam of unlovely qualities against which, as against certain ethical formulas, the writer is discernibly running a tilt. Jim Greatorex, too, stands forth a living personality, so truly created that one is scarcely conscious of the builder's hand; yet in the happenings which centre about him one again savours, here and there, the *parti pris*. In the same way one feels that the triumph of the meek, "good and sweet," subtly hypocritical Mary, though very cleverly managed, *is* managed.

The action of the story lies in the black-grey village of Garth, Garthdale: a milieu heartily loathed by Mary and Ally Carteret, loved for its magical moors by the third sister, the nobler Gwenda. The flat gloom of the Vicarage home, ruled by the bullying father, is impinged upon by a well-drawn, upstanding character, Dr. Rowcliffe. The pursuit of Rowcliffe by the unhappy, fragile, neurotic Ally is the first phase of a drama—too full and complex for a just conspectus in any short article—whose issue is the powerful climax of Chapter XLVIII. But upon some of the high-lighted moments of the drama interest fastens strongly, *e.g.* the telling incident of the mare's colic; the clever turn given to the story by Ally's endeavour to reclaim Greatorex, leading to her meal by his fireside; the concert, with Jim's exalted emotionalism; Essy Gale's parting with the Vicar, and subsequent scene with her mother; the moment in which Gwenda accepts her own adoration of Rowcliffe—"It had received the dangerous sanction of her soul." Markedly effective also are the scenes in Chapters XXXIII. and XXXIV. between the Vicar and his daughters; the finessing by which Mary wins her traitorous triumph; the finely touched repentance of Greatorex—and most markedly the climax, already alluded to, of Ally's *débâcle*. After this point the story, though it maintains its hold, is less convincing, for one acquiesces but doubtfully in the strong Gwenda's obsession, through so many years, by a futile passion.

Mr. Coningsby Dawson obtains his effects in "The Raft" mainly by a sequence of impressionistic sketches, telling and clever in their brushwork, but sometimes over-sudden and keyed a little too highly, for the plane of nature. Jehane, for instance, falls deeply in love immediately, loses the lover to her friend Nan, steps off the raft of spinsterhood into matrimony with another man, and, already a mother, embarks upon a fresh marriage in Chapter VI. Verily the modern novelist is a quick-firer or nothing! As a foil to the sour, jealous, brooding Jehane the author depicts with marked success, in her friend Nan, a lovable wife and mother, sweet all through yet in nowise vapid. The figure of Nan gleams brightly all through the relations of the two families whose affairs are the chief concernment of the story. Her husband, Barrington, is the strong sound man; the other, Jehane's second venture, is a flimsy, contemptible creature upon whom, in the present writer's view, the artist bestows too large a space of canvas. He is frankly a bore to every character in the book; and the reader, painfully in accord with this verdict, could well do with less of Ocky Wattles. Yet if over-done, Ocky is well done, and strikes a note of genuine pathos on the emergence which follows upon his downfall the events precedent to which might be compressed with advantage to the work.

[illegible]

the author is at his best. In the tricycling adventures of Peter and Kay he gives us childhood done with real charm, while the semi-fairy tale of Happy Cottage and the Haunted Wood is enwrapped in an atmosphere of true poetic feeling and subtly quiet beauty. The Fawn Man and the Golden Woman are clever, intentionally elusive sketches. In the vivid snapshots of Henley, with its riot of colour and love-making, as in the astonishingly vital moments of the race for the Headship of the river, the author shows his command of the living-picturesque. The low-comedy characters, though funny enough, might have been a little more sparingly used, especially as each and all—cabmen, cooks, nursemaids, policemen, use the same over-accented cockney dialect.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

THE FORERUNNER OF MODERN CHEMISTRY.*

A romantic interest always attaches to a man who, being endowed by Providence with wealth and high station, foregoes the public career which such advantages would seem naturally to mark out for him, and devotes his life to the furtherance of thought. Such a man was Robert Boyle, the youngest son of the great Earl of Cork, who rendered such distinguished services to the English Crown during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and who left a large family of sons and daughters, each one of whom was well fitted by nature to uphold their father's lofty reputation. Robert Boyle could have achieved any position that he chose. He could have been a peer, a bishop, or Provost of Eton. But to him titular greatness seemed "an impediment to the knowledge of many retired truths"; and he felt, over and above the absence of any "inward motion to it by the Holy Ghost," that the less he shared in the patrimonies of the Church the more influence he would have in religious matters. He would not fetter himself by tests and oaths (and for this reason declined the presidency of the Royal Society, of which he was one of the chief ornaments), he could not alter his character, he wished to remain completely free to pursue his researches for the good of mankind in the service of God. And so it was that he remained to the end simply "Mr. Boyle"—a virtuoso and an "Honourable Person," and that he died unmarried within seven days of his sister Lady Ranelagh, the staunchest of all his friends and the only person who knew the story of the small ring which he wore from his youth onwards "for a particular reason."

Posterity has not given to Boyle quite so high a scientific reputation as he enjoyed among his contemporaries, and the comparative vagueness with which Miss Masson describes the results of his main life's work is the more surprising that she does not appear wholly to accept this modern estimate. The principal facts, of course, are here. We hear much in an indefinite manner of Boyle's air-pump, the *Machina Boyleana*, perfected for him by Hooke, which was to enable him to make a "just theory of the air," and to "demonstrate its elasticity." We have a due reference to "Boyle's Law" and to the kindred "Hooke's Law." We are referred to a recent Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science in which Sir William Ramsay stated:

"It was Robert Boyle, in his 'Sceptical Chymist,' who first controverted these ancient and medieval notions, and who gave to the word 'element' the meaning it now possesses—the constituent of a compound."

[illegible]

the Ptolemies (the first Ptolemy was one of Alexander of Macedon's generals), and the Roman suzerainty, and after the Neolithic period, Egypt, in the course of 4,000 years, had no fewer than thirty dynasties—native, Theban, Semitic, Hensu, Nubian, Assyrian, Persian, and Macedonian. No history is more chequered, more futile in its foreign policy, and more glorious in its architectural achievements, also religious in their purpose and significance, and no nation has had as intricate, varied, and numerous a divine hierarchy. The history of ancient Egypt is indeed a history of its kings and its gods. To us, it is the history of the builders of its Pyramids.

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HENRY BAERLEIN.

* "The Life of Lord Roberts, K.G., V.C." Compiled by Sir George Forrest, C.I.E. 16s. net. (Cassell.)

† "The King of the Dark Chamber." By Rabindranath Tagore. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Chitra." By Rabindranath Tagore. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

OLD HOUSES, ALMAZEN, SORIA

An Illustration from "AN ARTIST IN SPAIN"
Written and illustrated in colour
By A. G. MICHAEL
Published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON
London, New York and Toronto

XUM

WOMEN AND MEN.*

In "The Three Sisters" Miss Sinclair has given us a poignant story, admirably skilful in staging, conduct, and construction. No doubt its sombreness of tone partly inheres in the conception itself, and so has the artistic cachet of true inevitableness; yet the reflective reader will detect in this somewhat morbific atmosphere traces of the author's own *parti pris*. The Carteret sisters, for example, are genuine creations, while the father, who is the hinge of their lives, is distinctly a construction—an amalgam of unlovely qualities against which, as against certain ethical formulas, the writer is discernibly running a tilt. Jim Greatorex, too, stands forth a living personality, so truly created that one is scarcely conscious of the builder's hand; yet in the happenings which centre about him one again savours, here and there, the *parti pris*. In the same way one feels that the triumph of the meek, "good and sweet," subtly hypocritical Mary, though very cleverly managed, *is* managed.

The action of the story lies in the black-grey village of Garth, Garthdale: a milieu heartily loathed by Mary and Ally Carteret, loved for its magical moors by the third sister, the nobler Gwenda. The flat gloom of the Vicarage home, ruled by the bullying father, is impinged upon by a well-drawn, upstanding character, Dr. Rowcliffe. The pursuit of Rowcliffe by the unhappy, fragile, neurotic Ally is the first phase of a drama—too full and complex for a just conspectus in any short article—whose issue is the powerful climax of Chapter XLVIII. But upon some of the high-lighted moments of the drama interest fastens strongly, *e.g.* the telling incident of the mare's colic; the clever turn given to the story by Ally's endeavour to reclaim Greatorex, leading to her meal by his fireside; the concert, with Jim's exalted emotionalism; Essy Gale's parting with the Vicar, and subsequent scene with her mother; the moment in which Gwenda accepts her own adoration of Rowcliffe—"It had received the dangerous sanction of her soul." Markedly effective also are the scenes in Chapters XXXIII. and XXXIV. between the Vicar and his daughters; the finessing by which Mary wins her traitorous triumph; the finely touched repentance of Greatorex—and most markedly the climax, already alluded to, of Ally's *débâcle*. After this point the story, though it maintains its hold, is less convincing, for one acquiesces but doubtfully in the strong Gwenda's obsession, through so many years, by a futile passion.

Mr. Coningsby Dawson obtains his effects in "The Raft" mainly by a sequence of impressionistic sketches, telling and clever in their brushwork, but sometimes over-sudden and keyed a little too highly, for the plane of nature. Jehane, for instance, falls deeply in love immediately, loses the lover to her friend Nan, steps off the raft of spinsterhood into matrimony with another man, and, already a mother, embarks upon a fresh marriage in Chapter VI. Verily the modern novelist is a quick-firer or nothing! As a foil to the sour, jealous, brooding Jehane the author depicts with marked success, in her friend Nan, a lovable wife and mother, sweet all through yet in nowise vapid. The figure of Nan gleams brightly all through the relations of the two families whose affairs are the chief concernment of the story. Her husband, Barrington, is the strong sound man; the other, Jehane's second venture, is a flimsy, contemptible creature upon whom, in the present writer's view, the artist bestows too large a space of canvas. He is frankly a bore to every character in the book; and the reader, painfully in accord with this verdict, could well do with less of Ocky Waffles. Yet if over-done, Ocky is well done, and strikes a note of geniune pathos on the emergence which follows upon his downfall, the events precedent to which might be compressed with advantage to the work.

At one period of the story the reader is somewhat overloaded with the infants of the two families, and their funniments; but when the babies grow up into children, the author is at his best. In the tricycling adventures of Peter and Kay he gives us childhood done with real charm, while the semi-fairy tale of Happy Cottage and the Haunted Wood is enwrapped in an atmosphere of true poetic feeling and subtly quiet beauty. The Fawn Man and the Golden Woman are clever, intentionally elusive sketches. In the vivid snapshots of Henley, with its riot of colour and love-making, as in the astonishingly vital moments of the race for the Headship of the river, the author shows his command of the living-picturesque. The low-comedy characters, though funny enough, might have been a little more sparingly used, especially as each and all—cabmen, cooks, nursemaids, policemen, use the same over-accented cockney dialect.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

* "The Three Sisters." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Raft." 6s. By Coningsby Dawson. (Constable.)

THE FORERUNNER OF MODERN CHEMISTRY.*

A romantic interest always attaches to a man who, being endowed by Providence with wealth and high station, foregoes the public career which such advantages would seem naturally to mark out for him, and devotes his life to the furtherance of thought. Such a man was Robert Boyle, the youngest son of the great Earl of Cork, who rendered such distinguished services to the English Crown during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and who left a large family of sons and daughters, each one of whom was well fitted by nature to uphold their father's lofty reputation. Robert Boyle could have achieved any position that he chose. He could have been a peer, a bishop, or Provost of Eton. But to him titular greatness seemed "an impediment to the knowledge of many retired truths"; and he felt, over and above the absence of any "inward motion to it by the Holy Ghost," that the less he shared in the patrimonies of the Church the more influence he would have in religious matters. He would not fetter himself by tests and oaths (and for this reason declined the presidency of the Royal Society, of which he was one of the chief ornaments), he could not alter his character, he wished to remain completely free to pursue his researches for the good of mankind in the service of God. And so it was that he remained to the end simply "Mr. Boyle"—a virtuoso and an "Honourable Person," and that he died unmarried within seven days of his sister Lady Ranelagh, the staunchest of all his friends and the only person who knew the story of the small ring which he wore from his youth onwards "for a particular reason."

Posterity has not given to Boyle quite so high a scientific reputation as he enjoyed among his contemporaries, and the comparative vagueness with which Miss Masson describes the results of his main life's work is the more surprising that she does not appear wholly to accept this modern estimate. The principal facts, of course, are here. We hear much in an indefinite manner of Boyle's air-pump, the *Machina Boyleana*, perfected for him by Hooke, which was to enable him to make a "just theory of the air," and to "demonstrate its elasticity." We have a due reference to "Boyle's Law" and to the kindred "Hooke's Law." We are referred to a recent Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science in which Sir William Ramsay stated:

> "It was Robert Boyle, in his 'Skeptical Chymist,' who first controverted these ancient and mediæval notions, and who gave to the word 'element' the meaning it now possesses—the constituent of a compound."

In the main, however, Miss Masson gives us little detail as to the way in which Boyle "amassed and examined evidences that were to break down the old mistaken notions of the Greek and mediæval philosophy, and to build up—a very little way, perhaps, but on a new and sure foundation—the mighty structure of physical and

* "Robert Boyle." By Flora Masson. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

chemical science." The laborious experiments of a chemical or a physical laboratory, fascinating as they are to the man of science, do not, perhaps, make very good reading, but so scholarly a biography as this is should certainly have contained more particulars as to Boyle's work. A summary, such as that contained in the "Dictionary of National Biography," on this, the most important, aspect of Boyle's life would have done no harm to a book written in so charming a style and containing accounts of so many delightful and interesting episodes.

So thick, indeed, do these incidents press upon one another that one can readily understand Miss Masson's absorption in them. The Boyle's are just the sort of people about whom it is a pleasure to read and write. Each one of them had a strongly-marked personality, which was not the less real if it did not show itself so patently as did that, for example, of "unrewly" Mary, afterwards Countess of Warwick. Robert Boyle was no exception to the family rule. As quite a little fellow he was pronounced to be "spiritay," and his housemaster at Eton, Harrison, took peculiar trouble over his education. In his early days he was, perhaps, something of a prig, but this defect wore off, or we may be sure that Samuel Pepys would never have written of him in such appreciative terms as he did. One of the most pleasant traits of the Boyles was their staunchness. The great Earl of Cork was never too haughty to ignore a poor cousin, and Miss Masson argues with great plausibility that Milton's life was probably saved at the Restoration by the exercise of the powerful Boyle interest at Court. Robert Boyle in particular was a thoroughly good man, incapable of acting against the dictates of his conscience, and charitable in a bounteous and unostentatious fashion, a man who took so seriously his position as Governor of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel that the New Englanders called him their "charitable, indefatigable, nursing father." If his own experiments entitle him to be styled the true forerunner of the modern chemist, there is no doubt that science also received great impetus from the mere researches of so noble minded and so nobly bred a gentleman as Robert Boyle.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

GODS AND MEN.*

Mr. James Stephens already greatly daring in the "Crock of Gold," and in "Here are Ladies," excels his own audacity in his last work, "The Demi-Gods." We had got used to lepra-charms and fairies, hobnobbing with philosophers and resisting arrest by the police, and it had seemed a natural thing, this blending of the human with the supernatural. But the corruption of an archangel, a seraph, and a cherub by the seductive philosophy of Patsy MacCann, the wandering tinker and thief of the West of Ireland, makes one open his eyes very wide. Of course, these heavenly beings were of Irish descent, and so may have had, on that account, a latent propensity for the mode of life to which Patsy MacCann introduced them. Anyway, no sooner had they divested themselves of their wings, their crowns, and other celestial trappings, than they at once accommodated themselves to the wandering life led by the tinker and his fair daughter, Mary.

They learned to smoke strong plug-tobacco, to drink whisky when it was available, and generally to live on stolen food, without any human qualms of conscience. This was the society to which the celestial beings were introduced by Patsy:

"The wandering ballad-singer with his wallet of songs slung at his ragged haunch; the travelling musician whose blotchy fiddle could sneeze out the ten strange tunes he had learned from his father and from his father's generations before him; the little band travelling the world carrying saplings and rushes from the stream which they wove cunningly into tables and chairs warranted not to last too long, the folk who sold rootless ferns to people from whose window-ledges they had previously stolen the pots to plant them in; the men who went roaring along the roads driving the cattle before them from fair to market and back again; the hairy tinkers with their clattering metals, who marched in the angriest of battalions and who spoke a language composed entirely of curses."

Brien, of the O'Brien nation, who had set both Heaven and Hell by the ears, and had bewildered even Rhadamanthus himself by his persistent claim for the return of his lost threepenny piece, reappears in "The Demi-Gods," only to meet with an inglorious end by being kicked to death by an inoffensive ass, while fighting with Patsy for the possession of the wanton Eileen in Cooley.

There are many beautiful passages in the book, more especially those dealing with natural objects, the breaking of the dawn over the mountains, the gurgling of the streams and the fading of the daylight along the bosom of the happy fields.

But it is the gradual unfolding of the idyll of the Cherub Art, and Mary MacCann, that Mr. Stephens reaches his highest level. Nothing could be more tender, more delicate, more beautiful than the dawn of love between the Demi-God and the Mortal Maid:

"There was birth already between them—sex was born and something else was shaping feebly to existence. Love, that protection and cherishing, that total of life, the shy prince scarcely to be known among the teeming populations of the world, raised languidly from enchanted sleep a feeble hand. What fire did their eyes utter. The quiet night became soundingly vocal. Winged words were around her again as in that twilight when her heart loosed its first trials of song. Though the night was about her black and calm, there was dawn and sunlight in her heart, and she bathed herself deeply in the flame."

And, at last, Art chooses earth rather than heaven, rends in pieces his beautiful many-coloured wings and casts them to the winds.

"'Let you and I go down after the people,' he said. But Mary was weeping, and as they paced down the narrow track, he laid a great arm about her shoulder."

It is not easy to criticise Mr. Stephen's work. He is in a class by himself, and we can only compare him with himself. It is enough to say that "The Demi-Gods" bears this test of comparison and emerges with laurels undiminished.

H. A. HINKSON.

* "The Demi-Gods." By James Stephens. 5s. (Macmillan.)

ADVENTURES IN THE COMMUNE*

Quite the most interesting chapters of Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's new book of reminiscences, "My Adventures in the Commune," are those which contain the author's piquant little biographies of the leaders of the movement, men most of whose names are to the English reader absolutely unknown. Who, for instance has heard of Paschal Gnousset, the *bel-ami* and "blood" of the great revolt? Yet Gnousset belonged in turn to the Central Committee of the Federation of the National Guard and to the Commune, and acted as a sort of Foreign Secretary; while, after his escape with his friend Rochefort from New Caledonia, he founded a journal called "L'Education Physique," to which, says Mr. Vizetelly, young Frenchmen largely owe it that nowadays they have made such progress in football, boxing, and other sports and pastimes. General Cluseret, again, is but *nominis umbra*. Yet he was the Commune's War Minister, and long before the Municipal Guard revolted, he was a well-known military adventurer. Under the Republican Government of 1848 he commanded a battalion of the Mobile Guard and received the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his share in suppressing the June insurrection. Subsequently he took part in the Crimean War, served under Garibaldi in Sicily, fought under McClellan in the American Civil War, and was mixed up with the Fenian scheme for seizing Chester Castle.

* "My Adventures in the Commune." By Ernest A. Vizetelly. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Apart from these admirable pen-portraits of the more eminent Communards, boot-makers, many of them, characteristically enough, the most attractive feature of this excellent volume of memoirs is the full and trenchant analysis which Mr. Vizetelly gives of the causes of the great upheaval; never have they been more keenly probed or more clearly summarised.

Soldiers firing on insurgents from the housetops.

From "My Adventures in the Commune" (Chatto & Windus).

DOSTEOVSKY SELF-REVEALED.*

Almost any collection of letters is bound to be a web of mingled yarn, good and ill together. Even Lamb wrote letters unfit for publication—unfit, I hasten to add, through absence of interest, not through presence of naughtiness. This volume is no exception to the rule. Some of the letters have little special interest, and some have merely flashes of interest. In some, too, the interest is painful, monotonous, and slightly irrelevant. Page follows page giving us little but the repetition of the sad and, we fear, not very heroic story of Dostoevsky's struggles with debt, illness, and temptation in foreign cities. All these things, we know, were factors of great importance in his art and life; but the letters represent them out of all proportion. The thing that matters most, the intense nationalism that makes him almost the best interpreter of Russia to us Western Europeans, appears here (if the Hibernianism be permitted) by its absence rather than by its presence. We get his perpetual complaints at absence from Russia, but we get far too little of his actual vivifying contact with the native soil. The foreign letters have not even the interest of travel literature. In Switzerland or in Italy Dostoevsky saw nothing but deprivation of Russia. The great Gibbon remarks of a famous city to which volumes have been devoted, "The spectacle of Venice afforded some hours of astonishment"; upon which Mr. Birrell remarks that, long-winded as Gibbon is supposed to be, no one could be shorter with a city or a century. Dostoevsky is equally curt. Tired of Switzerland, he crosses to Milan, and stays there merely because he cannot afford to go further. But, he adds, "At the end of November, I mean to move to Florence, for there are Russian papers there, and perhaps living may be cheaper. On the way I shall make a *détour* to Venice, so as to show it to my wife." Has anyone else ever given such amazing reasons for visiting the pearls of Italy?

While we are in the vein of objection let us note another defect of the volume. Its provenance is uncertain. It seems to be a translation, not from Russian originals, but from a German edition with many excisions, perhaps judicious, perhaps not—we simply do not know. We do know, however, that a whole series of letters was withdrawn from publication by the author's widow, and remains sealed up in the Dostoevsky Museum at Moscow. The volume is thus frankly imperfect. Let us take it then for what it is, and be thankful that we have so much.

That much is a very great deal; for the volume at its best is most fascinating and appealing. There is danger in being positive about anything; but I feel sure that in no collection of letters, wheresoever issued and by whomsoever written, can there be found a more wonderful, moving document than the long letter written by Dostoevsky to his brother in 1854, describing his journey from the Petersburg prison to Siberia, and his experiences as a convict in those regions of sorrow. The letter is the germ of "The House of the Dead," and those who know that vivid and dreadful book will be specially glad to meet its first-hand original. The latter is preceded by certain others written from the fortress during the first months of his imprisonment, and the set forms a narrative of most terrible interest. Let us piece together a few quotations:

"The worst of all are the twilight hours. It is soon quite dark here. I often cannot get to sleep till about one or two in the morning, and the five hours during which I have to lie in darkness are hard to bear. They are injuring my health more than anything else. . . . I have lost all sense of time. . . . Possibly I shall not, all the summer through, see so much as one green leaf. . . . [The months pass on.] The autumn months, which I find so trying, are drawing near, and with them returns my hypochondria. The sky is already grey; my health and good heart are dependent on those little tatters of blue that I can see from my casemate. But, at any rate, I'm alive. . . . [The winter comes.] To-day, the 22nd of December, we were all taken to Semyonovsky Square. There the death-sentence was read to us, we were given the Cross to kiss, the dagger was broken over our heads, and our funeral toilets made. Then three of us were put standing before the palisades for the execution of the death-sentence. I was sixth in the row; we were called up by groups of three, and so I was in the second group, and had not more than a minute to live. I thought of you, my brother, and of yours; in that last moment you alone were in my mind; then first I learnt how very much I love you, my beloved brother."

As we know now, the sentences were never meant to be carried out: they were intended as a lesson of "frightfulness" to the supposed revolutionaries, whose real punishment was to be exile to Siberia. Our space does not permit of any quotations from the long Siberia letter, with its terrible description of the convicts' shed, reeking with wet and filth and stench unutterable. Perhaps it is as well. Mere quotation would convey little of its cumulative effect.

Dostoevsky was twice an exile; and it is safe to say that he was harmed more by his flight into Europe to escape his debts than by the hardships of his earlier punishment. At the worst Siberia was Russia, and, whatever he suffered, he was less unhappy there than in the detested cities of the Occident. He accepted the first exile as a challenge to the spirit, and got from his experience a certain quality that makes his work intensely individual and

* "Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky to His Family and Friends." Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

appealing; from the second and more ignominious exile he got a few scenes and incidents for his novels, but got them at a terrible cost to his soul. So bitterly did this Russian of the Russians hate his self-imposed imprisonment in Germany, Switzerland and Italy, that he resented, with a sort of personal hatred, the apparent happiness of his countrymen who preferred to live abroad. Hence arose his quarrel with Turgenev:

"I kept putting off my visit to him—still, eventually I had to call. I went about noon and found him at breakfast. I'll tell you frankly—I never really liked the man. . . . My bitterest complaint against him is his book 'Smoke.' He told me himself that the leading idea, the point at issue, in that book is this: If Russia were destroyed by an earthquake and vanished from the globe, it would mean no loss to humanity—it would not even be noticed. . . . Amongst other things, he told me that we are bound to crawl in the dust before the Germans . . . and that all attempts to create an independent Russian culture are but folly and pigheadedness. . . . I brought forth all the hatred that these three months have accumulated in me against the Germans. 'Do you know what swindlers and rogues they are here? Verily the common people are much more evil and dishonest here than they are with us; and that they are stupider there can be no doubt. With what has your "civilization" endowed the Germans, and wherein do they surpass us?' He turned pale (it is no exaggeration), and said: 'In speaking thus, you insult me personally. You know quite well that I have definitely settled here, that I consider myself a German and not a Russian, and am proud of it. . . .' We took leave of one another politely and I promised myself that I would never again cross Turgenev's threshold."

The volume concludes with some excellent personal recollections and contemporary judgments of Dostoevsky. Until a fuller collection of letters shall displace it, the book is the finest interpretation to be had of this wild and often puzzling novelist. One thing clearly emerges: that to Dostoevsky's typical characters—to Raskolnikov, Alyosha, Myshkin and the rest, another must be added—Dostoevsky himself.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

IN DEFENCE OF WHAT MIGHT BE*

There could be no better evidence of the profound impression made by his "What Is and What Might Be" than this apology which Mr. Edmond Holmes has now written. Just three years have passed since Mr. Holmes published his educational work. In so brief a space of time it would be absurd to suppose that any very widespread practical results could have been achieved, even if the remarkable theories which he then enunciated had met with instantaneous and general acceptance. It takes time to "scrap" the educational machinery of a country and to substitute new "plant." But, of course, no such ready acceptance was found for his theories, and, though Mr. Holmes awoke responsive chords in the hearts of many earnest thinkers, whether professed educationists or not, he has had to meet a flood of criticism both of the intelligent and unintelligent order.

Among these critics the Herbartians have been prominent, and it is with their objections to his views that Mr. Holmes first deals. He is careful to point out that the followers of Herbart do not necessarily represent the views that Herbart himself would have preached to-day had he lived to see, for example, the results of recent researches into wheat and other cultivated plant nature, and throughout he shows a markedly fair appreciation of Herbart's undeniable contribution to educational theory. His words, therefore, gain additional force when, after proclaiming his belief that there are certain central tendencies in human nature which are directed towards the ideal perfection of the human type, that in promise and potency Man is good, and that the function of education is to foster the growth of human nature as an organic whole, and so help it to unfold its natural goodness and grow towards its natural perfection, he proceeds:

"If I were to abjure this faith, what would the Herbartians offer me in its place? A theory of education which is derived deductively from a fantastic psycho-philosophy, belonging to a bygone age, and is, therefore, out of touch with the more recent developments of psycho-philosophical speculation and psycho-physiological research; which repudiates the authority of Nature and derives no support from the analogies of the world of life and growth; which is precluded by its own first principles from studying human nature as it manifests itself in the child's unfolding life, . . . which makes the teacher a mere purveyor of 'presentations' or 'ideas,' and yet allows him to flatter himself that he is a builder of souls; . . . which regards itself as final and authoritative, and would impose itself dogmatically, if it could but capture the machinery of education, on every teacher and every child."

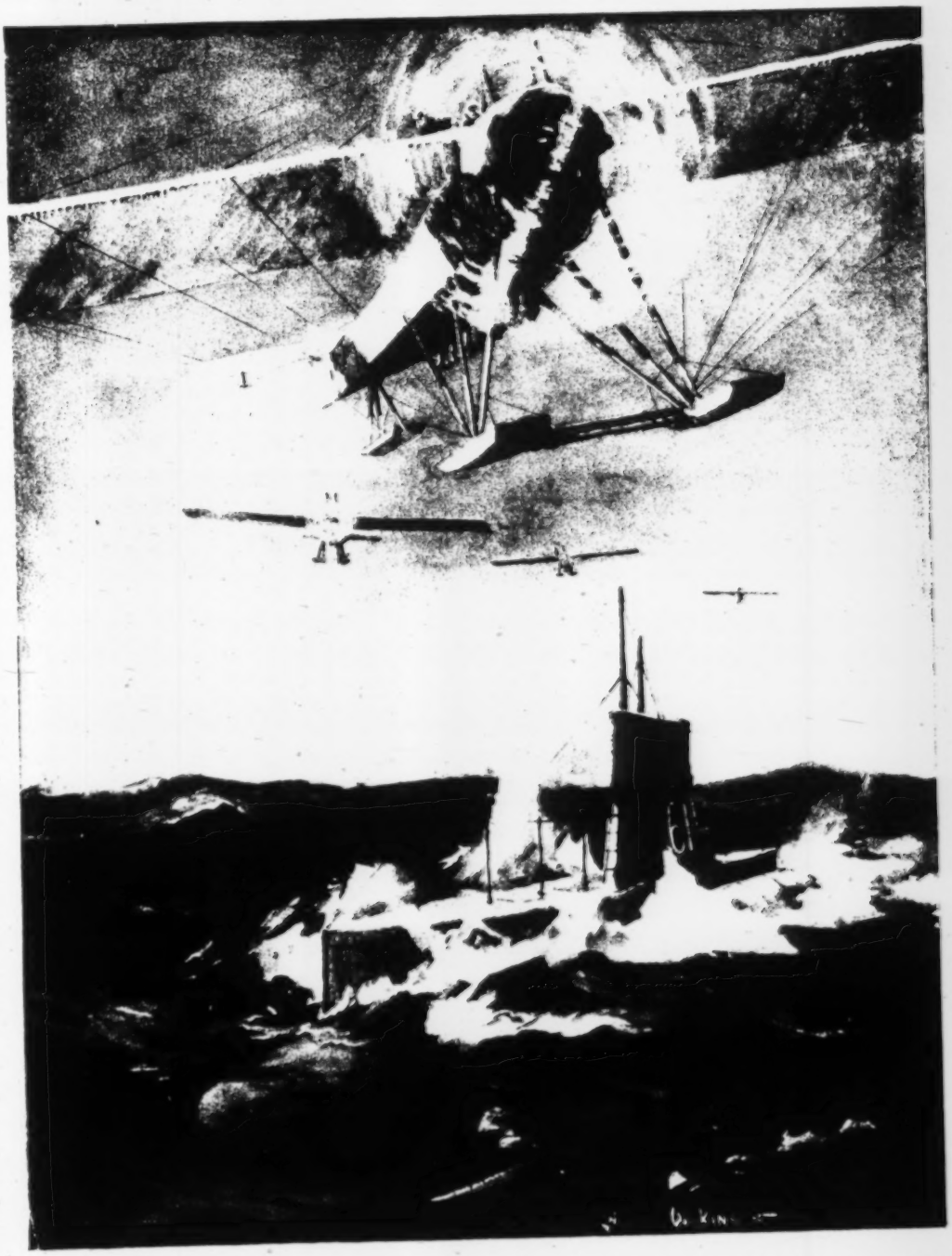
But the Herbartians are not the only critics with whom Mr. Holmes breaks a lance. In a chapter on "Original Sin" he makes a vigorous reply to the attack made upon him by Canon Scott Holland, and concludes a piece of remarkably close and lucid reasoning with the prophecy that the battle of Armageddon which is to come upon us in the world of ideas will be one "between Supernaturalism and the 'Higher Pantheism,'" between those who would break up the Universe into two dissevered worlds—one shadowy and the other dead—and those who think of it as a living whole." From Canon Scott Holland and the neo-Anglican intellectuals Mr. Holmes passes on to Professor Eucken in a chapter on the "Philosophy of Self-Realisation," and thence again to Dr. Geraldine Hodgson and those who hold with her that the fundamental ideas of the Montessori system and of that urged by Mr. Holmes must lead children down the "Primrose Path" of ruination and aggravate that national decadence which, in the eyes of these critics, appears to be taken for granted.

One of the most important chapters is that in which Mr. Holmes suggests a few remedies for the evils he deplores. He does not present us with any cut-and-dried scheme; he puts forward his ideas "reluctantly, and almost against my better judgment"; his aim in writing about education is to set people thinking. The full force of his suggestions is only to be appreciated by the initiated, but it is of interest to learn that he would abolish the examinations for entrance into the Public Schools, boycott the Oxford and Cambridge and all other local examinations, do away with the elementary school teacher's Certificate examination and induce the Training Colleges to undergo a radical transformation from within. Truly a sweeping set of proposals, but as an educationist Mr. Holmes is nothing if not drastic, and his skill and ease as a writer helps him not a little to put forward his theories in the most plausible and attractive manner, even when (as is often the case) he is arguing out some profound philosophical truth.

Of the other two books under review a brief notice must suffice. Mrs Fisher is already well-known to educationists as not only a warm champion, but an able exponent of the Montessori system, and this reputation will be fully maintained by her extremely useful handbook. She says what she has to say in the simpliest and most lucid language, and if she has nothing very fresh to tell to the initiated her book—which is admirably illustrated—should make an excellent introduction to a study of the more purely philosophical principles of Dr. Montessori's system. Miss Bulkley's monograph is a sturdy piece of informative writing which discusses the subject in very considerable detail and bears evidence in every page of having been written by one who thoroughly understands a most difficult and important problem. Her general conclusions that in present conditions the provision of school meals is a necessity; that the meals should be provided for *all* children (in the Public Elementary Schools) without any inquiry into their parents' circumstances, and that the meals should be continued throughout the school year and, if necessary, during the holidays will, of course, not meet with general acceptance. That the favourite saying of Sir Roger de Coverley applies to this as to other problems, Miss Bulkley is quite willing to admit; and her own fairness to her opponents leads one to express the hope that they will at least do her the justice to consider carefully the facts and arguments which she has marshalled with such obvious care and skill.

M. H. H. M.

* "In Defence of What Might Be." By E. G. A. Holmes. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Feeding of School Children." By M. E. Bulkley. 3s. 6d. net. (Bell.)—"The Montessori Manual." By D. C. Fisher. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



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"THE DEATH OF A NOBODY."*

Let us say at once that this is a book of uncommon beauty, power, and significance. It is entirely original, perfect in its workmanship, and so rarified and pointed in its minute and delicate psychology, that choice and brilliant as is the handling of the theme, its fidelity to the common, seemingly trivial, but actually momentous facts of life, is unquestionable. The "nobody" is an engine-driver, who dies early in the book. All the remaining chapters are devoted to tracing the permutations, radiations and electrical affinities of the dead man's soul with the souls of the living people with whom, however remotely and partially, it comes into contact. It tingles through the consciousness of his fellow-lodgers, of the little girls who buy a wreath for the grave, through the funeral procession, through the minds of the old father and mother of the dead man, away in Auvergne, and finally through the vague aspirations and probings of a young man strolling the boulevards two years later. It is a supremely intricate and difficult piece of work, but its most intangible and fragmentary reactions are described, sorted and analyzed, with an almost uncanny precision and penetration. There is no book quite like it in all the range of modern fiction, be it French, English, Swedish, Italian or Russian. A portion of its ideas is, no doubt, derived from M. Bergson's theories of group-consciousness, but these hypotheses are so wonderfully translated into imaginative psychology, that its illumination becomes entirely its own. In spite of the elaborate and meticulous study of the most evanescent of human emotions, the book never loses its entity in the pursuit of mere detail. For there is nothing which M. Romaines describes, which he does not make of a powerful and subtle value. The translation is remarkably well done. It is faithful, but not baldly literal, exact, but always choice and exquisite, and it really does grapple, as few translations do, with the quintessence of the author's meaning.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.†

The second of these two volumes, the fourth of the collected works in English, contains the "Legendary and Symbolic Dramas," "Hannele," "The Sunken Bell," and "Henry of Aue"; and in the introduction to it Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, the editor, deals with the "new idealism" in the advent of which these plays had their part. "Maeterlinck," he says, "began to weave his unearthly dreams; Ibsen was confirmed in the tendency to symbolism that germinates in the plays of his middle period; Strindberg turned mystic; Rostand gave new life to the romantic drama in verse"; and then he adds this curious sentence: "Various as these manifestations were, they sprang from a common weariness of the hardness of truth and the pitilessness of life." That sentence is, perhaps, a more illuminating comment both on the change in question and on the situation that preceded and occasioned it, than it was meant to be. It might more truly be said that the revolt was from a hardness that was not true, and from a form of pitilessness that was not life, but born of literary circles, into a symbolism and sentiment equally untrue to life, and equally born of literary circles. Those who are hunted by an obsession seldom escape from it; for its presence is as obvious in the averted glance and the defending arm as it was in the preceding hypnotic obedience; and in Gerhart Hauptmann, in these two volumes before us, both aspects may be seen of a partial and, therefore, inaccurate vision.

Truth may be hard, but it is also exalting, and the exaltation flushes the hardness with ardour, though it may not diminish its severity. So life may be pitilessness enough, but it has its compensations to those who are willing to become aware of them. It is mainly a question of attitude. "Michael Kramer" for instance, is pitilessly true in its description of the ardent teacher and painter, the very earnestness and rightness of whose demands on his family was the measure of his misunderstanding of them and of their withdrawal from him as domineering; of the narrow-minded wife whose limited intelligence became so ugly beside the husband; of Arnold, his son, with a wayward stock of genius in him that the father recognised (and we ought also to recognise seeing we are told it exists), but lazy, thriftless and fundamentally sordid; and of Michaline, the daughter, the only one who recognised the father's real splendour, solid, trustworthy, appreciative and patient, but without any of the genius for which her father sought. It is all true, terribly true, and we may recognise it as we would recognise a photograph; yet, like a photograph, it is only superficially true. The two factors from which the situation takes its virtue are the genius in Arnold which caused his father to expect so much from him, and Michael Kramer's own large purpose in life. The central scene in the play, when Michael, possessed of the secret of Arnold's nightly wanderings, struggles with his son in an effort to find some nobility to which to appeal, takes its whole value from these two opposing factors in the play. Yet even as we call them factors we have to recognise that they are rather stipulations conceded than things made real; for Arnold's genius is never made real to us (and therefore his death is less a tragedy than a desirable dismissal), whereas Michael's own art only emerges in some slight sentences by Lachmann. Whether the factors of a play should remain a stipulation —or rather, how far they may do so—is its own question; at the moment the consideration is that had these things been made real to us, the whole picture would have been made, not less pitiless, but pitiless in our altogether different way; with the sordidness a relieving dignity and splendour would have taken their part, even though it were only a missed splendour, a fallen dignity, in Arnold. Indeed, we should then have pitied Arnold, instead of wishing to have him put out of the way.

As it is, we look in upon the Arnold family—bereft of that which, as Hauptmann, the dramatist, tacitly admits, alone makes it interesting—as we might look in on Teufelsdröckh's garrett, dust-strewn and dejected, without seeing the visions, "alone with the stars," that made it splendid. Comedy might relieve the strain; and indeed comedy does so in the preceding play of the same volume "Colleague Crampton." And so, even in "Lonely Lives," it is not easy to keep patience with John Vockerat. Without being at all too inquisitive, we would like to hear more of his conversations with Anna Mohr before deciding what sort of liberty it was he desired. The circumstances would be unimpeachable given an adequate ideal; but the equation, or lack of equation, remains rather mathematical than vital. We could more easily sympathise with a John Vockerat who desired Anna Mohr healthily and bodily, than a John Vockerat who is mainly an intellectual prig.

Granted that it is an exceedingly difficult thing in a play to ring conviction out of intellectual ideals. Playgoers (we suppose even in a land of State-Theatres) wish to see something happening, in the mind if not from the fist. Indeed, that is one of the great problems of drama. Yet if it is to be answered it must be answered in terms of real life and not by way of such elaborate symbolism as Hauptmann, turning from the inconclusiveness of the "hardness of truth," gives us in "The Sunken Bell." No doubt it is an elderly faith that an artist should believe in the things whereof he treats; but it is perfectly obvious that the trolls and spirits with which the play is adorned came from no further a distance than an artist's fancy. Yet, even so, it is not easy to say whether they have any symbolical virtue; or which of them have and which of them have not. Strictly speaking, the finest symbols the world has to show are a man's own acts, if he reckon his life as a purposeful conflict; and certainly Heinrich's Rautendelein does not bring the bell-founder's ideal any closer to us than the postulation of Arnold Kramer's genius. Each is

* The Death of a Nobody. By Jules Romains. Translated by Desmond McCarthy and Sidney Waterlow. 4s. 6d. net. (Howard Latimer.)

† "The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann." Vols. III. and IV. 5s. net each. (Martin Secker.)

XUM

Ben Jonson.

From "Poets Laureate of England" (Pitman).

equally inconclusive, though for differing reasons. The impossibility of the ideal has nothing to do with it; for some of the dreams that seem the least possible of realisation remain the most potent among the generations of men.

Strangely enough the most convincing of these plays is that which was cast in the most arbitrary form, "Henry of Aue." The last act rather avoids than answers the difficult solution that was demanded; but to that point the action lies bravely where it should, in Henry's own agony of despair. And the torment of his mind is very finely done. There is reality in it. Hauptmann is at grips with a mind passing into a madness of torment; and we feel in consequence that, despite the remoteness of the subject, we are near a reality more stirring because more vital than that which calls itself naturalism.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

OUR POETS LAUREATE.*

Mr. Forbes Gray has written a very useful and entertaining account of our Poets Laureate from Ben Jonson to Alfred Austin and has given extracts from their official Odes that sufficiently justify most of the hard things he says of the bards who have worn the laurel. Of the sixteen poets who have achieved that distinction in the course of about three centuries only five—Ben Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Robert Bridges—have lent any lustre to their office. It is not quite right to say that all, with one exception, kept "a vigilant eye on sack and pension." Southey was a quite respectable laureate, and Tennyson and Wordsworth were above suspicion, to say nothing of the present laureate, who is not included in this survey, though his portrait is given as frontispiece to the volume. Again, in discussing the Court Poets before Ben Jonson, Mr. Gray misses Skelton's meaning when he says:

"The fact is the laurel was coveted by the more skilful versifiers of Chaucer's time. This is plainly shown by Skelton who, writing of Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate, winds up his description with the line:

'They wanted nothing but the lawrell.'"

* "The Poets Laureate of England." By W. Forbes Gray. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

Surely, Skelton's meaning is that they had every other poetical qualification and lacked nothing but the laurel. But one must not complain of trifles. Mr. Grey has done his work with commendable thoroughness and ability, and his chapters on Shadwell, Eusden, Whitehead, Warton, Pye are as informing and as full of interest as are those on the greater laureates. One is glad to see him do such ample justice to the poetry and the great personality of Ben Jonson, and his other judgments are equally sound and discriminating. The book makes amusing and interesting reading, and excellent portraits of most of the laureates add to its attractiveness.

BROWN STUDIES.*

There are nights when we lie awake and wonder whether the Rev. Father Brown was a myth or a private company. Some of the adventures he has compassed, as the old lady said about Gulliver's travels, are "things we can positively not believe," nor is there any obligation to believe that Mr. Chesterton credits them himself. On the other hand, this whimsical, clerical hero of his confounds us not only with the quality of his adventures but the quantity as well. He is no sooner emerged from one baffling complication than he plunges or lapses into another, and the process is repeated at a breathless rate until the work is finished and the question of credibility forgotten. This is where our enjoyment begins to realise itself—in the riotous exuberances of the work, its assault on probabilities, and its contempt for the dove-tailing process endeared to novelists by a timeworn tradition. Mr. Chesterton prefers the jig-saw puzzle of life in the jumbled state, and not in the elaborately restored picture. If, where the pieces threaten to arrange themselves, he straightway snaps a piece in two here and there, or swells it into inconvenient dimensions, on the other hand, when he drops into an accepted phase, instead of crossing it out, he proceeds to annihilate it by contradictions until the commonplace accident has become a sort of triumph. For instance, in "The Fairy Tales of Father Brown," he touches on a family portrait of "a handsome old gentleman," and then, as if rejecting such a commonplace ingredient in the story, he adds "if he'd any hair or eyebrows, and hadn't been wrinkled all over like a vulture; but he had things to harass him, as I'll explain in a minute." We are not quite clear whether he does so explain, nor even whether we expect him to. All we know is that the story rips along in its own sweet unexpected way, and Father Brown bobs up right at the finish like an imperturbable legless doll with a light head and a loaded base. That indeed, is how we feel when the book is done with, if any of Mr. Chesterton's ever are done with. He leaves us lightheaded with bewildering amusement at the speed of his narrative; but he also leaves us discontented with our own immobility compared with his buoyancy and rapid intellectual flight.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.†

"They have made me a member of the Whittington Club," writes Miss Mitford in 1847, "in company with Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Somerville, and Leigh Hunt—only these five. This is a very great compliment." The selection, by "Douglas Jerrold and other men of letters," would scarcely represent the judgment of posterity upon the period; and it is doubtful whether any generation, later or earlier, has witnessed quite a similar group of notabilities. The author of "Our Village" was extraordinarily popular in her own day; the enthusiasm of America being quite unmeasured: every one sent her a "complimentary" copy of his last book: old and young welcomed her appreciation. And the "lumpish, short,

* "The Wisdom of Father Brown." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Cassell.)

† Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

thick, and squab " little lady was always ready to express her opinions without reserve. She refers, for example, to Wordsworth's " flower-garden of ladies, such as Richardson used to cultivate.—If I were there I should want *men*." She prophecies indulgently for young Tennyson—" only that smoking ! " and for Kingsley, despite his stammer. She finds Hawthorne nearly equal to Eugène Sue ! She cannot see why they call Browning a poet ; and deplores Mrs. Browning's enthusiasm for Italy — " A people without recent poetry, without living literature, without even an attempt at eloquence," cannot be " ripe for freedom and self-government. Year by year they seem to be dwindling. Italy is an extinct volcano. The very smoke is gone."

Her idols are John Ruskin and Louis Napoleon ! Yet, undoubtedly Miss Mitford's personality was vigorous and unique : far more so than one might suppose from her own delicate art. Mrs. Browning refers to her " great, warm, outflowing heart, and the head "—like Coleridge " in her granite forehead "—was " worthy of the heart. . . . The heat of human sympathy seems to bring out her powerful vitality, rustling all over with laces and flowers." Many years later Charles Kingsley declared that he could " never forget the little figure rolled up in two chairs . . . with clothes on, of course, but of no recognized shape or recognisable pattern ; and somewhere out of the upper end of the heap, gleaming under a great deep globular brow, two such eyes as I never, perhaps, saw in any other Englishwoman . . . and such a tongue, for the beautiful speech which came out of that ugly (it was that) face ; and the glitter and depth, too, of the eyes, like live coals." She was a fine sportswoman, too, which doubtless pleased him.

Behind all this geniality and curiously unsound judgment we may detect a generous spirit of spontaneous gaiety, and a genuine " triumph of mind over matter." In early days she experienced serious struggles with poverty and, to support an extravagant father, gave up writing plays to earn money by the production of " Our Village." Rheumatism, and kindred ailments, so crippled her later life, that many of her most spirited letters were actually written in bed—with a maid holding the inkbottle. She was lifted in and out of bed, could not even turn over in a lying position, and, lover of nature though she was, was " too much buried in the chair " to see into her little flower-court when " wheeled to an open window . . . but I look up to oaks and elms and a graceful acacia waving across the clear blue sky." When friends stayed talking for more than about half-an-hour, she suffered a week's collapse, if not actual risk of death. To be grateful, joyous, and sympathetic under such circumstances argues a strength of mind, which is unconquerable. It was, indeed, only two days before her death, in her 69th year, that she reminded one of her intimates " if you wish for another *cheerful* evening with your old friend, there is no time to be lost."

There are in existence seven volumes of letters by Mary Russell Mitford, many autobiographical passages in her three volumes of " Recollections," and many personal allusions in other biographies. As Miss Lee suggests, a critical selection of " letters," and a sympathetically constructed " autobiography " would be well worth publishing ; but meanwhile we can feel nothing but gratitude for this well-edited record of the last ten years of a busy and useful life.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

THE FRIENDLY ROAD.*

Sam Slick, the immortal clockmaker, went north and south, and east and west by the friendly roads that go up and down. Cobbett rode abroad in England. Borrow tramped it in Wales, and many another one in every country under heaven, but few have taken the key of the fields with as much zest as David Grayson, strong farmer, who found house and crops and old grey mare, and sundry pigs and cows and hens becoming a tyranny, and rebelled one morning in early spring. It was a gentle rebellion. David Grayson walked out casually from his home, with a grey bag hanging from his shoulder, Montaigne in his pocket, freedom welling up in his heart, and the love of adventure before his eager eyes. Without money, without encumbrances, he meant to be a pilgrim, and his pilgrimage was a jolly one. Out on the spring road you may indulge harmlessly in the lust of the eye and the pride of life, and when you want supper and a bed you attach yourself as a volunteer labourer to any farmer you see busy, and like the look of. If you are David Grayson, you work like one possessed of a "daimon," and win a welcome for your high spirits and bright philosophy as well. Or you light upon garden enthusiasts, who though really millionaires, admit the brotherhood of gardeners, and take the dusty one to their hearts. Or you may arrive in a village and by your wise precepts and exemplifications you may arouse a flame of energy and rejuvenation in the mild browbeaten parson. For everywhere that David went he lighted a candle in some heart, and he met with very divers folks, I warrant you, from millionaire to anarchist. And David Grayson can wield the pen as well as he tells us he can deal with spade and hoe, and plough ; he has eyes to see and a heart to see too, and what he sees and feels he can make you share with him. His book is an agreeable one, it starts splendidly and catches all our sympathy, and there are really magnificent pages throughout. American though the book is, the English is almost beyond reproach, and immaculate, and more, distinguished with the personality that is style. There is one point in the book that is deeply to be regretted. It lacks balance. David Grayson is altogether on tiptoe. Everything is for the best in, etc. God's in his heaven, all's right with the world. Too much of this attitude accuses a man's judgment ; it suggests not conviction so much as wilful shutting of the eyes, a determination to drown dull care. With a little more

John Ruskin in 1854.
From " Mary Russell Mitford " (Pisher Unwin).

* " The Friendly Road." By David Grayson. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

sense of the less jolly side of life, and of the courage that can control it, the book would have been, even more than it is, a real possession.

Novel Notes.

THE UNPETITIONED HEAVENS. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The hero (or victim) of Mr. Marriott's new book is John Latimer, the novelist ("the one distinctly original writer of present-day English literature," says the *New York Observer*), starting his twentieth volume with a rueful appreciation of the discrepancy between reputation and reward—a reputation that really is high, the *New York Times* notwithstanding, and a reward that averages three hundred a year. Translate that discrepancy into finer human terms, and you get the tale's tragic predicament. The woman whom it takes a man like that to appreciate, a man of "the better sort, the finer grain," must herself be a rare fine creature; and rare fine creatures, when feminine, do not, cannot, flower in circles labelled three-hundred-a-year. It is an almost inevitable situation, and as typical as you please. The things a man like Latimer sees in marriage, all its perfect possibilities, can only be won with the help of a woman who has been pretty expensively reared—and there is nobody less capable than your Latimers of tuft-hunting. Ruth Armitage was certainly an expensive product, and she glimmers wonderfully enough through these pages, precisely the mate a man like Latimer needs and deserves, needing and deserving, too, precisely a Latimer. Would the distinguished thing not have been to brave the social disparity? Mr. Marriott thinks, no. "All his past, with its scrambled domestic habits and ingrained Bohemianism, all the less curable for not being expressed in obvious ways, rose up and told him that it would never do. She was the only woman for him, but he was not the man for her. . . He did not think that he was shirking life." Well—we do. Mr. Marriott, of course, knows far more of Latimer than we can; but these words from the last page strikes us as being themselves an evasion. They alter the value of the whole case; we feel vaguely defrauded, as though we had been studying cooked evidence. And it is more agreeable all round to conclude that it was Latimer's final calculation alone that was faulty. Even so, there is futility. This is not the book's natural end, and we are aware of some secret frustration. To explain that feeling at length might also be to explain the discrepancy that still exists between Mr. Marriott's own reputation and reward. Life is more generous than he will allow it to be. He finicks just a little. He intervenes with discussion and theory. We watch the characters too often through a kind of glaze, like creatures in an aquarium. And the ironic feature is that this deadening non-conducting medium would probably be removed if he were allowed more time to his work—it is so often made, quite obviously, of workshop shavings, scenarios, comments and calculations that belong to an experimental draft. Increase the reward, that is to say, and the reputation would instantly widen; pay our Latimers better and they would instantly be popular. The contemporary significance of this book, in short, it would be impossible to over-rate. It is much the most remarkable novel of letters published this year.

THE GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Methuen.)

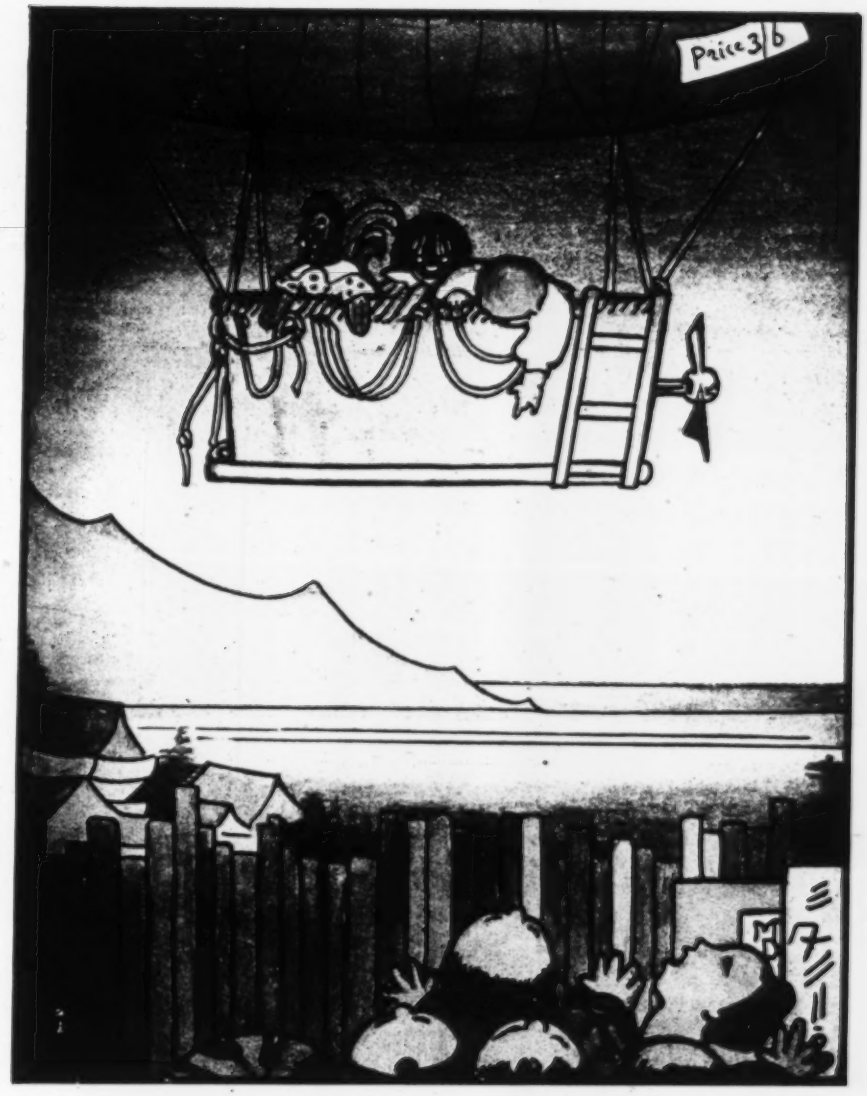
In "The Gentleman Adventurer" Mr. Bailey breaks fresh ground. It is a fine, swinging tale, with its main plot pitched in the schoolboy's Spanish Main of buccaneers and the Jolly Roger, and it is marked by that sense of distinction which we have come to expect from its author. The seafaring scenes are admirable, and the episodes in Estevan's pirate city carry with them the authentic thrill of horror. Its characters, too, are something more than the lay figures which the cut-and-thrust novelist so often insists on giving us, and Peter Hayle himself is a gallant and winning gentleman, far too scrupulous for the work-a-day world of the average buccaneer. Isabella and Estevan are both sufficiently inhuman to raise distaste, but they rise above the level of the heavy villain and the lady adventuress of melodrama. It was a fierce, cruel world, this Spanish Main of Harry Morgan and his friends, and not the place at all for an adventurer anxious to play the gentleman. But Mr. Bailey allows his hero to ruffle it through with success, and we are inclined to love him all the more for his happy disregard of the thieves' conventions among which he moves. The opening and closing scenes are placed in that late seventeenth-century England which Mr. Bailey has already painted so admirably in "Beaujeu," and we could well wish for more of them. At such a time as this we can be grateful to an author who succeeds in turning our thoughts for awhile from the all-engrossing topic, and who can thrill us with a good, stirring piece of pirate romance. That Mr. Bailey does with real success, and we can commend "The Gentleman Adventurer" to any who are disposed to be nice about their literary fare.

THE CAP OF YOUTH. By Madame Albanesi. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Madame Albanesi's gifts as a teller of stories are so well-known that it is almost enough to say of her latest novel, "The Cap of Youth," that it is entirely worthy of its author and deserves to rank among her most popular books. Madame Albanesi is so readily sympathetic, so indulgent to the waywardness of youth, that her girlish heroine with her mischievous reckless nature, eager to love and be loved, becomes very real and wholly lovable under her magic touch. When the story opens she is in deep disgrace because of a trivial act of unconvention, and has run away from school; her aunt, with whom she has lived, makes an innocent schoolgirl prank a reason for refusing to have anything more to do with her, and cuts her off completely; so, at the age of sixteen, she finds herself thrown on the world, practically destitute and friendless. The man who is, unintentionally, the cause of her troubles, comes forward in this hour of need, and the girl marries him—only to escape from one difficulty into another. She gets into the hands of his jealous, selfish mother who uses all her skill and cunning to separate them. Whether she succeeds, or whether the strange, hasty marriage turns out well after all and the poor little schoolgirl finds ultimate happiness at the end of her many sorrows, readers must read and learn for themselves. "The Cap of Youth" is a delightfully fresh and enjoyable novel, with an absorbingly interesting plot.

DR. ASHFORD AND HIS NEIGHBOURS. By F. Warre Cornish. 6s. (Murray).

This is a study of life in a cathedral town. We become acquainted with the Dean who understood other people's wishes and unexpressed words no more than a steam roller; and when he sat at a dining-table caused talk to die down, as the reeds of the river bow and dip their heads when the steam tug approaches. There is the Ritualistic parson bent on defying the Bishop and being a martyr; and the worthy folk who wish the Bishop to supply faggots for his burning; and the Bishop himself who says he would rather provide a watering pot. Mrs. Wigraham, whose life was given to good works, made presents that had been bought as a bargain, and the pride of cheapness, which she could not conceal, took off their gloss. She always remembered her own gifts, and would, as it were, ask after their health. Perhaps we may find the reason for there being so little story in the book in a conversation about design, between Savile and Dr. Ashford. "If the pattern on a butterfly's wing looks like design, so does the pattern of a kaleidoscope. We are always being deceived by thinking we can trace the pattern—philosophies of history—all kinds of kaleidoscopes." At all events,



A reproduction of one of the colour paintings by Mabel Dearmer, illustrating "The Cockyolly Bird." (Hodder & Stoughton).

A CROWD OF LITTLE BOYS TO LOOK AT THE AIRSHIP.

XUM

the author does not trace a pattern but leaves his character studies to stand much alone, only illustrated by Savile's commentary, which is written in a delightful manner reminding one of the essays in "Friends in Council." Incidentally, talking about dinner parties, Dr. Ashford says one may even praise one's dinner if one is a privileged person and a judge of good things. Now this book is made up of good things, and the discriminating reader will assume gratefully the position of that some one who should be always in the company at a dinner party (according to Dr. Ashford), who feels flattered at being there, who does not add much to the concert, but whose pleasure may possibly (one would like to imagine) give some pleasure to the founder of the feast.

THE END OF HER HONEYMOON. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has attempted in her latest novel, "The End of Her Honeymoon," to combine the unravelling of a mystery with the planning of a fascinating novel, an endeavour which in some measure detracts from our appreciation of both. Personally we felt, on reading it, that the classic remark, "How happy would I be with either," exactly expressed our sentiments. Mrs. Lowndes herself is evidently far happier when she is dealing with the love interest pure and simple, than in drawing the villainous characters of the French police. The character of her heroine is sketched with a delightfully sure touch, which proves that she is, as we already know well, a keen student of her own sex. Nancy is altogether charming, and very human in her imperfections. We love her instinctively, yet without knowing why. The tragic story which the authoress has woven around the ugly tale which appeared in the newspapers last year of an English lady's disappearance from a Paris hotel is in this case converted to chronicle the mysterious loss of one John Dampier, an artist, and poor Nancy's three-weeks' bridegroom. The book deals with Nancy's subsequent adventures, and from an artistic point of view we cannot help wishing that the American Senator and his very perfect son had not appeared quite so opportunely to aid Nancy in her search. We should like to have seen how she would have fared alone, but that of course is unkind; although when you reach the end and find how very easily Nancy consoles herself, you are inclined to believe that the unfortunate John Dampier is happier out of the way. The reader is certain to follow the solving of the mystery with eagerness, although when Mrs. Belloc Lowndes attempts to make even us credulous folk believe that the entire French police organisation, from the charming and courteous Préfet, Monsieur Beaucourt, downwards, hid the traces of a man's disappearance and afterwards lied about it, simply for the sake of their own prestige, it strikes us as a somewhat tall order. The story closes by the very perfect American explaining to Nancy, in the style of Mr. Kipling's hero, "You'd best take me for your new love," a line of action which she is very ready to follow. The distinction between the passionate desire of a man's love, and the simple need of kindly tenderness so often characteristic of a woman, is excellently brought out. Once you have begun "The End of Her Honeymoon" you will not want to put it down, for Mrs. Belloc Lowndes keeps your interest unflagging, and you are very properly left in ignorance of John Dampier's fate and whether Nancy be a wife or widow until the last few pages.

THE CLERGY HOUSE. A Story for a Quiet Hour. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

We like the title of this imaginative story much less than the novel itself. There is a sombreness about it which bespeaks dullness; yet, Mr. Brown is no neighbour of the sluggish. Again, the sub-title irritates us. It is quite unnecessary; in fact we have a rooted objection to sub-titles for volumes of fiction. A novel should be sufficiently illuminating for the reader to make essay into the realm of sub-title after he has gorged the story. Besides, Mr. Brown has given us a picture which is almost brilliant in hue. Certainly, his *motif* held us from beginning to end. Most effectively does he handle, with striking strength, keen incisiveness, and artistic delicacy the character of the nice curate who takes upon himself, convicted and confessed, the care of a lady whose allegiance belongs elsewhere. Mr. Brown is never anything but sincere, true to the psychology of his character, and faithful to the art of story-telling. Skill may be found in chapter after chapter, and the dramatic element, which we always expect in the work of the author of "A Magdalene's Husband" is self-evident. The interest is sustained in the story, and the sympathetic reader, who has not passed beyond the possibility of emotion, will be rejoiced in the rebuilding of Vivian's character. There is a distinctive atmosphere in the romance, and a pulsating reality, which help us easily to the conclusion that the author has analysed life and character with a very sure, and very steady mind.

THE LURE OF ROMANCE. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. 6s. (John Lane.)

"The Lure of Romance," by H. F. Provost Battersby, is a quite excellent mixture of love and fighting, and an attractive setting, with a good leaven of epigrammatic philosophy and wonderful description. The story centres around the President of a Republic situated somewhere in the American tropics, his two daughters, an engineer of the type that, given a free hand, would have turned even Father Thames into a "working proposition," and his two friends. There is of course, the revolution which inevitably occurs in every republic of romance, but this is an entirely original revolution, and in every other way the action is delightfully unsuspected; until the last page the reader is in doubt whether the end will be tragedy or happiness, and we will not spoil a very excellent story by enlightening him. The original title was, we are told, "The Uncertain Glory," but indeed we think Mr. Battersby himself was uncertain regarding this same glory, for just as Francilette and Charters have discovered the dullness of certainties, Celine and Maurice Doyne find their especial glory is of quite another description. A story containing so much that is original as Francilette's idea of Britain as a national chaperon, sitting on all the frisky little countries, and Milverton's notion that the tropics are "Nature's rest-cure, where a man gets his job done for him," is certainly not to be missed; while the reflections on war added to astonishing descriptions of hand-to-hand fighting must at this present juncture prove especially interesting reading. "The only way to be rid of war," says the author, "is to show it up as a piece of foolishness."

THE TWILIGHT DRUMMERS AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Ashley Gibson. (*Times of Ceylon* London Office.)

In these short sketches Mr. Ashley Gibson shows himself to be something of an artist. He uses the Impressionest method, but without any affected or self-conscious exaggeration, and because of his sincerity and the skilful use of material his readers can actually enter into the life that he has led. All the sketches except one deal with life in wild countries. In no case is the actual story of much interest or importance, their chief theme is human character working itself out in the wilds where nature is untamed and uncivilised by man. "The Twilight Drummers" has been wisely chosen to open the volume, for it gives the note of a strange uncanny glamour which is well sustained throughout. "Once only I saw a man in the grove . . . when he saw me seated on the rock he was so surprised that he fell into the stream. He scrambled back to safety, smiled a shy meek smile and was absorbed again into the green bloom of the trees. But he went back, not forward. I walked away from the grove the last time with the sound of drums reverberating in my ears more loudly, more insistently than before. And they were still beating there in the day when I set my face resolutely westwards." "El Dorado" with its three men in search of gold portrays successfully a mysterious static tragedy.

XUM

Reproduction of coloured frontispiece.
From "Children of Banishment" (Putnam).

"Wilson" is a sympathetic sketch of how a something romantic will lead a quite commonplace Englishman into the unknown. The whole book has a "quality" which makes it worth reading.

THE CHILDREN OF BANISHMENT. By Frances William Sullivan. 6s. (Putnam.)

That famous cycle of books which included "The Pit" and "The Octopus," gave a lead to American novelists which they have followed with avidity. They have taken various sections of the work-a-day life and made it a theme for romance—some successfully and some not so. The authoress of "The Children of Banishment" must be given a place in the former category. She has produced here with brilliant success the atmosphere of a timber camp, portrayed with keenness the commercial intrigues that underlie an industry which deals with vast tracks of virgin forest, and has woven into this setting a remarkable story. It is the story of the making of a man—a certain Allan Mackenzie, who, in the opening of the book is nothing better than what is known as a "dead wrong 'un." His one redeeming quality is his love for his wife Eloise, who has been awakened from her romantic conception of her husband to a realisation of what he really is—a man who cannot run straight. The story shifts to a timber camp in which Allan Mackenzie and a certain Dick Bream have become partners. The authoress describes how Allan is born again spiritually, only to find that the change has come too late—that his wife loves Dick. The scene in which Dick Bream runs away from the camp because he loves Eloise, and Allan goes after him determined to commit the crowning sacrifice of death, so that his wife's happiness may be ensured, is intensely dramatic.

THE REBELLION OF ESTHER. By Margaret Legge. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Esther Ballinger's experience of home life was rendered so unhappy by her father's perpetual outbursts of temper that she was glad enough to get away for a time. The aunt who gave her this opportunity had a large circle of friends in London—mostly artistic people, with a sprinkling of the "best" society and also of Bohemia. So Esther had an interesting time. She developed; she discovered considerable literary abilities, hitherto more or less unsuspected; and she got engaged to a rising politician. Soon after the engagement was broken off Esther fell in love—very seriously—with a married man. The course that the lovers pursue is at once unexpected and natural, and it forms an effective climax to an exceedingly well-told story. Miss Legge deals vigorously and ingeniously with a strong situation, and she makes the most of half-a-dozen very well realised characters. In fact, "The Rebellion of Esther" is a book which is at once modern, suggestive, and interesting.

THE FLUTE OF ARCADY. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

We owe Miss Horn a deep debt of gratitude for this altogether delightful romance. These are days of sombre things, and when, in the midst of the stress and turmoil of war, we come to meet a scene, and such a scene of perfected imagination, as is our lot in this Arcadian flute, it were parsimonious on our part not to applaud with all the vigour of our intellectual perception. Miss Horn appeals to the interest—her story is in itself attractive. We had become violently enamoured of the fascinating Charlotte long ere we arrived at the name and address of the printer on the last page. Yet, we trust the dainty Charlotte will not reproach us, there are other characters in "The Flute of Arcady" almost equal in their charm. What of Nina Menzies? Of Dr. Shelford? Of ——? But, there, it were almost unfaithful to our winnowing that we describe all their attractions. We urge the reader of this note to make acquaintance with them for himself. It is a really fine story, told in good, correct English; withal, its attractiveness is embellished by a good modicum of humour. We saw the possibilities of the romance, through the door of an idyllic title: and, for once, anyhow, we were neither dismayed, nor thwarted in our endeavour to realise our expectation.

THE COST OF A PROMISE. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Germaine Damien was the only child of a rich tradesman's daughter, and a handsome but ineffective young Frenchman who boasted descent from Charlotte Corday. Her childhood was spent in the drab atmosphere of lodging-houses, made lighter by surreptitious gifts from the kind Aunt Rosalie, who endeavoured to atone for the unforgiving hardness of old Carew. The child's chief mentor was a loquacious Socialist cobbler, so that at a precocious age her mind brooded over social inequalities and the crimes of capitalism. Recalled to her French grandmother's house, Germaine fell easily under the glamour of her scapegrace Uncle Rémy, and in an evil hour the child tried to serve him by enacting the part of Charlotte Corday against Rémy's English step-brother, Miles Burnside, who, to protect her future, made her solemnly promise never to disclose her frustrated crime. Germaine grew up beautiful and brave, and the old, inherited revolutionary strain found no more serious outlet than Suffragist activity. Mrs. Reynolds has introduced a large number of characters into a complicated plot, but there are no loose ends in this cleverly managed story. Fortunately, as it proved for Germaine, the unscrupulous Rémy had not forgotten the secret of her childhood, and his base attempts at blackmail had no other result than to save her from an impossible marriage, and to open her eyes to the true worth of the man who had known how to wait and love. Mrs. Reynolds has never done better work than in this delightful love story.

WHEAT AND TARES. By Paul Trent. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

In Mr. Paul Trent's latest book, "Wheat and Tares," there are to be found, as the title suggests, both good people and bad. The good are very good; the bad equally objectionable. Mr. Trent admits of no half-measures. A hero must be a man of exceptional character; the villains possess not one saving quality. If this was a rule in real life, what a much less complicated world ours would be! Colonel Salter is a villain of the frankest—the nicest thing even his daughter can find to say about him is, "According to your lights you have been a good father; but I wish you had been different." Indeed, one could wish the author had omitted a few of the confessions—it grows difficult to remember exactly who has confessed to who—and the way the beautiful ladies in Mr. Trent's novel woo and win, carrying off their husbands triumphantly after desperate scheming, is calculated to make an ordinary man extremely envious. Nevertheless "Wheat and Tares" is bright and interesting. The first chapter forms as it were an attractively worded menu of the whole repast; in it the meshes of the net which catches the hero are woven; all through the book the threads draw

more and more closely around him, until the reader is genuinely thrilled by the wickedness of the plot, which culminates in a death-bed repentance, a magnificent reconciliation, and at least three happy marriages—a good proportion in a grey world.

THE AUCTION BLOCK. By Rex Beach. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is in some ways the best story Mr. Rex Beach has yet given us. It breaks new ground and instead of carrying us away, as is usual with him, into the outlands, on the verge of civilisation, it unfolds a vivid and very human story of modern New York. Loreli Knight, the beautiful country girl whose brother and parents secure an engagement for her in a fashionable theatre, with the avowed intention of seeing that she captures a millionaire husband who can be made to maintain them all, is admirably portrayed, and the narrative of her experiences among the richest and fastest of New York's rich and fast set is varied, picturesque and literally alive with interest. So set about with snares and temptations, Loreli preserves a charm and force of character that enable her to win through to an end that is sharply and beautifully in contrast with the unideal life from which she at last emerges, The realism of the book is good ; so too is the romance of it ; there is plenty of sensation and excitement, but nothing is pleasanter in it, perhaps, than the human note that sounds through all the story and dominates its closing chapters.

She was a wife . . . another possessed her.

From "The Auction Block." By Rex Beach. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Bookman's Table.

THE PROOF OF GOD. By Harold Begbie. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

There is no knowing where Mr. Harold Begbie may break out. Novelist, biographer, journalist, he has lately achieved the distinction of writing a recruiting song which bids fair to enjoy a measure of popularity. "The Proof of God" is the first volume of a trilogy wherein the author endeavours by the Socratic method of dialogue to confute the very limited intelligence of a party politician, who has been bitten by the notion that science has vanquished our belief in God. We cannot help feeling that it was an unfortunate choice of the author's to adopt the Socratic method. It is responsible for much that is irrelevant and over-elaborated, and if Mr. Begbie really aspired to help the man in the street in his religious difficulties we are convinced that a straightforward statement of the author's beliefs and the grounds of his belief would have met the need far more satisfactorily. Mr. Begbie never loses an opportunity of girding at the technicality and obscurity of the scientists, and appeals for more simplicity of diction. And yet we tremble to think, for instance, of our fellow-travellers in the train endeavouring to solve the meaning of our little friend "the amœba"; and how the author could let this sentence pass when revising his pages excites our wonderment: "a consciousness conscious that it is conscious." While professing to write for the simple soul, it cannot be said that Mr. Begbie has evolved the simple style. But let it be said that the book has an element of suggestiveness, and confirms the belief that, just as the materialistic trend of thought that dominated the scientific world of fifty years ago has penetrated to the lower strata of society, so surely we can foresee that the spiritual note, which is ever becoming more pronounced in the philosophy of the day, will gradually find its way into the mind of the average man, and so expel (as nothing else can) the materialistic bias, the influence of which Mr. Begbie endeavours to combat. For those who labour under intellectual difficulties and are prepared for some hard thinking we cordially commend this book.

THE STREET OF DREAMS. By William K. Seymour. 2s. (John G. Wilson.)

This charmingly produced little volume contains some verse of real promise by one of the youngest of the newest school of poetry. The title poem and "Ithador" are full of grace and colour :

"Her life was like a haunting tune
Charmed from a spinet's yellow keys
A placid grace that made the heart
Dream with a sense of ease.

A face to muse on by the marge
Of some gold-lillied silent mere,
To muse on till the daylight ebbs
And the white stars appear.

Her hair was gold, like bracken dead
In sunlight, which the wind has stirred;
The elfin cadence in her voice
Made magical each word."

There are many happy descriptive touches and some capital phrases in "An Old World Fancy" which is amongst the strong things in the book. Indeed, Mr. Seymour's strength at present lies in description. It is in the more serious and reflective work that he sometimes comes to grief. In his lines on "Richard Middleton," for example, he steps right out of poetry into prose. The poem has the number of lines and the rhyme arrangement required in the sonnet, but it has neither the rhythmic flow nor the dignity demanded by that difficult form of verse, and by the subject. From these and such verses as "On Speeton Cliff" it is pleasant to pass to the poet's work when in his simple mood, to his "In Kew Gardens," for instance, and his charming :—

"Love's a foolish thing, no doubt,
Yet I'd rather not be wise
When the primroses are out."

XUM

RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Anon. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

This book is not one of the great army which has transformed the appearance of the bookstalls since August. It was written (anonymously) before war broke out, before the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, but the author has had time to insert a prefatory note. He calls attention to one statement which has all the interest of a realised intelligent anticipation: "Should the calamity of a European war ever occur, England must inevitably be ranged in the opposite camp to Germany. For us it is a question of life and death." The President of the French Republic hitherto has not been a very familiar personage to the ordinary Englishman, and we should say even now that it would be quite possible for him to travel privately in our country without embarrassment. But to-day we are all having an education in foreign politics and geography, and the subject of this sketch is destined to become a popular figure before these terrible days have drawn to a close. Hence, we welcome this short survey of the life and work of M. Poincaré, and we hope that its reception may justify its reappearance in a cheaper and handier form at a later date. Embodied in the book are some most excellent portraits of the prominent political figures in modern France. M. Poincaré is the type of statesman which to its credit modern Europe is producing. Owing nothing whatever to influence, but everything to sheer merit of intellect and character, M. Poincaré has risen to the highest honour which his country can afford him. In an interesting chapter our author traces the significance of M. Poincaré's election to the Presidency. His success was hailed with something like genuine enthusiasm. France needed at home firm administration and sound financial management, and abroad the maintenance of national dignity and a wise handling of the Morocco situation. With these difficulties the French President is eminently fitted to deal. It will be interesting to take up this book again when the war is over and read anew of the high hopes which the author has formed of M. Poincaré.

THE WHALERS. By J. J. Bell. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When one remembers such books as "The Cruise of the *Cachelot*," and two or three less-known but scarcely inferior narratives of the New England whalers, one is rather afraid to tackle a fresh depiction of life in the "dying" industry of whaling. And when the name on the cover is that of a famous humorist, the expectation of failure naturally becomes greater. What, then, is the state of the reader's mind when he finds that, in spite of the triple obstacle—newness of narrative, lack of interest as to the phase of life depicted, and the author's reputation—he has come upon a piece of downright first-class work? It lays one open to the charge of unworthy laudation. All the same, the fact remains. Mr. Bell has given us a sort of masterly presentment of the Norwegian and Danish whalers who work the waters between Iceland and Greenland, and by the aid of steam, harpoon guns, grenades that explode in the vitals of the great animals, etc., reduce the adventure and the danger of the life, but keep it much alive. True, Mr. Bell has not attempted to vie with Mr. Bullen's great descriptive writing as to the actual killing of whales. His work does not run to many words; it is masterly rather in the Scandinavian manner. In fact, it is so true in this particular that it would easily pass for a translation. Just the same, it is not a novel, but a precise, remarkably clear, bitten-in picture of the life—especially of how old "Kaptein" Svendsen shot whales, including his thousandth one; and how his mate, Sigurd, took his place, and did the same, until his mate, Thorstein, was killed by the ton-weight flapper of a *knölhval*. It is in the inter-dealings of Sigurd and Thorstein that we get what there is of "story." As a whole, the book is too absolutely lifelike to be classed with what are now called novels, and the same can be said of the characters—they live; every one is as much a man as may be put into print, and old Hansen, the cook, not least of them all.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK.

Mr. E. A. Bowles has written in **My Garden in Summer** (5s. net) a companion volume to his charming book "My Garden in Spring" which will prove as invaluable to gardeners and garden-lovers, and is as profuse with illustrations, both black-and-white and coloured. It contains a wealth of information, and is written brightly and interestingly. To read it is to wander through a delightful garden, fragrant with flowers, and one hesitates to come to the end at last and close the volume, as one hesitates to go indoors at evening and draw the blind. There is a very complete index; it is altogether an excellent book to keep handy for reference.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Lord Polwithen would have had a happier time if he had been less headstrong and less certain of his own inevitable rightness. It is his behaviour which supplies Mr. Frank Barnett with a very appropriate title—**His Own Law** (6s.)—to a capital novel of sensational incident. To start with, Lord Polwithen disapproved of the religious beliefs of his tenants, and dispossessed all who refused to go to church, in spite of the fact that Cornwall is a notable stronghold of Nonconformity. His tenants preferred to leave. But before this happened the Black Spider of the Polwithens appeared—an enormous insect which was supposed to presage evil to the house. However, in this case the Black Spider succeeded in bringing a crusty old squire to his senses and in making a match between an attractive heroine and a long-suffering hero. So it didn t do so badly after all. "His Own Law" is just the sort of thing you want upon a long railway journey.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

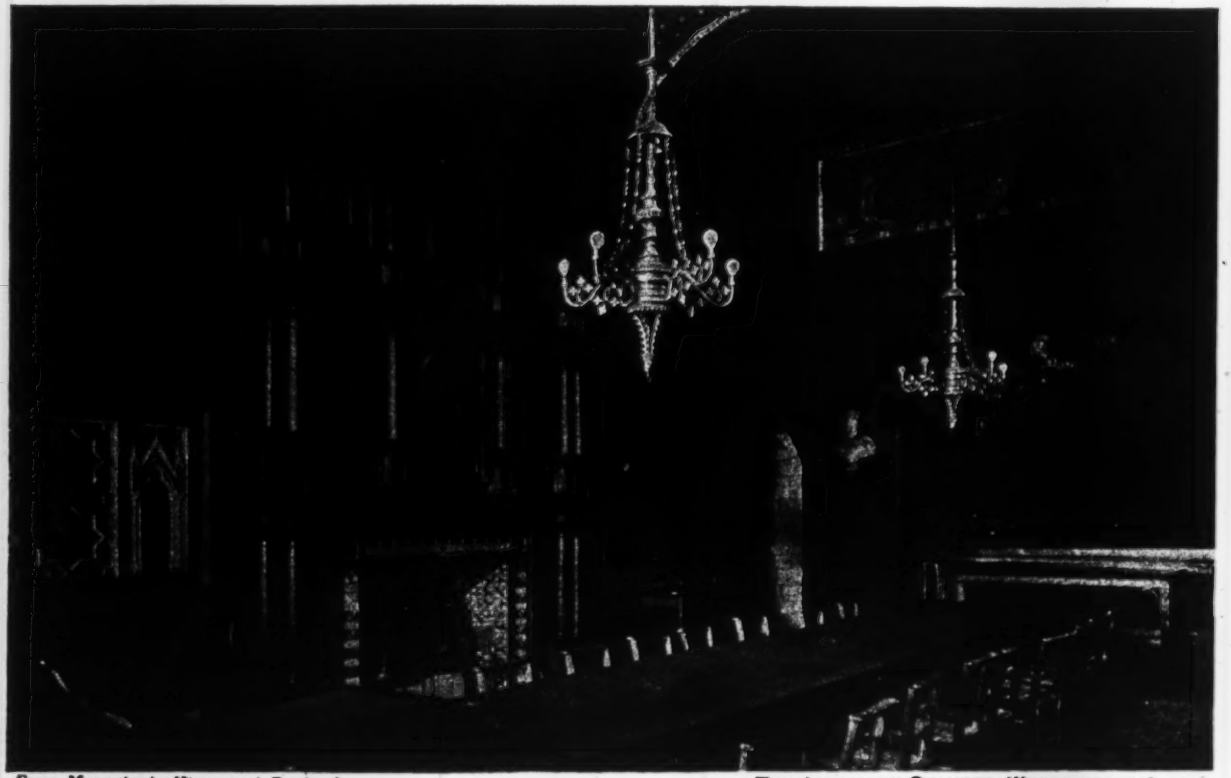
In an emotional and rather highly-coloured manner Miss Olive Wadsley is decidedly an effective writer, and the theme she has chosen for her second novel, **Reality,** (6s.), is one which is peculiarly well adapted to the full display of her powers. It is not an easy one, being no less than a definition of the reality of love; but Miss Wadsley has tackled it courageously and, as it seems to us, successfully. Irène von Cleve, the heroine of "Reality," has had so unfortunate an experience of marriage that she welcomes the freedom which widowhood brings to her. However, she is not left unmolested for long. She meets Jean Victoire, a brilliant young violinist, and, carried away by the vehemence of his passion, plunges into an ill-assorted marriage with him in spite of the protests of her family. Then comes disillusion. Irène soon finds that she has little sympathy with her husband's eccentricities, and she frankly fails to understand his artistic temperament. In the end Jean returns to the arms of the dancer whom he had discarded in order to marry Irène. The mechanism of the story works smoothly and easily, its principal characters are well drawn, and its main situations moving and effective, while its lesson—that love is "a life within a life, and you've both got to live that other life as well as your own;"—also strikes us as truthful and very fairly satisfying.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

The main interest in **An Irishman's Home,** by L. G. Redmond-Howard and Harry Carson (1s. net), lies in the personal positions of its two authors. As is now well known, Mr. Redmond-Howard is the nephew of the Leader of the Nationalist Party, and Mr. Harry Carson is the son of the Leader of the Covenanters of Ulster. As a piece of literature the play is not remarkable, and we cannot agree with the criticism cited in the preface that it reads "as if the Melvilles had finished off a play of Shaw's." For the long conversations with which the drama opens are sadly lacking in the verve, brilliance and surprising turns of a Shavian discussion. The talk never rises above the level of sound but commonplace journalism; and the melodrama with which the play concludes is also good journalism rather than a Melvillian piece of stagecraft. On the other hand, "An Irishman's Home" is a very important contribution to the most vexed question in modern politics. It shows that a new "Young Ireland" is coming into existence, with views of its own, cutting clean across the old party lines in both Catholic and Protestant Ireland. Like Mercutio, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Carson cry to their uncle and father "A plague on both your houses!" And more by the sincerity of their feelings than by their power of expressing their feelings in the form of a difficult art, they succeed in making a profound effect upon the perplexed English reader. If they make as profound an effect upon their Irish readers, their little work may become a landmark in the political history of their race. It is written with winning frankness and remarkable courage, and endeavours to take an impartial view of the most bitter of party struggles.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

ART POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES



From Macaulay's History of England (*Macmillan*).

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Edited by CHARLES HARDING FIRTH, M.A. Vol. IV. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

In one sense this is a heavy book. It weighs 3 lbs. 15 oz. But lighter materials would not do justice to the conception of so handsome an edition of the classic. In the fourth of the six volumes the period covered is the eventful one from 1689 to 1691, or the opening years of the reign of William and Mary. There was war with France, and the whole kingdom was troubled. In Scotland we have the battle of Killiecrankie, and the contentions of great Highland clans with which the Englishman of that day was less acquainted than he is with the Indian races in our own time. James II. landed in Ireland, and the universal rising of the Catholics in his support was to be followed by his defeat at the Boyne in 1690, and further confiscations and the enforcement of severe penal laws against the Catholic majority. The words with which this volume ends acquire a prophetic meaning which brings them close up to the aspirations of the present day on the question of Ireland. Referring to the historian of the future, Macaulay concludes: "May he be able also to relate that wisdom, justice and time did in Ireland what they had done in Scotland, and that all the races which inhabit the British Isles were at length indissolubly blended into one people!" It is the prayer of a great many among us at this moment. One cannot speak too highly of the industry and care which have enabled Professor Firth to present the unique series of illustrations in this volume. Several are in colour, including the frontispiece portrait of Graham of Claverhouse. Altogether the volume contains over 150 illustrations. Every source has been requisitioned to make this edition pictorially complete.

From Storied Windows (*Blackwood*).

XII. CENTURY MEDALLION, CHALONS CATHEDRAL.

From Macaulay's History of England (*Macmillan*).

HENRY VII'S. CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
(From an engraving in the British Museum.)

STORIED WINDOWS.

By A. J. DE HAVILLAND BUSHNELL, M.A. (Oxon). Illustrated. 15s. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Pictured glass has been traced back to the tenth century. No complete windows of the twelfth century are known to exist in England, though there are some fragments in York Minster, and some medallions at Dorchester (Oxford) are assigned to this period. One of Mr. Bushnell's striking illustrations shows the four medallions and three panels of Byzantine type at Rivenhall, Essex, which possibly belong to the twelfth century. A clause in a treaty of Henry II. and Louis VII., who died in 1180, allows one of Louis's best artists in glass to come to England; and Mr. Bushnell countenances the theory that most of the oldest English glass came from France, or was made by French artists. "This theory," he adds, "is corroborated by the well-known fact that a large quantity of white and coloured glass was imported from Rouen to Exeter in 1317, of such high quality that glass-makers even now can recognise the Rouen glass in Exeter Cathedral." Mr. Bushnell has given us a book of rare distinction — "a traveller's introduction," he calls it—to the study of old church glass from the twelfth century to the Renaissance. It deals with more than 1,200 windows. He encourages others to follow his pastime by promising them that every church affords the pleasure of the chase to anyone who makes a practice of going inside to study the windows. The "Jesse tree," for example, which was made in each century from the twelfth to the sixteenth, is a favourite design throughout the whole period of Gothic glass. It gives the genealogy of Christ from Jesse through some of his descendants, the idea being

From The Bible and the Anglo-Saxon people (*Dent*).

THE LINDISFARNE GOSPELS.

founded on the eleventh chapter of Isaiah and Acts xiii. 22. There is a brilliant Jesse window of the fourteenth century at Wells, in Somerset. Mr. Bushnell's studies are especially of windows in France, and he has compiled a reference-catalogue of photographs obtainable, which will be useful to the connoisseur.

THE PAGEANT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By EDWARD PARROTT, M.A., LL.D. (Nelson & Sons.)

This book presents the great masters in our literature from Bede to Tennyson, and a gorgeous procession it is. Every figure is assigned its due and proper place; and those who have the privilege to behold the spectacle will find it irresistible in its appeal. By way of prelude Dr. Parrott gives, first, a description of the dim primeval world when man strove with the brute for mastery; and a word or two about the bards and minstrels of Ancient Greece, who in that remote period when writing was unknown, were the chief and almost the only chroniclers of the time; then there is a chapter on Ancient Egypt, describing how the crude alphabet was evolved, followed by a delightfully graphic account of the Augustan Age, showing "the Grandeur that was Rome." The aim of this book is to be a guide to those of the younger generation who, on the threshold of intellectual life, desire to interpret, and, let us hope, love and cherish the choice gifts which the great artists in English Literature have bequeathed to us. Many books have been written with the same lofty purpose; but we doubt if the task of showing in miniature the lives and times of our great poets and prose writers, with descriptions of their immortal works, has been more ably performed than in this book which is so aptly illustrated, so well bound, so graceful in its style, and so replete with unobtrusive scholarship. Any intelligent boy or girl who comes into possession of it will be fortunate indeed.

From **The Pageant of English Literature** (*Nelson*). **FRANCIS BACON.**

THE BIBLE AND THE ANGLO-SAXON PEOPLE.

By WILLIAM CANTON. 5s. net. (Dent.)

There is no end to books about the history of the English Bible. The main justification of their existence is the interest which they possibly awaken in the Bible itself. The serious problem to-day is not wrong views of the Bible, but ignorance of it, and if a book succeeds in dispelling the latter, if it stirs a zest for the reading of our Bible, it accomplishes something. Many people cannot go back to the historical origins. They have not enough Greek or Latin to appreciate the arguments, and the strain on their historical imagination is too serious. But they can be interested in the Bible as an English book. A skilful writer or lecturer can do something to enlighten them on the origin of our English Bible, and on the place it has played in our civilisation. Mr. Canton has set himself to this good work, and he has been helped, not only by excellent illustrations which are produced with the clearness characteristic of his printers, but also by his literary skill. He attempts to outline the story of the Bible translations which led up to the authorised version, and "to suggest rather than to describe the place which the Word of God in the vernacular — however rude or fragmentary the form—has always taken in the life of the people of these islands." Each of these objects would be enough for a volume, and Mr. Canton has evidently felt embarrassed by the riches of the material for the second part of his project. This book would have had more unity if it had concentrated on the first part of the plan. One feature of the story is the remarkable connection between an interest in the Bible and unsettled times of war. The repeated invasions of England did not check the study of the Scriptures. They rather seem to have prompted its reading and circulation. And this reappears in later days. As Mr. Canton points out, the Bible Society was founded during the Napoleonic period. "The Russian Bible Society was sanctioned by the Tsar on December 18th, 1812, and at that moment the remnants of Napoleon's grand army were retreating in desperate confusion across the ice of the Niemen. The Brunswick Bible Society was organised on the day Waterloo was lost and won. . . . Through all these tempestuous years, when Napoleon was checked and baffled, and finally overthrown by 'English gold,' English gold built up a spiritual coalition which counted for more in the progress of the Continent than historians have recorded." Wycliffe and Tindale have chapters to themselves. But even when the ground is familiar, Mr. Canton presents a fresh view of it, and he has selected the most salient features of the long story. It is a "popular" book in the best sense of the word.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. With Illustrations photographed from Life Studies by ADELAIDE HANSCOM and BLANCHE CUMMING. (Harrap.)

Fitzgerald's "Omar" has appeared in many and divers editions—in so many that it would seem well nigh impossible to produce it now in any form that should have particular claims to novelty, yet Messrs. Harrap have succeeded in doing this. The text here is printed on simply but effectively decorated pages, an appropriate Persian symbolism entering largely into the decorations, and the illustrations are from photographs for which various men and women have posed in the costumes of Omar's time and country. And the colouring of these photographs is an artistic triumph; it is so delicately and exquisitely done that to all except the quite initiated they would seem to be actual and very beautiful paintings, not indebted to photography at all, but for the statement on the title page. Always a welcome gift-book, this edition of Omar Khayyám is also a unique and a peculiarly charming one.

From The Oriental Omar (*Harrap*).

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink
And offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff, you shall not shrink.

THE ENGLISH YEAR.

(1) Spring. (2) Summer. By W. BEACH THOMAS and A. K. COLLETT. 10s. 6d. net each. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

When an "expert" is also a man of letters and knows how to clothe the necessary technicalities of his subject in graceful, intelligible English, the result must be a book of exceptional fascination. And so it is with this work in which Mr. Beach Thomas and Mr. Collett have collaborated to unburden themselves of their joint stock of country life lore, and, in what is the second volume of a trilogy on the English year, to describe the multiform manifestations of the English springtide. One feels it almost an impertinence to attempt to criticise so charming, so profound and yet so light, so graceful a piece of work. And, indeed, from the literary standpoint there is nothing in it that one would wish to cavil at. They can be didactic without being heavy and tedious; lyrical without being high-falutin'; literary without being pedantic. Above all, perhaps, the great charm of the book is its intimacy. Here are two men, one knows instinctively, who have observed Nature in the spirit in which Hesiod observed her, and who can at times give little pen-pictures of the results of their observations with the true Hesiodic touch. One has not to be a professed naturalist oneself to enjoy thoroughly such a work, and it should certainly be added that the numerous illustrations, both coloured and plain, with which the letterpress is supported, contribute very materially to the total value of the book. But it is, after all, as a serious contribution to our knowledge of natural history that the book must primarily be considered, and if we have dwelt at some length upon its more general aspects it is not from any wish to minimise this serious purpose. Mr. Beach Thomas and Mr. Collett may provoke some vain regrets for the different old countryside traditions that they ruthlessly demolish, and in some few instances, perhaps, they may excite opposition to their theories, but on the whole there will be few to challenge their statements and deductions, even where the point at issue is admittedly one upon which there is little evidence.

Turning to this pleasant book on "Summer," the third in the trilogy, readers will naturally sample the pictures first, and they will find the drawings in the text very alluring, with a kind of "slightness" in them that somehow helps the effect of ease and charm. Thus, the drawing at the head of the harvest chapter happily conveys a sense of warmth and colour. But how shall we read about Joy in Harvest in these winter months with word coming to us of the laying waste of the fields of France, of war and carnage? There is nothing of the sad murmur of humanity here. Even in old Hewitt's page we caught its undertone. In Jefferies we used to read the story of Roger in the Harvest

From The Garden of Kama (*Heinemann*).

LESS THAN THE DUST.
Reduction of coloured Illustration by Byam Shaw.

such an ecstasy of self-abnegation as throbs in such lines as :

> " Oh, that my blood were water, thou athirst,
> And thou and I in some far desert land,
> How would I shed it gladly, if but first
> It touched thy lips before it reached the sand."

An eastern splendour of imagery, the mysticism, the sensuousness, the esoteric vision of the east shine and breathe and brood through all the poems in the book; in thought and emotion they belong essentially to the land of their origin. But the exquisite lyrics of Laurence Hope are too well known by now to stand in need of any praise; or should be. Mr. Byam Shaw has found inspiration in them for some of the most delightful examples of his art; his drawings have a richness of colouring, an ornate, alien beauty, a simplicity of outline and symbolical suggestiveness of detail that are fascinatingly in harmony with the charm and spirit of the poems themselves.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1s. net. [(Constable & Co.).

A charming edition of Goldsmith's " Deserted Village " has been issued by Messrs. Constable & Co., with several paintings by Mr. Lee Hankey beautifully reproduced in colour, and mounted on grey paper. It makes a dainty and delightful gift-book that every lover of art and poetry will be certain to appreciate.

Field. But in this cheery book there is nothing more tragic than the adventures of a wasp as she went about her day's work under the espionage of a naturalist and found her proceedings interfered with by his wholly unjustifiable experiments; and even that story ends happily with the naturalist's tribute of admiration for the reasoning powers of the wasp and, so to speak, for the wasp's high moral tone. One chapter follows another along a way of pleasantness opened up to us by many a delightful book of other days, that still lead us on through the sunny hayfield to the lonely farm and the solitary heath, where, saith the chronicler, there was the warm elastic sward, and crimson bells, the foxgloves, and the old gnarled oak.

THE GARDEN OF KAMA, AND OTHER LOVE LYRICS FROM INDIA.

Arranged in Verse by LAURENCE HOPE. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

No English writer has more subtly, more beautifully interpreted the spirit and soul of Indian womanhood than it is interpreted in these lyrics of Laurence Hope's. The fierceness, the tenderness, the utter self-renunciation of the passion expressed in them are a flight altogether beyond the ardours of our more restrained, more disciplined northern hearts. We can realise it in our imagination ; we can feel the glow and the thrill of it ; but it is not in us to give voice to it in

From The Garden of Kama (*Heinemann*).

ZIRA IN CAPTIVITY.
Reduction of coloured Illustration by Byam Shaw.

From The Deserted Village (*Constable*). THE VILLAGE PARSON.

WOMEN OF THE CLASSICS.

By MARY C. STURGEON. With 16 Photogravures representing Studies of the Heroines of the Book. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Miss Sturgeon has gone for her heroines to Homer, Virgil and the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. As she remarks, most of us know these women of the classics well enough by name, but few of us have any clear idea of the characters and human qualities of the originals. Helen, Andromache, Penelope, Circe, Cassandra, Antigone, Medea—we could give some account of them, tell something of their story from memory, but the majority of us could not readily build them up into complete human entities, clothed in all the follies, frailities, nobilities, littlenesses with which their creators imagined them. Perhaps none of them have "the psychological subtlety of modern drama," but they belonged to a simpler time, to a less complex civilisation, and the lack of subtlety indicated no lack of character. Retelling the stories of eighteen of these famous women, with plenteous quotations from the poems and dramas from which they come, Miss Sturgeon has fashioned a thoroughly interesting volume and one that will help to lead younger readers to a first-hand study of some of the greatest things in the literature of the world. The illustrations from the works of well-known painters are admirably reproduced in photogravure.

From Women of the Classics (*Harrap*). PHÆDRA. By Gertrude Demain Hammond, R.I.

THE VEIL AND THE VISION.

By J. MORGAN GIBBON. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Gibbon's thirty-three sermons are not a heterogeneous collection of discourses, grouped under a striking title, which applies to one of them. The first twelve complete a section headed: "The Veil, that is to say, His flesh." They discuss the personality of Jesus Christ. The next eleven are headed: "With unveiled face, reflecting, as a mirror, the glory of the Lord." These handle subjects like Christianity and Socialism, Effective Christianity, and the Christianity of Jesus. The third group is entitled: "Now we see in a mirror, darkly . . . but now abideth faith, hope, love." The sermons are printed evidently as they were delivered, in a brisk, effective, popular style, which sometimes becomes almost colloquial, but is never dull. Mr. Gibbon knows how to speak in the market place. He does not look out of a college window upon modern life. Even when he is discussing some problem of Christianity, such as miracles or the Holy Spirit, he contrives to take hold of it in a way that connects it with average experience and intelligence. This is a gift, for the preacher, especially when it is accompanied by a knowledge of literature which enables him to quote aptly. Mr. Gibbon's quotations are numerous and drawn from many fields. Now and then they are introduced with a certain abruptness, as when one sermon ends by appealing for a recollection of words from Leigh Hunt, St. Paul, and Jesus successively. But they generally help to make the sermons living and even lively. The most effective of these are the ethical and practical, and the most telling passages are generally those tipped with a certain irony or indignation. Mr. Gibbon is fond of the Old Testament prophets, and he has no patience with Luther's depreciation of the epistle of James in the New Testament. He is most at home in stimulating the conscience. He tends to be crisp rather than sympathetic, and pungent rather than devotional; now and then his defence of Puritan religion and Nonconformity becomes even defiant, particularly in the sermons on "Religious Atmosphere" and "The Near End in Religion." But this means, after all, that the preacher is sensitive to his environment, and alive to the issues of his day and place.

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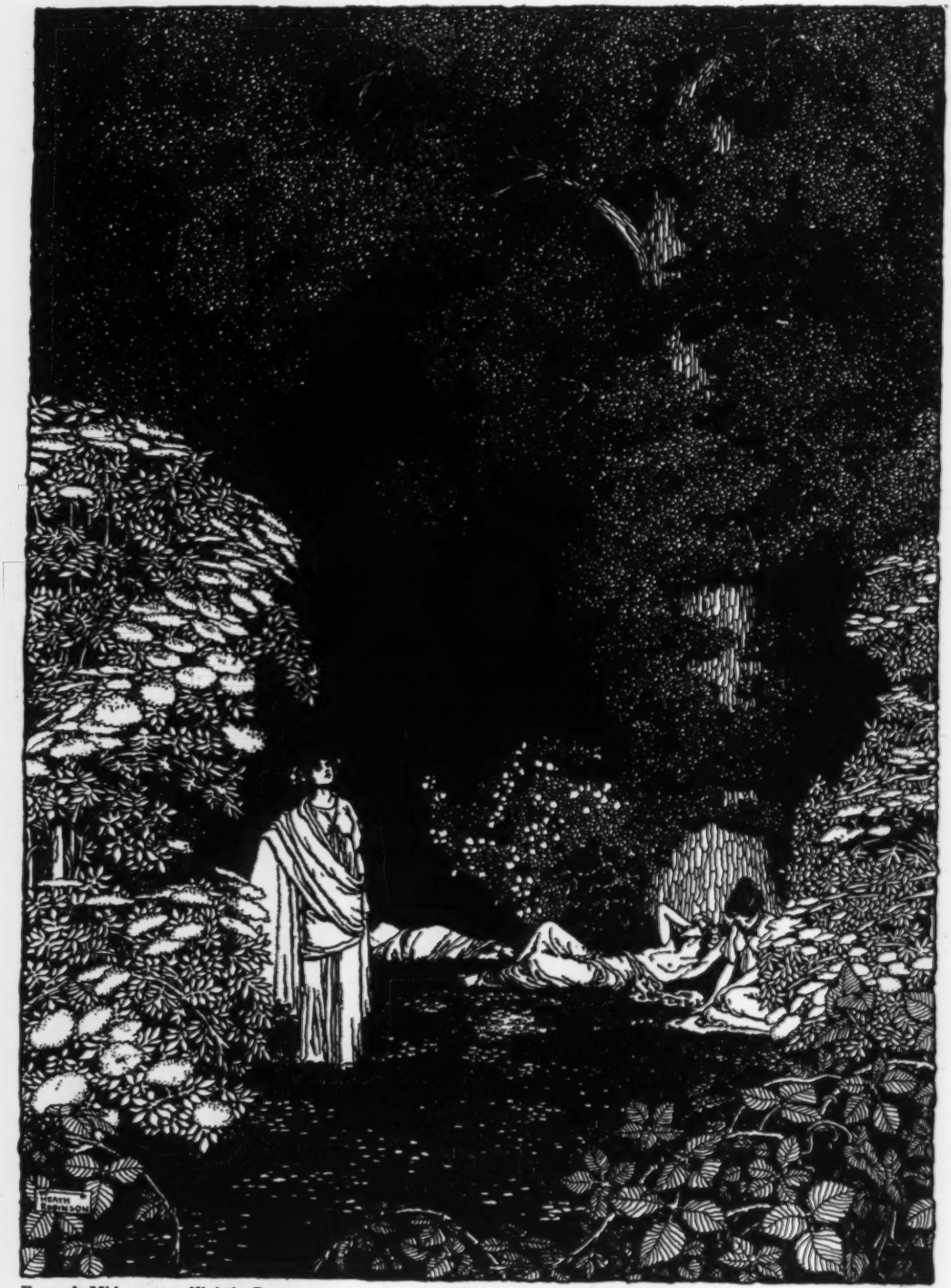


From A Midsummer Night's Dream (*Constable*).

HELENA: "O WEARY NIGHT, O LONG AND TEDIOUS NIGHT."

His sermons are always readable. The staccato, epigrammatic sentences must have told when spoken from the pulpit, and no one can find fault with the discourses for not being up to date and interesting. An American once said to the present reviewer that, after listening to sermons in Scotland for three months, he thought that the preachers spoke as if nothing had happened in the world for three hundred years. The answer was obvious, if not gentle, that many American sermons left one with the impression that nothing had happened in the world till the day before. Mr. Gibbon's sermons could not be accused of either sin; they reflect the sense of Christianity as a historical tradition, but they specially urge its living message as a "faith once delivered to the saints," for which the saints, none the less, have to fight in every age.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Illustrated in Colour and Black and White by W. HEATH ROBINSON. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Heath Robinson has illustrated Shakespeare's fascinating fairy-play with some of the daintiest, most delicately finished work that has ever come from his brush. His fairies have the grace and airy lightness that belong to those little people; and he has depicted the varying phases of the story with the delightful humour and happy spirit of romance in which Shakespeare conceived them. In print, paper, and binding, no less than its pictorial beauty, this is a very perfect example of what a Christmas gift-book should be.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE.

New Light on Old Evidence. By the COUNTESS DE CHAMBRUN. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

The Countess de Chambrun—an American lady—makes an extremely interesting suggestion in regard to the identity of the mysterious "Dark Lady" of the sonnets. She connects the scandalous tradition concerning Sir William Davenant, the son of the hostess of the Crown tavern at Oxford, with some curious remarks made in 1594 by the anonymous writer of "Willobie His Avisa," a dreary poem containing the first-known reference to Shakespeare as a poet. In "Willobie" the beautiful wife of an innkeeper is courted by a dissolute nobleman and an actor. The epistle dedicatory is written from Oxford; the sign of the inn is the Cross of St. George—the same as that of the Crown at Oxford; the initials of the actor who takes part in the affair are given as "W. S.," and Shakespeare is mentioned by name when comparing the attack on the fair landlady to the rape of Lucrece.

Then the initials of the nobleman are given as "H.W.", and he is called "Harry" by the player and shown to be as fond of using Italian phrases as Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was in his youth, when Shakespeare was enjoying his patronage. There is a fair amount of evidence to show that the poet Sir William Davenant was inclined to believe himself that he was the son of the great dramatist. Then, five years after the poem appeared, dealing with the innkeeper's wife and the "W.S." and "Harry W.," Lady Southampton wrote to her husband, Shakespeare's old friend and patron: "All the news I can send you, which I think will make you merry, is that Sir John Falstaff is, by his mistress, Dame Pint-Pot, made father of a goodly miller's thumb, a boy that is all head and very little body." It is known from the letters of Sir Toby Matthew that Shakespeare was commonly nicknamed after the most famous of his comic characters. So altogether there seems to be more foundation for regarding Mrs. Davenant as the "Dark Lady" than there is for dragging in one of the Queen's maids of honour to explain the secret story of the sonnets.

From **A Midsummer Night's Dream** *(Constable).*

DEMETRIUS: "THOU RUNAWAY, THOU COWARD, ART THOU FLED?"

A SCHOOLMASTER'S APOLOGY.

By REV. C. A. ALINGTON. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

"Self is a subject inexhaustible," wrote Cowper to his friend Mrs. King, and provided the "self" is interesting, no book is so welcome to us as that wherein the author writes freely of his mind and experience. The Headmaster of Shrewsbury disarms all criticism by his naïve introductory chapters. He tells you in effect that he is going to air his views for the most part on Religion, Education and Literature, and that if these topics have already palled on the reader, he had better part company with the author at once. The present writer knows one great Headmaster, and he recalls the pleasure of meeting with him in his own home where the cares and dignities of his position are put away, and where a benign and humorous personality reveals the treasures of a well-stored mind. It is on these occasions only that a Headmaster becomes human. In reading "A Schoolmaster's Apology," we seem to be renewing this experience with a not less attractive personality. Dr. Alington manfully upholds the Public School system, and is convinced that an English Public School is the best instrument yet devised for making a

XUM

decent citizen out of the average English boy. While being almost eager to admit its imperfections, he has many useful suggestions to make. He advocates (not very hopefully) the teaching of Italian, which he thinks a boy brought up on Latin will not find insuperably difficult. On the subject of History, the Headmaster rejoices our hearts. He is a reader and admirer of the Trevelyans, and he vindicates Froude and Macaulay. All Public School men will be interested in the discussions on the old vexed questions—compulsory games, the religion of the Public School boy, the teaching of English Literature; and the general reader who appreciates the society of cultured men and can relish a good story will enjoy to the full what we have found to be a book full of most excellent reading.

EIGHT YEARS IN GERMANY.

By I. A. R. Wylie. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Wylie's endeavour is to show us what estimable people are the Germans, and incidentally she raps our knuckles now and then. It is doubtful whether one can hope to interpret the soul of a people in a book of 243 pages of large print, if one does not happen to be a genius; and there are certain sides of the German character which Miss Wylie almost ignores. With great honesty she only writes of that which came under her own observation; she confesses, for instance, that her acquaintance with the military life of Germany is more theoretical, or at least superficial, than practical. Had she asked a few conscripts who were on the eve of release from their service, she would have found a pretty general expression of thankfulness that it was going to be over and done with. The brutality of the non-commissioned officers is slurred over by Miss Wylie; she omits also to compare the policemen who have been non-commissioned officers with our own civil police. With regard to Zabern, the authoress is right in saying that the young lieutenant was compelled, on account of his uniform, to an act of violence; but she slurs over the far more reprehensible conduct of his colonel, a man of years of discretion. The present writer was in Alsace at the time, and it appears to him that on such questions Miss Wylie would do well to consult if not the famous Abbé Wetterlé, at any rate Maximilian Harden. By the way, Miss Wylie's book would have been more readable if she had been less dogmatic and if she had quoted more from the opinions or writings of those of wider experience. Her picture of child-life would have been improved by a reference to, say, the writings of Otto Ernst. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those devoted to Pastor Jatho, whose case we are in danger of forgetting, and Pastor von Bodelschuringh's great institution for the outcast population. Miss Wylie is rather confusing on the matter of the Constitution, for apparently in her opinion the slightest further concession will bring it toppling down, while on the other hand she asserts that it remains in all its pristine glory. She slurs over the electoral injustice which gives only half-a-dozen members to Socialist Berlin, whereas in the Agrarian districts of East Prussia there are members to every small village. Miss Wylie gives fair words to the German navy which has not yet had its day of trial, but she slurs over the colonial mistakes which show faint signs indeed of any improvement. If we wish to know the real life of Berlin's east end or of Agrarian Prussia we must read Clara Viebig, whose wonderful book "Our Daily Bread" has been put into English.

From Dedications of English Churches (*Oxford Press*).

S. George. Ranworth Rood Screen.

MY SPANISH YEAR.

By Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills and Boon.)

The author evidently writes with much knowledge, acquired because of her affection for everything Spanish, not learned for the sake of making a book. As one would expect while in many cases she confirms popular views, in others she modifies them. Mrs. Whishaw is always interesting, and any one who is about to travel in the country will find this volume helpful and suggestive; but it will be even more enjoyable if read after the journey, when it will refresh one's memory and give some arrangement to the various things that have been seen. As in so many places romance and dirt appear side by side throughout Spain, who seems to live largely in the glory of her magnificent past, of which we see signs in the gorgeous pageantry which still remains. But Mrs. Whishaw can show reasons for her belief that before long Spain will once more awake, and make her future as glorious and even more prosperous than her past. We are told that the Spaniards are a kindly and hospitable race, although they retain many customs that are barbarous, and cast gloomy shadows over their lives. Infant mortality is suprisingly high, this high death-rate is largely due to customs which might be abandoned without any disadvantage.

THE BOOK OF THE BLUE SEA.

By Henry Newbolt. With 8 coloured plates and 52 illustrations in black-and-white by Norman Wilkinson. 5s. net. (Longmans).

Mr. Henry Newbolt has written a series of stories for boys and mainly about boys—stories of real life in the Navy of Nelson's days. The Adventures of Charles, and the Adventures of Basil; the Adventures of John Franklin; of Edward Pellew; and of David Farragut, the famous American Admiral, give, in each case, a true and a vivid record of the career of the hero from his entering the Navy as a boy. Very stirring, admirably written tales they are, full of colour and life and picturesque incident. There is also the best and fullest account we have ever read of the battle of Trafalgar. Altogether an ideal gift-book for boys, and one which adults will read with scarcely less enjoyment.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.

Ten Drawings for the Poem of Francis Thompson. By FRIDESWITH HUDDART. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Lovers of the work of Francis Thompson, and they are increasing with the years, have by heart the far-darting lines of "The Hound of Heaven," with its unforgettable:

"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

In a neat pocket attached to the cover of this fine portfolio we have the poem in a charming booklet of ivory and gold, printed in good type on rough paper, with the page-title in red ink. The artist has steeped herself in the passionate intensity of the poem, and her work, which bears some resemblance to the method of Aubrey Beardsley, without being in any sense imitative, will commend itself to the artistic and the poetic senses. The lines are fine and firm, and withal full of grace; and the general conception of each drawing is admirable.

From **Ten Drawings by Frideswith Huddart, illustrating The Hound of Heaven (*Chatto*).**

"I FLED HIM DOWN THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS."

A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP.

Letters to Lady Alwyne Compton, 1869-1881. From Thomas Westwood. 5s. net. (Murray.)

In that invaluable and entertaining little periodical, *Notes and Queries*, there appeared, on September 22nd, 1866, an article bearing the attractive title of "Recollections of Charles Lamb," and the signature of Thomas Westwood. It is a contribution that no lover of Charles Lamb could read without holding it thereafter in his memory as a treasured possession. The writer was the son of "a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow Bells" who had retired "in green old age with *one anecdote* and about forty pounds." During their stay in Enfield, the Lambs lived in the adjoining cottage for about two years, and then, having "ridded themselves of the cares of dirty acres," began a new life at board and lodgings with the honest couple, their neighbours, with whom they resided until they left the village for Edmonton, where Charles Lamb died. Westwood, in the before-mentioned article, gives us a delightful account of his first glimpse of the Lamb household as they appeared to him when a boy of about fifteen years of age:

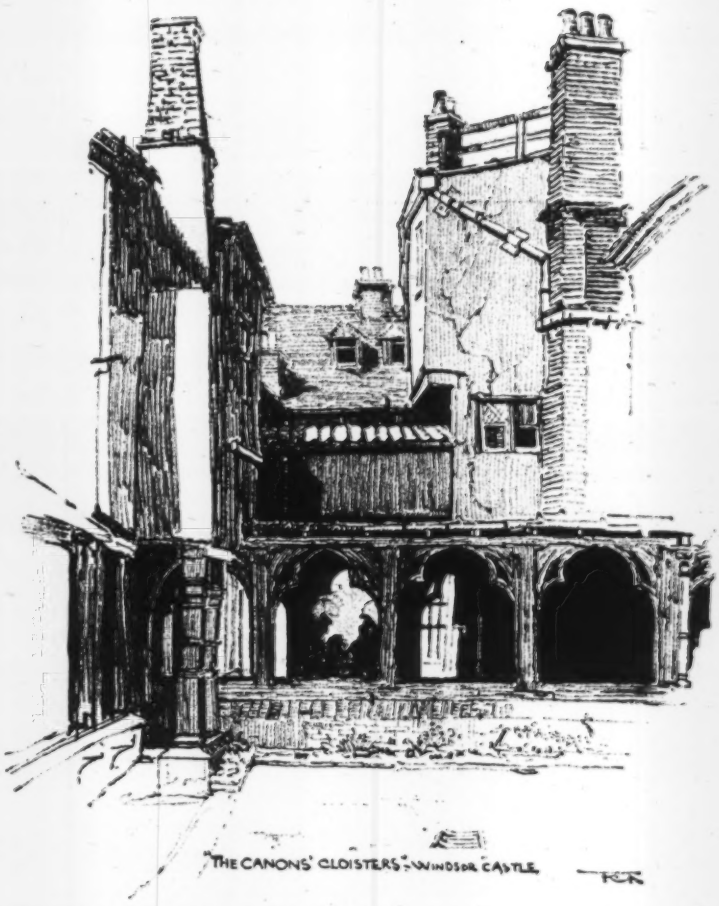
"Leaning idly out of window, I saw a group of three issuing from the 'Gambogey-looking cottage' close at hand; a slim, middle-aged man, in quaint uncontemporary habiliments; a rather shapeless bundle of an old lady, in a bonnet like a mob cap; and a young girl. While before them, bounded a riotous dog (Hood's immortal 'Dash'), holding a board with 'This House to be Let' on it, in his jaws. Lamb was on his way back to the house-agent, and that was his fashion of announcing that he had taken the premises."

Little did the boy Westwood know at that time how intimately he would come to be associated with that slim middle-aged man and that rather shapeless bundle of an old lady; what good and helpful friends they would in various ways prove themselves; what fragrant memories

XUM

they would leave behind them after they had passed to "that unknown and silent shore." Mary Lamb taught him Latin; Charles instilled into his mind the love of poetry; obtained for him a clerkship in a friend's office; read and good-naturedly criticised his juvenile verse, and created such love in his heart that when his elderly friend and companion died he mourned the loss of "one of the sweetest-natured, truest, most genial-hearted creatures that God ever blessed the world with."

Lamb seems always to have greatly attracted young people. Who does not remember the charming story of John Hazlitt's little daughter informing everybody she met in the streets—friend or stranger—that she was going to see Mr. Charles Lamb; or that equally charming one related by Miss Clara Novello in her "Reminiscences"—how she loved dear Charles Lamb, and how she once hid, to avoid the ignominy of going to bed, in the upright (cabinet) pianoforte, which in the lowest part had a sort of tiny cupboard, and how, when discovered, her appearance was hailed with surprise by all, and with anger from her mother; "but Charles Lamb not only took me under his protection, but obtained that henceforth I should never again be sent to bed *when he came*, but—glory and delight!—always sit up for supper?"



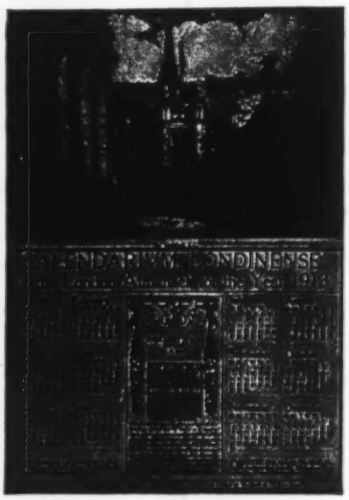
From **Windsor and Eton: A Sketchbook**
By Fred Richards
(*Black*).

And now Mrs. Westwood, who has contributed an exquisite introductory memoir—short but precious—to this collection of her husband's letters, informs us:

"He often told me how he used to sit unnoticed under Lamb's table, till a late hour in the night, afraid of moving or making a sound, lest he should be sent to bed, listening eagerly to the talk of Lamb and his illustrious friends."

"A Literary Friendship" is a book which we owe to the generosity of Lady Alwyn Compton in making the letters public, and to the discernment of Miss Soulsby, at whose suggestion they were published. But for the intervention of the latter lady we should not now be rejoicing in our good hap: in our close acquaintance in spirit with a delightful personality, and in the acquisition to our shelves of a book of real literary charm. It is one to be lingered over; to be dipped into again and again, and always with a renewal, perhaps an intensification, of the feelings of delight which its first perusal prompted. The letters spread over a period of some twelve years, beginning in 1869 and ending in 1881. Seeing that Thomas Westwood lived on until 1888, it is greatly to be hoped that the present is only an instalment of the whole collection, and that subsequently a further issue may be made in an additional volume or included in another and enlarged edition. Thomas Westwood was a man of many interests. "His vegetative life" was spent in an office, first as secretary, afterwards as a director of an Anglo-Belgian railway, but his real life, one fancies, was begun each day after mundane affairs were for the time being put on one side and forgotten as might be. He was a poet, a lover of children, of dogs, of angling, of all things beautiful in nature, and of literature. He was also brimful of humour, and his many-sidedness must have made him a choice friend; a letter from him must have been an event in the lives of his correspondents. There is much of quotable matter in this book. Here is a passage which, for instance, one doubts not, will be very welcome to admirers of Charlotte Brontë:

"Perhaps you will be passing through Brussels? If so, I trust you will allow me to do the honours—the honours of *Villette*, if you please, for I can show you Currer Bell's house, and perhaps, if chance befriend us, M. Paul Emanuel and Madame Beck, too. M. Paul has grown old and grey-headed, but is petulant and vivacious as of old. Madame Beck has given up school-keeping and retired on her laurels. Our English chaplain here remembers Charlotte Brontë perfectly. She came over with an introduction to his parents, and his province, as a lad, was to escort her back to school, after evenings spent at their house. A purgatorial process, he declares it was, from her invincible taciturnity. He remembers her, too, in the family circle, screwing her chair round by degrees, till her face was to the wall and her back to everybody, as I think Mrs. Gaskell relates. A strange woman and a strange family! Was there ever anybody like them? I have a school theme of Charlotte's in a delicate, girlish hand-writing, and M. Paul Emanuel has quite a bundle of them. He remembers her with affection, Madame Beck with wrath."



From **The London Almanack, 1913**
(*Matthews*).

There is more of equally interesting material, but lack of space and dread of the editorial blue pencil forbid. I cannot, however, resist the citation of the following passage from Mrs. Westwood's Introduction:

"I have now in my possession a pretty framed pastel portrait of Charles Lamb's school-mistress, Mrs. Reynolds, who was considered a beauty in her day, which he gave to my husband as a parting souvenir when he left Enfield; also two silver candlesticks,

presented by Mary Lamb to my husband's mother (Mary Westwood) in acknowledgment of the care Mrs. Westwood took of her beloved brother during her sequestration."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

WINDSOR AND ETON.

A Sketch Book by FRED RICHARDS. 1s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

Every new addition to Messrs. Black's artists' sketch-books has added something to the reputation of a very excellent series, and Mr. Fred Richard's work in "Windsor and Eton" well maintains that notable record. He has not neglected the famous and familiar features of either place; there are very charming views of the castle and of the schools; but he has not limited himself to these—he has gone into the byways and found the lovely old out-of-the-way corners and brought the quaintness and the beauty of them into his pages. There is a charm about his drawings of the old houses in Peascod Street, and those in Church Street; about that of the admirably seen perspective of the High Street, Eton, and even about the sketch of the Eton tuck shop, which makes them worthy of a place between the same covers as their statelier historic neighbours. There is a softness of tone in these drawings, a cunning play with lights and shadows that indicates not only a sure technical skill but a most delicate artistic feeling.

From Harrow: A Sketchbook
By W. M. Kersey
(*Black*).

CALENDARIUM LONDINENSE, OR THE LONDON ALMANACK.

By W. MONK, R.E. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews)

This artistic calendar is entirely hand-printed by Mr. W. Monk, and consists of a sheet measuring about fifteen by eleven inches. On the upper half is a beautifully finished original etching printed by the artist from the copper, the lower half containing the Calendar for the year in simple classic type. This is the thirteenth year in which the Calendar has been issued; the subject of the etching for the first year (1903) was St. James's Palace; for the second, Clifford's Inn; other London scenes or buildings being chosen for subsequent years. The subject for 1915 is Buckingham Palace.

From Book of the Blue Sea
(*Longman's*).

SHE WAS COMPELLED TO DRIFT OUT OF ACTION.

HARROW.

A Sketch Book by WALTER M. KEESEY. 1s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

The graceful and delicate art of Mr. Walter M. Keesey has found subjects admirably suited to its scope in and around the famous Schools at Harrow. The twenty-four beautifully reproduced pencil drawings in this slim volume include some of the most delightful examples of his work that we have ever seen. Two sketches of the quaint old High Street, and a third of some of the shops are minutely true and vivid and recapture not only the visible features of the place, but the very feeling and atmosphere of it. Most of the pictures are views of the interior or exterior of the Schools themselves; two of the fourth form room, one of Pope's house, and one of the Head Boy's Den are little masterpieces in their kind. The book will rejoice the heart of any old Harrow boy by the memories it so graphically revives; but the beauty and sensitive finish of Mr. Keesey's work will give his studies a wider appeal to all who are susceptible to this gracious art of the pencil, whether they happen to know Harrow or not.

RELIGION AND ART.

A Study in the Evolution of Sculpture, Painting and Architecture. By ALLESANDRO DELLA SETA. Translated by MARION C. HARRISON. With a Preface by Mrs. ARTHUR STRONG, Litt.D., LL.D., and 200 Illustrations. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The art of man would never have reached such a high standard of perfection in the representation of men," says Della Seta, "if the way had not been pointed out by religion. Man would never have set himself the task of representing men because of the beauty and nobility of their form. The form of men appeared beautiful and noble because it had served to clothe the gods. Man, therefore, possessed art because he had religion, but he possessed a great art, such as Greek and Christian art, because when the sense of magic was destroyed he vivified these religions by a content of myth and history." That is the keynote of this important and intensely interesting study of a great subject. Tracing the origins of art in magical

From Religion and Art (*Fisher Unwin*).

MARCUS AURELIUS PERFORMING A SACRIFICE.

From Religion and Art (*Fisher Unwin*).

ROMAN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

and ritual observances, Della Seta pursues its development under the Greek, and later under the Christian spirit; from its primitive beginnings among the races of antiquity, he follows it down through all the stages of its advancement in Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Italy, India. It is one of the most incisive, the most brilliantly constructive enquiries into the connection between art and religion that has ever been written. "The book is that of a young and ardent spirit," writes Mrs. Arthur Strong in her preface; "it also strikes one as that of a mature thinker." The numerous illustrations from old sculptures, frescoes and paintings are excellently reproduced.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

Ballads of the Brave and Poems of Patriotism. Selected by JOHN FAWSIDE. 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Of the many poetical anthologies the War has already called forth, this is certainly one of the best. The arrangement of the contents in chronological order is good; and the selection indicates individual taste and independent judgment on the part of the compiler, which have resulted in his collection containing many poems that are absent from other volumes in this kind. For instance, there are Barbour's lines on "Freedom," from his epic, "The Bruce"; there is Drayton's "Virginian Voyage," as well as his great "Ballad of Agincourt"; there are stirring extracts from Ben Jonson and Fletcher, as well as more famous passages from Shakespeare; Ebenezer Elliott's "Battle Song," Marryatt's "Old Navy," Ayrton's "Heart of the Bruce," and, to say nothing of familiar poems by Wordsworth, Campbell, Byron, Tennyson, and others, there are many of the finest war lyrics written in recent years, and some that have been inspired by the present war. One is glad to have Henley's "England, my England," Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers," three of William Watson's glowing lyrics; Sir A. Conan Doyle's "Ballad of the Ranks," four of Newbolt's sailor songs; Kipling's "Recessional," and "For all we Have and Are"; Noyes's "The

Searchlights," and, to end up, "The Marseillaise," in French, followed by an English translation. A choice and varied miscellany of patriotic verse, well printed and tastefully bound, "The Flag of England" makes one of the timeliest of gift books.

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

By HAROLD MATTINGLY, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

It is no small feat to have given a concise and yet clear

From Outlines of Ancient History (*Clay*). PERICLES.

outline of Ancient History within the compass of some 460 pages. Yet this was Mr. Mattingley's task, and he has carried it out successfully. From the early days of Babylonia and Assyria, Egypt, Phœnicia, Palestine, the narrative draws the thread out, summing up all these powers and their influences, until it enters on the period of Greek civilisation and the era of Athens and of Sparta. Here we are on familiar ground, with copious sources of information, and even more copious commentary and elucidation, bringing us on to Rome the Republic and Rome the Empire, until the fifth century of the present era. At first sight there would appear to be little scope for the annalist's personality in this record, but the arts of selection and compression are precious, and deserve recognition in what seems a somewhat arid task. Swift decided judgments must be passed, and without arguments to support them, they must prove convincing by corresponding with each other and the inner meaning of the record. Very interesting brief accounts of the Gracchi, of Cæsar's life and achievements, of the policy and politics of Athens, may be cited as showing the value of this book as giving points of view as well as a handy, useful, skilfully compiled consecutive record of the events which marked the progress of the ancient history of the modern western world, which includes Europe, Western Asia, and the North of Africa.

THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

With Pictures by DOROTHY MULLOCK. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

One is inclined to think that with a little paraphrasing in some portions perhaps, the tale of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche might have been rendered still more pleasant and delectable than it is. The imaginative quality in the picture of Pan and Psyche is quaint and charming, but it may be questioned if Miss Dorothy Mullock, on the whole, is quite at her best in the pictures. Sometimes the play of line is hardly successful, and the artist seems to falter between line and colour, as if they had rival claims upon her sympathies. We must say a word of gratitude for the wholly excellent foreword to the book. It deals briefly but clearly with folk-lore elements in a most interesting summary.

THE MISCELLANY OF A JAPANESE PRIEST.

Being a Translation of the Tsun-Zuri-Gura. By WILLIAM N. PORTER. Introduction by SANI TCHIKAWA. 2s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford).

This book is a Japanese classic much read in the schools. Its author, Kenko, born in 1281, was of a type not uncommon amongst the Japanese of to-day, "cool, yet inwardly

From Outlines of Ancient History (*Clay*). THEMISTOCLES.

quickly susceptible, inactive and highly unpractical, artistic and sarcastic, antiquarian in taste and conservative in thought." It is clear, therefore, that the volume has claims on our attention. It is difficult for a reviewer to do justice to any miscellany, for if read straight through it is inevitably somewhat difficult to digest; one or two sections ought to be read, pondered carefully, then compared with what one has read elsewhere, and an attempt should

XUM

From Cupid and Psyche
(*Chatto & Windus*).

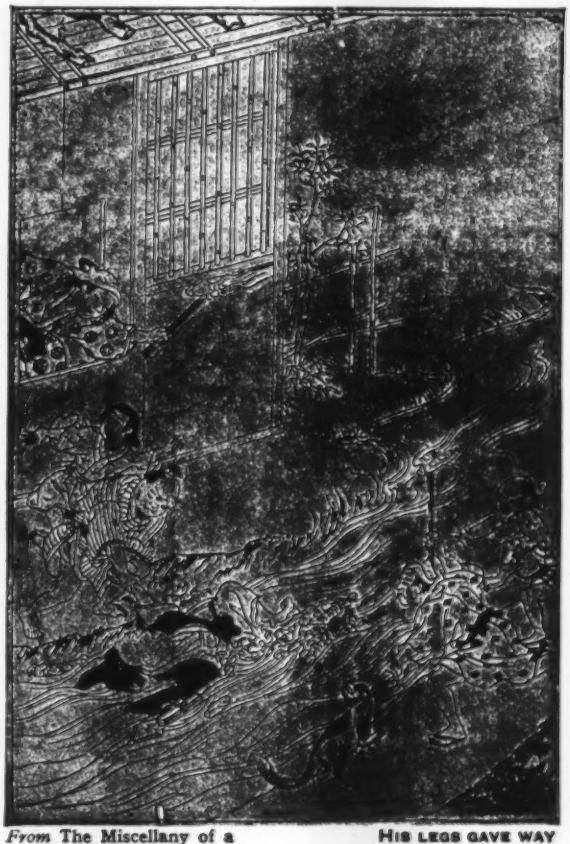
PSYCHE AWAKENED.

be made to see what new aspect has been given to one's ethical or religious thought. This book is neither very fresh nor very profound, but it will prove attractive to all who can see the charm in a conservative attitude, it shows how curiously "at one" human nature often is. But the volume is rather disappointing because it is difficult to catch in it anything distinctively Japanese, such as we find in almost every page of Yone Noguchi or even Lafcadio Hearn; the atmosphere is curiously English, except in one thing, the great stress it lays on *good taste*, the importance of which the strenuous western nations are apt to overlook. We had marked many passages to quote, but must be content with the following: "But still, be not too gay. To be thought by women rather a difficult man to get on with is the best." Every one who cares for books should put this volume on his shelf, for in certain moods, he will find in it great refreshment for his soul.

OUR SENTIMENTAL GARDEN.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 6s. net. (Heinemann).

Though the literary cult of the garden is as it were a development of but the day before yesterday, the book-collector, who should seek to specialise in the gathering of books inspired by that cult, would have to provide a goodly "run" of shelving to accommodate the volumes. Each season adds to the number and variety of such works, and the wonderful thing is that they rarely overlap. It is as though every garden had in it the materials for a book, awaiting but the historian (or the sentimentalist) to give those materials literary form; and the happiest conjunction is when the planner of the garden is also its historian. Such conjunction we find in Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's work, for they indicate the way in which "a small, white, Surrey house has, by some singular, scarcely intentional, process, become enchanted into an Italian Villino," and at the same time a jungle has become converted into "Our Sentimental Garden." House and garden are on a hillside—in the Haslemere district as is soon gathered—with an outlook on healthy moorland, which contrasts with first impressions of the Italianate. Accentuating sentiment rather than horticulture at the outset, the authors introduce their readers to a friendly company of dogs and cats, of which Loki, the Pekingese, appears to be prime favourite; and later on—though the garden is never far away—they take us now to Spain or Italy, France or Ireland, now to some neighbour's house or garden (regarding such in a properly critical spirit, but not above taking hints to be used in the ever progressing reclamation of the "jungle") or out on the moor. It is, indeed, by its genial discursiveness that the book charms and delights us. It is as though we walked in the garden, discussing the possibility of a rose-garden here, or the wonderland of colour to be called into being by a few shillings spent upon bulbs there, and now and again the talk, as talk will, turned from immediate surroundings to other themes, where memory was touched. Humour, anecdote, and character sketches will be found in this fascinating garden gossip, and through all runs, as it were, the sense of peace, of ever-changing colour and delight of the loved garden. Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too, said a poet accustomed to the formalities of 18th century horticulture; to-day the words might read, who loves a garden loves a garden book too, and especially is that the case where the book is so friendly and reminiscent as this excursion into a new field by writers who long since won our allegiance by their mastery of romance.



From The Miscellany of a
Japanese Priest
(*Oxford Press*).

HIS LEGS GAVE WAY
UNDER HIM.

From Cupid and Psyche (*Chatto*).

CUPID IN THE CYPRESS TREE.
From coloured illustration.

The many illustrations—in colour and in black and white—which Mr. Charles Robinson has scattered lavishly throughout the volume are delightful, and beautifully in accord with the spirit of the letterpress. Mr. Robinson's many excursions into fairy-land seem to have made him the readiest of pictorial interpreters of the sentiment of a garden.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE ENGLISH PARISH CHURCH.

By J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

" No one but a fool," said Freeman, " goes into a church without first inspecting the exterior." The exterior alone by no means suffices for Dr. Cox, whom we venerate after reading this book as the man who knows probably more of the parish churches from top to bottom than any man in England. He has singled them out; visited them; studied their plans and styles and materials. On material he is specially strong, as that aspect has been rather neglected in literature. Although churches were constructed of timber, both in early and late pre-Conquest times, the general rule for Saxon churches was that they should be of stone. Essex was destitute of stone, but used to be one of the best-wooded of English shires; hence, it is the county wherein by far the most church timberwork survives. The church of Greensted, near Chipping Ongar, is the one building now standing in England which has the walls of the nave composed of the trunks of split oak-trees of very ancient date. " There is no reason to doubt," says Dr. Cox, " that it is the actual building which sheltered the body of St. Edmund on its return to London from Bury St. Edmunds in 1013." The parish churches used to serve as village club-rooms or institutes, without apparent loss to the standard of reverence for holy places. That the parish church got its hold on the people through this every-day utility seems a reasonable conclusion. In the true spirit, Dr. Cox remarks that in spite of ill-usage our ancient churches remain the envy of other parts of Christendom for their frequency, their innate beauty, their marvellous adaptability to surroundings, and more especially for the way they reflect the life and devotion of successive generations of our forefathers. He recognises the claim of St. Michael, Coventry, to be the finest parochial church in the kingdom. Illustrations being indispensable to a book of this kind, it is a pleasure to note they are so numerous (350 in all), and uniformly excellent.

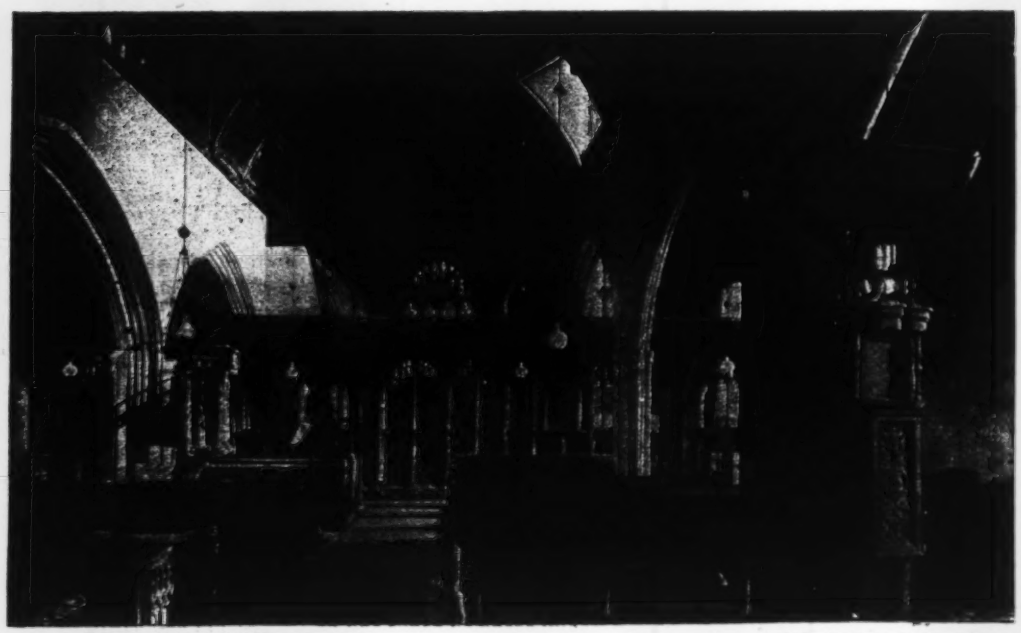
YE SUNDIAL BOOKE.

By T. GEOFFREY W. HENSLOW, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

Charles Lamb once asked the question, " Why is the sundial almost everywhere vanished? " That it has not vanished even yet is proved by the handsome volume before us, in which the author has written verses, or " mottoes " as they are usually called, to drawings by Miss D. Hartley of between 300 and 400 examples of sundials of all times and many countries. Mr. Henslow explains that so many ancient dials are to-day continually changing hands and being placed in new surroundings, that although cognisant of the fact that it would be far more interesting to illustrate his work with sketches showing the dial in its original position, yet in the majority of cases he has found this impossible. While, therefore, representing the actual dials the artist has, with considerable taste and feeling, supplied her own setting. We have thus each dial as the centre of a picture appropriate to its

From Our Sentimental Garden (*Heinemann*).

THE DUTCH GARDEN.



From The English Parish Church
(*Batsford*).

A Devonshire Interior.

Then, though flowers are naturally associated with sundials, the fastidious would prefer in this expensive volume to be spared the infliction of a modern seedsman's advertisements. But there is a vast fund of pure pleasure to be derived from turning these pages. Miss Hartley's drawings are mostly beautiful; and the verses in the main quite good. Here is an example:

"Go, live thy life, enjoy the day,
Those happy hours that swiftly fly;
Yet learn thou from each sunset ray
To live remembering all must die."

The volume, which contains some noteworthy facts about the history of the sundial, its associations with famous men, and its setting, is dedicated to Wiltshire men—"the Moonrakers!"

date. It would be easy for many to notice omissions, as to wish for the old mottoes, such as that made memorable by Hazlitt—*Horas non numero nisi serenas;* or the delightful lines of Bernard Barton:

"I love in some sequestered nook
Of antique garden, to behold
The page of thy sunlighted book
Its touching homily unfold."

From Ye Sundial Booke
(*Arnold*).

Sundial at Saxon House,
Stanton St. Quentin.

WAR.

By W. Douglas Newton. 2s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Newton's story was published some weeks before the outbreak of war, and its chief merit is in its vividly imagined descriptive passages. It tells of an imaginary invasion of England by a rather indefinite enemy whom every reader will recognise as the German terror, but its picture of the inefficiency, unreadiness and general amateurishness of our defending forces is to say the least of it unconvincing. How the invaders got past our fleet we are not told. They land with very little difficulty and proceed to swarm into the country with a curiously fragmentary British army in full retreat before them. One or two incidents, such as that of the civilians at work in a field suddenly amazed and resentful at finding themselves fired upon and wounded, are strikingly realistic, but there is a lack of inventiveness in these matters of detail—there are too few of them; and the idea of the same man, a motor-cyclist, witnessing the landing, flying ahead of the enemy but always keeping only just far enough ahead to see all that happens, until the girl he loves falls into their hands and he, for a frenzied attack upon them, is shot, and the tale ends inconclusively—this takes much from the reality of it all. The object of the book is to scarify us for our unpreparedness, but it fails in that by making the defending army altogether too absurdly futile and foolish. It is a book that will be read with interest, but you feel in reading it that it is a weak nightmare and no practical, thoroughly well-realised forecast of what might possibly happen. Even its horrors are not so horrible as the actual war has proved that they would be. Mr. Newton underrates our capacity in the field, and sacrifices reality and probability to his purpose of showing we are stupidly over-confident of our security against invasion.

ITALIAN GARDENS OF THE RENAISSANCE, AND OTHER STUDIES.

By JULIA CARTWRIGHT. With 16 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

From Italian Gardens of the Renaissance (*Smith Elder*).

THE VATICAN GARDENS, CASINO DE PIOVE.

In ten most interesting chapters Miss Julia Cartwright has written an account of the famous gardens of Italy in the days of the Renaissance. The Venetian people, whose houses rise sheer from the water's edge, take a particular pleasure in flowers and gardens, and in a chapter on "The Gardens of Venice" Miss Cartwright tells very entertainingly how they make the most of the few feet of ground attached to their dwellings, and by growing creepers over their roofs and balconies and lining their window-ledges with flower-pots, beautifully embower their houses in leaf and bloom, and so introduces you to the story of some wonderful Venetian gardens of an earlier age. There are admirable chapters on "The Gardens of Papal Rome," "The Gardens of Florentine Humanists," "A Tomb at Ravenna," and, amongst others, a delightful chapter on "Cardinal Bembo and his Villa." It is a pleasant book, written in an easy anecdotal fashion, with no little power of description, and will be read with delight by all who like gardens.

LOVE'S MELODIES.

By MARJORIE CROSBIE. 1s. 6d. net. (Alfred Hinde.)

A dainty little volume of verse is "Love's Melodies," by Miss Marjorie Crosbie, containing many musical lyrics and some stirring topical poems. Miss Crosbie sings more of sad things, of parting and the pains of love, than of love's joys, and the gladness of life; but, for all that, there is a quiet, persistent optimism beneath her sorrow, and some of her songs, such as "Spring" and "Eyes of the Sky" and "Since You Came" are full of youth and happiness. She loves the sea, and gains inspiration from its many moods, finding in it both consolation and despair:

"Only the sea-waves whisper my longing,
Only the sea-waves echo my sigh;
While to my mind fresh visions are thronging—
Visions of days in the sweet bye-and-bye.
Only the sea-waves breaking below,
Cry for the love my heart cries for so!

"Only the sea-waves answer my yearning,
Crave for the peace I crave for in vain;
Ne'er will the cold world know I am learning
Most of its sorrow, most of its pain.
Only the sea-waves breaking below,
Cry for the love my heart cries for so!"

This is the second book of verse Miss Crosbie has published, and it is to be hoped she will follow it up with others. Part of the proceeds from the sale of it is being given to a fund for the children of our soldiers and sailors.

From Italian Gardens of the Renaissance (*Smith Elder*).

A CARDINAL'S PLEASURE HOUSE.

From Zeus (*Clay*).

ZEUS ON A WELL-HEAD AT NAPLES.

ZEUS.

A Study in Ancient Religion. By ARTHUR BERNARD COOK. Illustrated. £2 5s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Zeus was the greatest of the gods of Greece, as Jupiter was of Rome; he is supreme among all the gods of the Homeric mythology — the great god of the bright sky. It is eighty years, as Mr. Cook notes in his preface to this handsomely produced volume of nearly nine hundred pages, since the last comprehensive monograph on Zeus was published in Paris, and in later years the scientific investigator in the classical field has been rewarded with many new discoveries. Numerous documents and inscriptions connected with the worship of Zeus have come to light; sites of his temples have been identified and carefully examined, lists of his priests have been found, "odd details of his rites at Iasos, a hymn sung in his service at Paliakastro, and votive offerings to him from half the towns of Greece." In this, the first of two volumes, Mr. Cook has gathered up all the fruits of modern research and of his own exhaustive studies, and traces the general development and influence of Zeus as god of the sky, reserving the story of his earthly labours and influences to the second volume. "It would seem," he says, "that the Greeks, starting from a sense of frank, childish wonder, not unmixed with fear, at the sight of the animate sky, mounted by slow degrees of enlightment to a recognition of the physical, intellectual, and moral supremacy of the sky-god. Dion Chrysostomos in a memorable sentence declared Zeus to be 'the giver of all good things, the Father, the Saviour, the Keeper of mankind.' On the lower levels and slopes of this splendid spiritual ascent the Greeks found themselves at one with the beliefs of many surrounding peoples, so that a fusion of the Hellenic Zeus with this or that barbaric counterpart often came about. On the higher ground of philosophy and poetry they joined hands with a later age, and pressed on towards our own conceptions of Deity." The whole theme is handled with a wonderful sureness and breadth of knowledge, and mastery of detail; never, surely, were the origin, the spiritual attributes, the associations and local habitations of any god so luminously revealed as are those of Zeus in this scholarly and fascinating study. The forty-two plates and five hundred and sixty-nine smaller illustrations are excellently reproduced, and add greatly to the value and attractiveness of the work.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, whose new play, "The Plaster Saint," is published by Mr. Heinemann.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

Translated from the Old French by DULCIE LAWRENCE SMITH, with Illustrations by EILEEN LAWRENCE SMITH. 14s. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

We were told a little time ago by the apologists of Germany that we were foolish to disturb ourselves about Louvain and Rheims and all the rest of them, since it would be the Kaiser's pleasure, once the war is done, to mobilise his sculptors and his architects and writers, so that what has been destroyed may be succeeded by much better things. Perhaps there was among the Celtic MSS. of Louvain a single copy of an old romance; the most lyric and beautiful of early French romances—"Aucassin and Nicolete"—is preserved to us by a single copy in the National Library at Paris. The author and the date of this famous fable are alike unknown; the "viel caitif" who appears at the beginning of the work may mean that he was an "old captive," escaped from the Saracens, or that he was an "unfortunate old man," who maintained himself by wandering about the land with this sweet tale. But M. Suchier, the editor of the best French text, has thrown the mysterious and wise and tender old artist overboard; in a later edition he repented and pulled him out. Finally he let him drown. M. Suchier, instead of "du viel caitif," reads "du duel caitif"—"of the wretched grief," which of course did from time to time lay in wait for Aucassin and Nicolete. But it is so much less quaint and picturesque, and I am sorry to see that the latest English translator, unlike Andrew Lang, Mr. Bourdillon and Mr. E. K. Chambers,

has followed Suchier. The jangle of "du duel" is one that Miss Dulcie Lawrence Smith, in her own verse, would never allow. And so we come to consider her verse and prose, which, after all, is more important in such a book than textual controversies. I have compared this author's version of the celebrated star song with six other versions, and it seems to me that Mr. Laurence Housman is the second best, and that neither Andrew Lang, with his

"Star that I from far behold,
Star the Moon calls to her fold,"

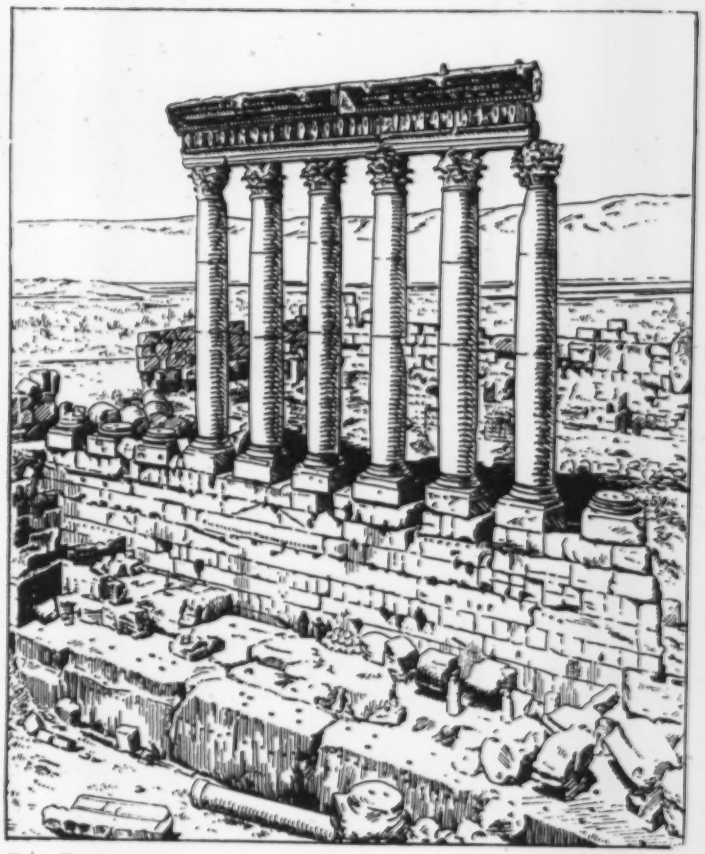
nor Mr. Bourdillon, with his

"Little star, I see thee there,
That the moon draws close to her!"

is within measurable distance of Miss Lawrence Smith's

"Star in the night above,
Close to the moon's rim set,
I see my little love
With thee, my Nicolete."

The merits of that do not require exposition; and, although it may seem a little rash to say so, it appears to me that this new translation altogether is the most emotional and exquisite in our language. This edition of "Aucassin" will be, one imagines, a success as a gift-book, for it is adorned with many illustrations by Miss Eileen Lawrence Smith, in colour and otherwise. Although this artist has exhibited at the Royal Academy, her work is full of gorgeous passages. The picture to illustrate "and took her viol and went a-playing about that country" has a beauty that is on the other side of grief, while in the forest scenes we fancy that this artist will delight Maurice Hewlett; her sense of grouping and her originality and charm have certainly delighted one reader. In fact, this volume, which presents us with two people who have long been famous, may have introduced us to two others who will follow them. H. B.



From Zeus (*Clay*).

CORINTHIAN COLUMNS TEMPLE OF ZEUS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE THROUGH THE AGES.

By AMY CRUSE. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap)

The aim of this book is to tell the story of English literature through the stories of individual books, and the author has wisely disregarded minor writers and minor literary movements in order, as she says, to gain space for a fuller treatment of the selected works. The selection dealt with ranges from the epic "Bewulf," which thrilled our Anglo-Saxon forbears, to Stevenson's "Kidnapped," which thrills no less the youth of to-day. It includes representative masterpieces of every period, so that, with the aid of brief connecting notes, the chapters link together to form a continuous history of our literary giants, and of the action and reaction traceable to their magnificent hammer-blows. The author has a polished and dignified style, and her judgments and appreciations are invariably valuable and concise. The volume is profusely illustrated with portraits and reproductions of pages

SANCT ANDROIS.

And other Scottish Ballads. By HARRY ALEXANDER WOOD. 6d. net. (Aberdeen: Jolly & Sons.)

Mr. Wood's first aim in these ballads has, he confesses, been more to tell a series of vivid, picturesque stories than to cultivate poetical graces. His tales from Scottish history and legend are written in vigorous, forcible verse, and should serve admirably for purposes of recitation. The best of them is, perhaps, the ballad that gives the book its title—a vivid presentation of the murder of Cardinal Beaton.

From Poets Laureate of England (*Pitman*).

THOMAS WARTON.

From A Simple Guide to Pictures (*Chatto & Windus*).

WINTER LANDSCAPE AFTER PETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER. (Imperia Museum, Vienna.)

and illuminations from old MSS., and altogether forms an ideal companion and guide along the broad highway of English literature.

SONNETS TO POSTER ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

By EDWARD URWICK. 1s. (Minerva Publishing Co.)

There is a certain freshness and lively interest in contemporary life about these sonnets that atone for the rather obvious and commonplace sentiments they enunciate. One of the best of them is that addressed to Mr. Lawson Wood; others to be noted are sonnets to Kipling; to Stephen Phillips; to Bernard Shaw; to Harry Lauder; to John Hassall, "Master of many humours, great in all"; and one, in happy vein, to "Londoner" of the *Evening News*, but Mr. Urwick should have found a more striking first line on that charming and delightfully individual essayist than,

"You are, indeed, a man of many parts."

From R. L. Stevenson's Fables (*Longmans*).

THE THREE REFORMERS. Reduced from illustration.

The scheme of the booklet is new—so much so that to come upon it in a pile of more usual books of sonnets is a distinct refreshment; and though the thought is not so new, it is true and pleasant and adequately phrased.

A SIMPLE GUIDE TO PICTURES.

By MRS. HENRY HEAD. Illustrated. 3s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

To any young person who wants to enjoy pictures intelligently we know no better book than this volume by Mrs. Head. It is very simple, yet contains nothing trivial; older persons with not much artistic training need not be ashamed to learn from its pages. Many of us know that the pleasure we get from pictures is apt to be vague and evanescent; mere beauty does not satisfy for long. A knowledge of the artist, his place in history, and the surroundings amidst which he worked give a substance to one's enjoyment. The detailed description that Mrs. Head gives of the pictures that are reproduced in this volume, if read while looking at the reproductions, will help the reader when he visits a gallery to know what to look for, and he will probably find many other things which make special appeal to him. This book is quite an elementary one and is to be commended because it treats only great masters, whose work will always have a permanent value; the genius is not afraid to be original, but he will not despise the Old Master. It is true, as a rule, that the greater the art, the wider is its appeal. Finally, the book is good because it brings us into the company of great men, who were real men with sorrows and sins like our own; but one and all were noble and heroic, and had the happiness to know that the world was better because of their lives—and deeds.

FABLES.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Illustrated by E. R. HERMAN. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

The "Fables of Stevenson," ranging from the tricksy humour, the fantastic burlesque, the sly satire, of such as "The Sinking Ship," "The Two Matches," "The Sick Man and the Fireman," "The Man and his Friend," to the wisdom of such as "The Touchstone," the grace and poetry of "The Poor Thing," and "The Song of the Morrow," have found a sensitive and brilliant interpreter in Mr. E. R. Herman. He is not always so happy, perhaps, with the lighter, subtler graces of the Fables, but Stevenson himself is not more grotesque, more quaintly grim, more imaginatively fantastic than are the drawings of Mr. Herman that illustrate those moods of his. The decorative quality of the artist's work is unique; he has a strength of line in portraying his figures and a boldness in the arrangement of his blacks and whites that is strikingly effective. The large pages, the clear print and the artistic binding

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"THE FRENCH BERNHARDI."—*Daily News.*

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MY ADVENTURES IN THE COMMUNE. By ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY ("Le Petit Homme Rouge"). With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth. **12s. 6d.** net.

In every essential respect this book is complete in itself, but it also forms a sequel to the author's previous volume, "My Days of Adventure," in which he dealt with many important phases of the Franco-German War. In his new work he passes to the war's terrible aftermath, and recounts in detail the dramatic story of the greatest Rebellion known to European history during the last hundred years.

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From Cromwell's Soldier's Bible (*Scott*). FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL TITLE PAGE, 1643.

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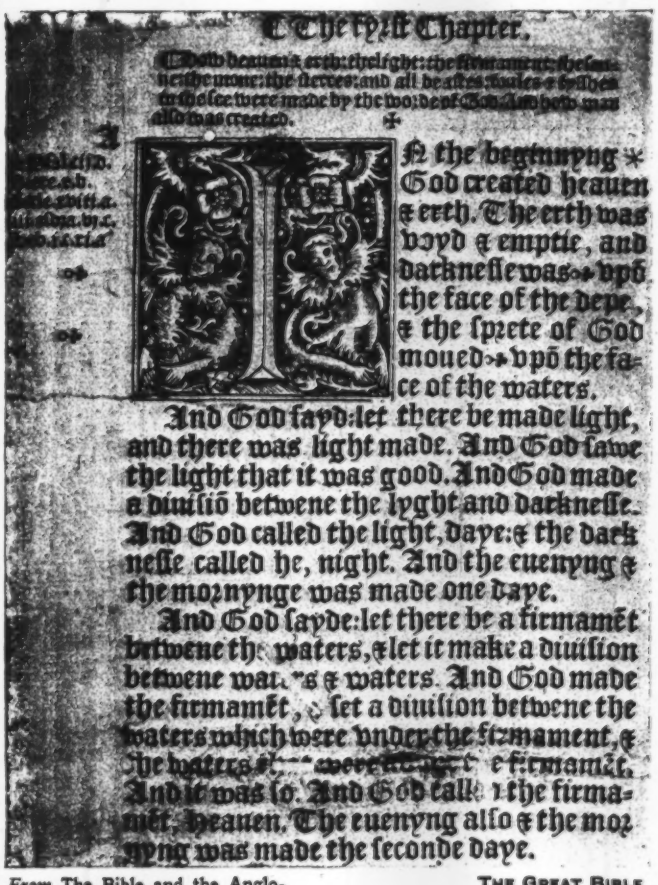
The prose of Sir Walter Raleigh, with its appropriate Elizabethan tang, is always good to read, but one cannot help feeling that his preface to this latest gathering of undergraduate verse is a little too arrogant for the occasion. They are but tender fosterlings to be thrown on the world with so large a gesture. "Take them or leave them," says he; and there is little in the wares thus negligently proffered to compel one inevitably to the former alternative. Still, there is readable stuff, and at any rate the suggestion of promise here and there. Seventeen rhymers, three of whom are of Somerville, are represented, some of them only by one piece. It is not very easy, therefore, to judge of their possibilities. We should like to have seen more, for instance, of the work of Mr. J. C. Hobson, the solitary example by whom ("Winter") is the one poem in the book with the faery quality.

"'Tis the hour of candlelight,
Gone is the cold sun,
Children homeward run
From the black and frosty night. . . .

Giants and crooked witches loom
Through the creeping dark,
And the dog's short bark
Tells of goblins in the gloom. . . ."

A note of bitter humour, very characteristic of contemporary poetry (we get it in Rupert Brooke and James Stephens), appears in the well-turned epigrams, "Odium Antitheologicum," of Douglas Cole, and the "To Mary" of A. J. Dawe, whose other poem is curiously Pre-Raphaelite for the time of day. T. W. Earp's story of Anthony Hewwood is well told, and his "When You Are Dead," though



¶ The.i.ſtt Chapter.

¶ In the begynnyng ✠ God created heauen & erth. The erth was voyd & emptie, and darkneſſe was vpō the face of the depe, & the ſpꝛete of God moued vpō the face of the waters.

And God ſayd: let there be made light, and there was light made. And God ſawe the light that it was good. And God made a diuiſiō betwene the lyght and darkneſſe. And God called the light, daye: & the darkneſſe called he, night. And the euenyng & the mozнynge was made one daye.

And God ſayde: let there be a firmamēt betwene the waters, & let it make a diuiſion betwene waters & waters. And God made the firmamēt, & ſet a diuiſion betwene the waters which were vnder the firmament, & the waters which were aboue the firmamēt. And it was ſo. And God called the firmamēt, heauen. The euenyng alſo & the mozнyng was made the ſeconde daye.

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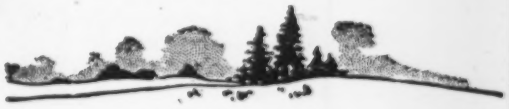

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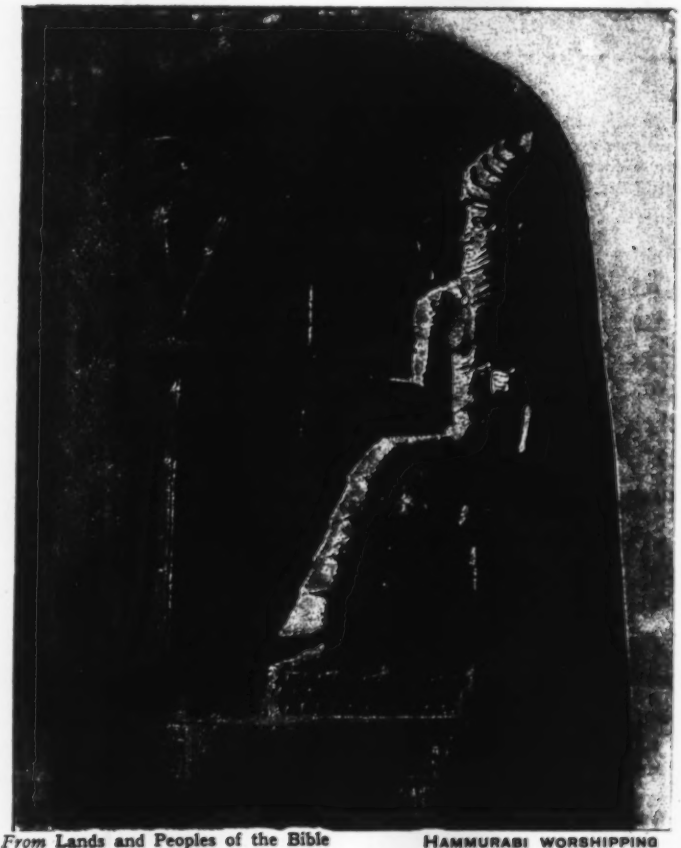

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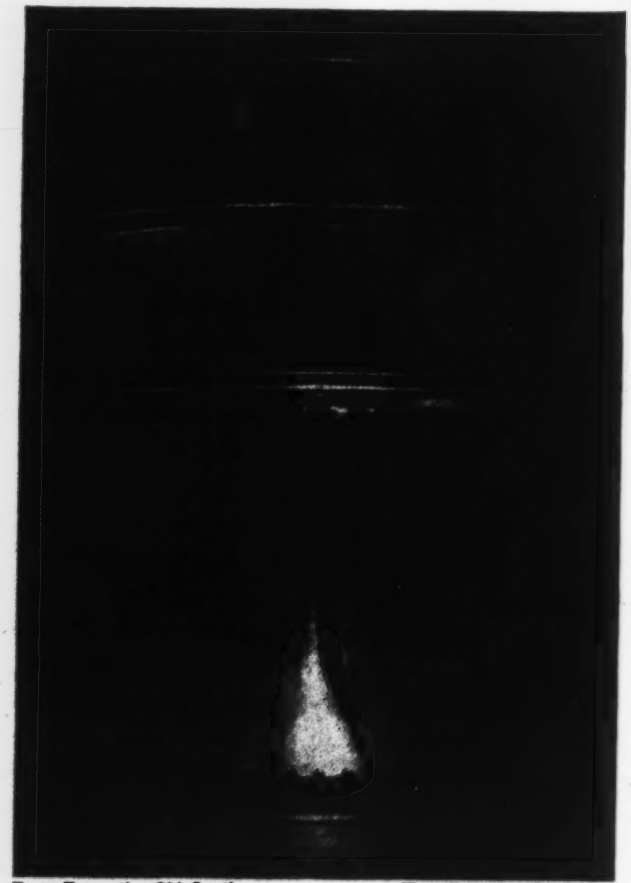

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We search in vain for any evidence that books, the theatre, or the stirring events that occupied the attention of his neighbours held any interest for him. His letters might almost have been written in Timbuctoo or other outlandish place, so little do his surroundings appear to have influenced him when he put pen to paper. He certainly was a very worthy individual who praiseworthily did what in him lay, and was helpful and serviceable to those of his family who looked to him for monetary and other assistance, but outside his family, his interest for others is somewhat limited,

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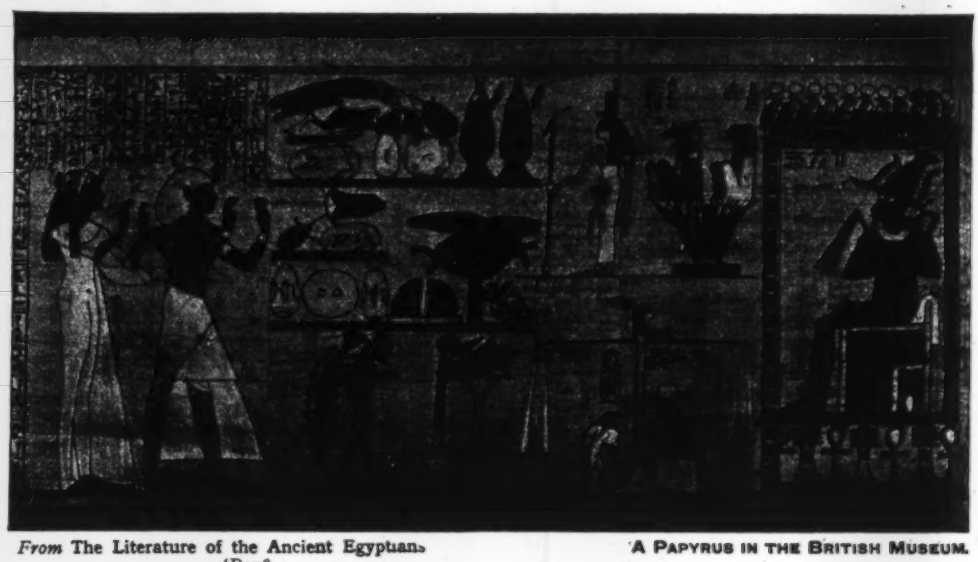

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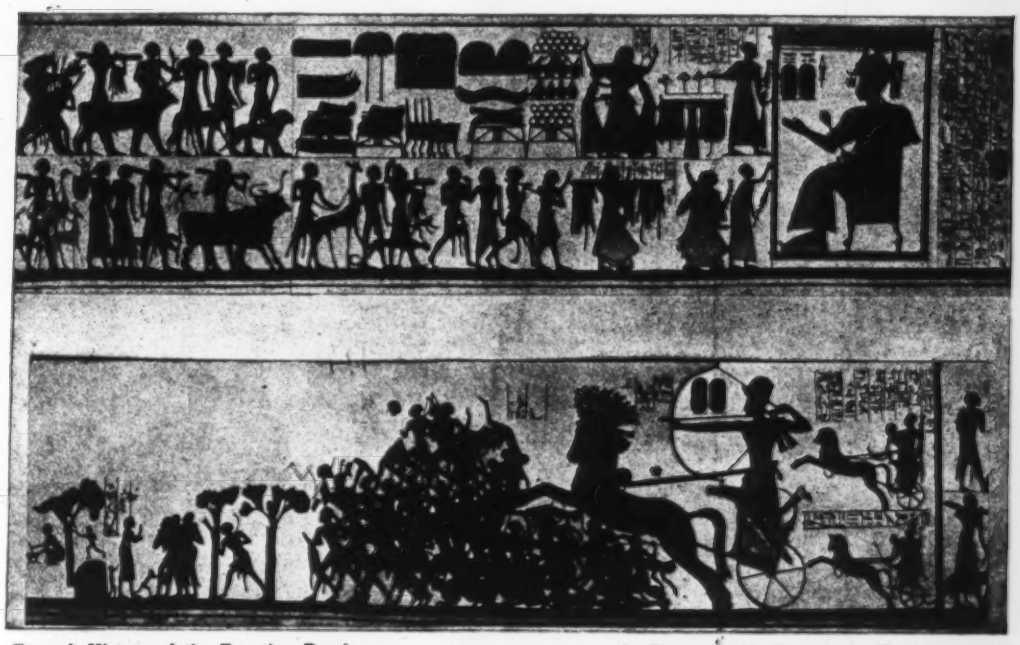

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OLD COURT LIFE IN SPAIN.

By FRANCES M. ELLIOT. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Putnams).

There is probably no country whose early history is so full of romance as Spain, and Miss Elliot has made good use of the ample material at her disposal. The title of these volumes is apt to be misleading. I venture to say that no reader, when he takes them up, finds in them what he expected to find. He is agreeably surprised to meet with nothing but interesting romances told in appropriate language, without any of the tedious accumulations of facts that might easily have found their way into such a work as this. The period covered stretches from the Gothic Kings to Ferdinand and Isabella, after whose reign (as the author rightly says in the preface) the history of Spain lost its peculiar identity and became merged in that of Europe. Read how Doña Ava outwits Don Sancho and releases her husband, of El Cid Campeador and Don Fadique's declaration of love. The story of how the Black Prince reinstated Don Pedro is well told and should be of special interest to English readers. There is a number of illustrations and portraits. The misprints are rare—an uncommon thing in most books about Spain. The list of authorities given is adequate.

From Old Court Life in Spain (*Putnams*).

THE ALHAMBRA AND THE VEGA FROM THE GENERALIFE.

ARGENTINA PAST AND PRESENT.

By W. H. KOEBEL. Second Edition. 20s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

"The Argentine landowner, of any importance whatever, counts the extent of his holding by the league, numbers his live-stock by the thousand, and employs several hundreds of stock-riders, shepherds and labourers to tend the animals and pastures. Thus a really imposing estancia of some fifteen square leagues may carry its twenty-five thousand cattle, its twenty-thousand sheep, and as many thousands of horses as suit the convenience of the place." This is the Argentina of our common thought. But the life of the country is not confined to the work of the great estancias. Trade flourishes, industries of every kind have been established and prosper, and the country is forging ahead at a remarkable pace in every direction. Mr. Koebel is

one of the authorities on Argentina, and it is a sign of our increasing interest in that country that he should have found it necessary to prepare a second edition of this excellent book, which describes the people, the climate, country, customs, cities, manners, morals, work and play of the Argentines. Good advice is given to people who may think of going out to Argentina to seek for fortune : there is scope for them, if they have the proper qualifications, but without these there is little opening for the casual emigrant. " Business capacity, sound knowledge of Spanish, and enough money to live on for six months," will give anyone an opportunity of doing well. Or the capitalist wisely guided and shrewd, will be able to find a splendid home in this delightful land. But the man who has no special trade or aptitude will be no better off than at home, and will have no place in the country. The chapters on Buenos Aires and the towns are no less interesting than those which describe the life of the great ranches, and after reading Mr. Koebel's volume, we have about as good a picture in our mind of Argentina as we could have without undertaking the long voyage. The illustrations are particularly good and numerous, and of the 120 or so, over thirty are fine colour reproductions of charming water-colour paintings by Mr. Christmas.

From Argentina Past and Present (*Black*).

POPLAR TREES OF THE PARANA.

COASTING BOHEMIA.

By J. COMYNS CARR. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Decades, like centuries, have their character. Recently we were invited to consider the " 'nineties," and Mr. Arnold Bennett, in one act of " Milestones," concentrates upon the " 'eighties." The present volume has the note of the last decade but two. It suggests " dress improvers " and Mr. Wilson Barrett's " Hamlet " ; though why the latter should come into my mind I cannot say, as Mr. Comyns Carr never mentions that deceased tragedian, but does enlarge on the art of Henry Irving. Moreover, he had the proud distinction of writing a " King Arthur " for the Lyceum in which Irving and the unextinguishable Ellen Terry appeared. Yet, somehow, the intense, pungent art of Irving seems oddly associated with the rather ponderous manner of Mr. Comyns Carr, who writes in leaderese and indulges himself consistently with sentences like, " I suppose no man at this time of day would have the temerity to hazard a definition of humour," or " The settled gravity of Gilbert's expression, sometimes almost menacing in the sense of slumbering hostility which it conveyed, gave hardly a hint of those sudden flashes of wit which came like quick lightning from a lowering sky, and was as far removed as possible from the sunny radiance of Sullivan's face, wherein the look of resident geniality stood ready on the smallest provocation to reflect every passing mood of quickly responsive appreciation." The papers here reprinted deal with such subjects as Rossetti, Whistler, Burne-Jones, Millais, Sullivan, Meredith and Irving, and make a happy blend of criticism and amiable recollection. The title is unnecessarily alarming, for the book is massively respectable. The port of Mr. Comyns Carr's sea coast in Bohemia is somewhere near the Cromwell Road.

From Prehistoric London (*Scott*).

GLASTONBURY TOR.

From Reminiscences of Tolstoy (*Chapman & Hall*).

TOLSTOY AND HIS SISTER

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY.

By his Son, COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY. Translated by GEORGE CALDERON. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This delightful book, admirably translated, is a real contribution to our knowledge of Tolstoy. Criticisms and interpretations exist in multitudes; here we have something simpler and, in a way, more valuable, for it gives us Tolstoy in his habit as he lived, and as he could be described by no one but a member of the family. With this intimate picture of the man and the range of his work before us, we can provide the most useful criticisms and interpretations ourselves. One thing is clear: such a book should be a final blow to the false image of a remote, detached Tolstoy, saying "Nay" to life, put before us by certain of his disciples. There could hardly have been a more emphatic "Yea-sayer" than he. He had in full measure the "experiencing nature" that Bagehot notes as a mark of great creative genius. Shakespeare is the typical instance. He had the experiencing nature—that exuberant vitality, that acquisitive zest, which combines the infinite capacity of childhood with the wider vision of maturity; Dickens had it; Scott had it; Goethe had it, though in a somewhat patronising way; and Tolstoy certainly had it. We know Tolstoy as one of the world's greatest writers; but here we see him riding faster and more boldly than anyone else in the district, plunging headfirst into water and swimming furiously, tramping about with crowds of dogs, wrestling among the Bashkirs and defeating nearly all his opponents, talking vivaciously with everybody, ordering and planting his estate, learning to read Greek at sight in a few weeks so as to be able to teach his adoring children, drawing pictures to illustrate Jules Verne for them, reading Dumas to them, inventing all sorts of games for them, and devising such expedients as the "Numidian Cavalry" to divert them. This was the manner of the last-named. When he noticed any signs of dullness, sulkiness or irritation in the big family circle of children and sisters and cousins and aunts as they assembled in the *zala*, or great room, up he would jump, and, raising his hand in the air, compel them to follow him as he galloped shouting around the table. After a few turns of this Numidian horsemanship they would sink back in their chairs breathless and hilarious, with all trace of the "blues" utterly vanished. Then there was the "Letter Box" into which all sorts of anonymous contributions—notes, queries, skits, compositions, etc.—were deposited to be read aloud in the evenings. Some of these fugitive leaves contain real flashes of interpretation. One describes the ideals of Tolstoy himself as: (1) Poverty, peace and concord. (2) To burn everything he worshipped and worship everything he burnt. His wife's ideal is described in terms worthy of Barrie: To have one hundred and fifty babies who will never grow up.

CHIEF "NIGHT BIRD."
From A Short History of the Canadian People (*Sampson Low*).

Scarcely a page but contains something quotable. Our space will permit no more than a brief reference to the dog Little 'un who used to go every morning into the study to see if his master were ready to go out for a walk. If Tolstoy were still writing, Little 'un would give him a glance and an almost imperceptible wag, and then lift up his toes so as to walk noiselessly on his pads, and creep across the room to the table under which he would lie silently till his master was ready. If the shades of Tolstoy and Sir Walter could foregather, what a "crack" they would have!

THE DOGES OF VENICE.

By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. With sixteen illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

In about four hundred close pages Mrs. Aubrey Richardson has unfolded the long history of the one hundred and twenty Doges of Venice. It is a remarkable feat of condensation and the book will, doubtless, fill its niche. There is already a great body of history dealing with the splendid pageant of the Venetian Republic, but a book such as this concentrates the gathered information of years. The Doges, like the Popes, make up a gallery of most dissimilar types. For the most part even their names are unknown in England, though Andrea Dandolo, Marino Faliero, Francesco Foscari, and Antonio Grimani are probably exceptions. This history of Venice has something in it

From Reminiscences of Tolstoy
(*Chapman & Hall*).

THE MID-DAY MEAL.

of a Greek tragedy. Its glory fades into such impenetrable darkness, its grandeur into such complete decay that the hand of Fate can almost be traced throughout the centuries. This leader in the Crusades, this stemmer of the East, this powerful, rich, and triumphant state became, at last, impotent, corrupt, and ridiculous. Its setting sun was not serene at the very close of day. After nearly eleven hundred years of independence the Venetian Republic disappeared before the breath of Napoleon's displeasure.

The most famous of the Doges is certainly Marino Faliero (1354–5) whose tragic history has been related by Byron in his drama. He is the only Doge who suffered execution. Next to him must rank Francesco Foscari (1423–57), one of the most powerful of all the Doges, who reigned for thirty-six years, and whose life, too, ended in tragedy — the exile of his own son and his dismissal, at the age of eighty-four, from the ducal office.

Altogether it is a strange and absorbing history that Mrs. Richardson has to tell us. Her narrative is chatty in style and undistinguished in language, but she has a store of facts which would save any book.

CHIEF "SPRING MAN."
From A Short History of the Canadian People
(*Sampson Low*).

OLD STANDARDS.

South Country Sketches.

By JOHN HALSHAM. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

If we would enjoy truth rather than fiction, if we would meditate on peace rather than on the turmoil of the world, let us read, and keep, and read again "Old Standards," by John Halsham. "Good!" we exclaim as we finish "The Oldest Inhabitant," the first sketch in this new volume by the author of "Tellshurst"; and "good" we repeat with added enjoyment as we pass on from page to page. The prose, the admirable, satisfying prose of this book, is so direct and simple that we are never conscious of any labour that may have gone to the making of it. Just so the author would have talked to us, we feel, and told us of the country in which he passes his days, and of the villagers among whom he lives. With quiet, sane philosophy, with humour when humour is not a cruelty, with an intimate understanding yet a broad outlook, these thirty sketches reveal both a rural community and a succession of individuals; both a beautiful land and sky and a spot where men and women are unlovely and pastures are sometimes poor and ill-kept. And, again, the writing reveals the bent of the author's mind—the love for the older ways, combined with a tolerant acceptance of the inevitable horror termed "progress"; the sympathy with those who toil and receive less than those who beg or steal, with those who have given their days to perfecting their skill in one trade rather than with (as the "Demagogue" expresses it) "your nippers learning water-colour painting and singing and dancing and reciting." And certainly, when the "Demagogue" has the fundamental sense of Mr. Halsham's "Demagogues" and the Post Office and the Omnibus and the Clocksmith, the humours and charms of those described here, our sympathies are with them also. A scholar and a poet has here written the chronicle of Bessingworth in convincing prose.

FROM JUNGLE TO ZOO.

By ELLEN VELVIN, F.Z.S. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"It is extremely difficult to realise," writes Miss Velvin, "when watching wild animals lying quietly behind their cages, either in some Zoological Gardens or animal show, the many and various worries and anxieties, the trouble and patience, not to mention frightful dangers, which not only the animals, but those who have had the labour and expense of bringing them to their present quarters, have been through." In this book the author vividly realises all this for you. She describes the lives that are led by the animals in the jungle; the widely-varied methods of hunting and capturing almost every variety of them; how they are transported across deserts, by sea and by rail; deals with their training by men and women; tells many interesting facts about menageries, anecdotes of curious friendships among animals; goes into the question of what it costs to feed and maintain them; tells of their ailments and how they are doctored, and gives an admirable account of what life in the Zoo means to them. It is the most detailed book of its kind that we have come across, and the most interesting.

WOMEN ALL THE WORLD OVER.

By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

The scope of Mrs. Alec Tweedie's book may be indicated by the headings of some of the chapters—"Should Women Propose?" "Bachelor Girls and Old Maid Men." "The Vote." Of course, Mrs. Alec Tweedie points out the immeasurable superiority of the Bachelor Girl to the rest of creation; and being, reasonably enough, convinced, that no man could aspire to union with so refulgent a person as the ideal Bachelor Girl, that last best gift of culture and civilisation, Mrs. Alec Tweedie insists the Bachelor Girl should propose, ought to propose, and indeed one may say, must propose, or the thing might be left undone altogether. Mrs. Alec Tweedie, however, shirks the question. Should a mere man be allowed to decline the Bachelor Girl's proposal? Suppose he were coy? Or, as he is naturally craven, we know (or Mrs. Alec Tweedie can so inform us), suppose he recoiled under the shock of the Bachelor Girl's proposal? Should the Bachelor Girl despise him, and pity his ignorance, or should she sternly do her duty and reproach him in the words of Mrs. Raddle (that great exemplar of married ladies) with being "a base faint-hearted timorous wretch that's afraid" to come up to the scratch? It goes without saying that Mrs. Alec Tweedie fervently desires the Vote because, as she says, "Every really" (*italics* for really) "thinking man or woman would give women the vote." Mrs. Alec Tweedie assures us she loves her sex, and (thinking hard) she has invented a new word with which she concludes her volume, "Good Luck to Namow." The word, she explains, is woman, spelled the wrong way round. Can it mean that Mrs. Alec Tweedie sees things slightly the wrong way round? Or does it mean that she is joking? The great reading public must decide. The book is illustrated with some of the amusing drawings contributed to *The Daily Mirror*, by W. K. Hasledon, by a portrait of Mrs. Alec Tweedie in Moorish costume, and a picture of some nuns who are under a vow not to speak.

From Children of France (*Methuen*).

MADAME LOUISE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV.

From From Jungle to Zoo

MISS CLAIRE HELIOT WITH HER FAVOURITE LION.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BEAVER.

By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. 6s. net. (Wm. Heinemann.)

Mr. Dugmore has earned for himself already the whole-hearted praise and thanks of sportsmen and animal lovers throughout the world, for his magnificent photographs of wild animals in their habits as they live. His latest record is of the beaver, perhaps the most interesting of all animals in the world, the reasoning engineer of beasts, whose works have had an immense effect upon the face of the earth, clearing woodland and forest, and creating fertile tracts of country. Yet the beaver now needs protection to save him from extermination. Once he swarmed over Europe and North America in countless millions, now his very existence is threatened. Mr. Dugmore describes the actual habits of the beaver, how he works, how cleverly he plans and how nicely he adjusts his labours to his plan. To Mr. Dugmore there can be no question as to the beaver's reasoning powers, that all is not merely due to a marvellous instinct is proved by the mistakes the little fellow makes, the miscalculations, the failures. For reason may miscalculate, while instinct is a blind but unerring gift. Mr. Dugmore discards and destroys many of the marvellous tales of beaver doings. But the plain truth, backed by the evidence of the camera, is more truly marvellous than any legendary lore. A tree sixty-six inches in circumference cut down by mere toothwork of a not very large animal, is almost a phenomenon, while it is on record that one stump measured was six feet six inches round. How the beaver makes his dam, provides a second, a third, even a fourth dam below the principal one to neutralize possible floods, stores his winter food, makes canals as much as 1,000 feet long to bring timber to the pond, tunnels high banks for the same end, makes his lodge in two sections, with a bed-chamber whose floor is four to six inches higher than that of the dining and drying-off room. How the community governs itself, etc., etc., provides a wealth of material of which Mr. Dugmore avails himself most happily. And the photographs! They are a splendid record, especially when we remember that the beaver is the shyest of the shy and hard to "take."

A reproduction of one of the colour paintings by Norman Carse, illustrating "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare." (Hodder & Stoughton).

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

A reproduction of one of the colour paintings by Eleanor F. Brickdale, illustrating Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." (Hodder & Stoughton).

Nor saw she save the King, who wrought the charm.

XUM

WHERE HE DWELT: MIND PICTURES OF PALESTINE.

By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. 4s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

As a traveller in Palestine Mark Twain made the mournful admission that lacking the emotional temperament of the pious pilgrim he was unable to describe with the fervour of a devotee anything that he saw there. He beheld only a series of somewhat bleak and unpicturesque landscapes. Dr. Schofield, however, entered on his task of travel and description in quite another spirit. He writes:

"As a Bible student of forty years standing, I have twice visited the Holy Land. The Bible, my spiritual guide before, is now alive on every page with a new and strange beauty; I cannot read a chapter in the Gospels or the many parts of the Old Testament without travelling myself in spirit with the Saviour, or some man of God, seeing what they saw and investing the whole narrative with life."

From "Where He Dwelt" (*Sampson Low*). JACOB'S WELL.

That is the keynote of the work, which is one of picturesque and sympathetic description copiously illustrated with maps and photographic reproductions of scenes of sacred interest. It is written throughout in a devotional vein, the author's evidently deep acquaintance with Holy Writ enabling him to point his narrative with appropriate scriptural allusions. The book is noticeably free from sectarian bias, and, in addition to its forty-three illustrations, contains a useful index.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIO DE JANEIRO.

By A. G. Bell. Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White. 31s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

This large and handsome volume is memorable for its illustrations rather than for its text. The great misfortune of South America to-day is to produce enthusiasm without any equivalent literary talent. The writing in this book is mere journalism, and the whole work gives one the uncomfortable feeling that it is simply a colossal municipal or national advertisement. But, as I say, the illustrations (or, rather, some of the illustrations) are truly remarkable. I am thinking mainly of the photographs—there is crudity in the others. After all, Rio de Janeiro is probably the most beautiful place in the world, and these photographs help one to realise that it has the loveliness of a Shelleyan dream, a pure and thrilling perfection which makes the very recollection of it a delight for ever. This gateway to the wilderness of an unknown land, has the social life of Paris. The Brazilian of the capital may entertain you with the suave polish of breeding and culture, while his brother is for leading a savage and primitive life in the far interior. The veneer of South American civilisation is proverbial, but not nearly so hypothetical as it seems to us. We have yet to understand the basis of their psychology. The Indian and the Latin blood make a curious mixture that is still in the stage of unrest. Brazil itself is passing through a crisis just now—a crisis economic and political. No one can foresee what the future will bring forth.

Mr. Bell evidently knows Rio de Janeiro with what I may term official intimacy. He is armed at all points with enthusiastic information. His tone of cheerful, prattling optimism and good-will is rather depressing, but, of course, he is writing with a definite object. For he is evidently intent on singing the glories of this rich and glowing city. But when will writers learn that statistics are the last things to build up a solid impression? We need a poet to write about Rio de Janeiro. All other writers will bore you in the long run. That is why the photographs, real glimpses that they are, are the most satisfactory part of the book. They re-create in one the longing for the tropics, that strange longing which, like the germ of malaria, never leaves the blood once it has entered. To talk figures about Rio de Janeiro is to break the charm (I am avoiding them here altogether), but to gaze at it in these photographs is to taste the sunlight and the peace.

From Woman all the World Over (*Hutchinson*). A DUTCH BEAUTY.

Rio de Janeiro lies at the foot of the mountain spur, in the semicircle of a bay studded with islands. Its situation is the most romantic imaginable, and its luxuriant and tropical setting gives a perennial summer to its inhabitants. Within the last decade enormous material improvements have transformed the town itself into one of the most imposing of

From Jungle Sport in Ceylon (*Methuen*).

TERAVAI REST HOUSE.

cities. This immense town of about a million people contains all the wealth and splendour of the huge Brazils. A Queen of Cities indeed, but a queen whose beauty is tinged with poison and decay. The face of the land is fair, but there is much darkness in her heart. Like a deadly flower, she offers you death in an enticing form. She can corrupt you with her smile. Beware of the fascination of tropical cities! "See Naples and then die" applied to Rio de Janeiro may be more a matter of necessity than of delight! I am not thinking so much of actual health (we know that the yellow fever has been wiped out) as of the subtle and evil influence of the land. But for a visit of a few weeks, it is the ideal and only spot. Who will ever forget the first sight of Rio Bay or the view from the eastern edge of Corcovado Peak?

It is almost impossible to write a book about Rio de Janeiro that shall not be interesting, and, withal, Mr. Bell is a long way from achieving the impossible.

WITH THE TIN GODS.

By MRS. HORACE TREMLETT. With 24 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

One can well imagine, after reading this book, that the lady who proposes to go to Nigeria should possess a stout heart and a good constitution. But those unhappy wights who possess not these desiderata can, from Mrs. Tremlett's brightly-written and thoroughly entertaining volume, acquire a vast amount of stimulating information as well as amusement second-hand, and whilst comfortably ensconced in a cosy chair by the winter fireside. The author has a distinct gift for description, and calls up very vividly the scenes and incidents of her travels with a quite masterly pen, and a nice sense of chronological detail. What she has to say about the women of Nigeria is particularly interesting. For example: "Sometimes a woman is born who is neither to bind nor to hold. She cares nothing either for the doctrines of her religion or the opinion of her people. Her individuality is enforced by a powerful will, and she becomes easily a paramount power in her town or village. She rules her father and her brothers at home, and later her husband, with her native wit and the sharp edge of her tongue; and honour and respect are hers to the end of her days. There are not, however, fortunately for the peace of the country, many women of this type. One hears of them occasionally when trouble is brewing amongst the natives, for they are generally at the root of tribal disturbances, and the names of some of them have been handed down among the makers of history in Hausaland." The book is something more than a record of travel, and the author is something of a student of human nature. Occasionally there is a note interrogatory that we should not like to have to answer dogmatically. "I saw a great many aching hearts in Nigeria," says Mrs. Tremlett, who writes throughout as "a womanly woman," "and I believe that nine men out of every ten are there to get away from some woman, either for her good or their own." Mrs. Tremlett has her own views on political matters, and does not hesitate to express them with urbane frankness. She does not consider it an advantage that the white population of Nigeria should consist entirely of officials. "One cannot help feeling," she says, "that money which comes out of the pockets of the British taxpayer is equally well employed in safeguarding the interests of miners"—the natives have worked iron, lead and tin for centuries—"and agriculturists, as of soldiers and policemen." She thinks the day not

From With the Tin Gods (*Lane*).

A SHAVE IN THE MARKET PLACE.

far distant when "the despised miner will come into his own." Here we have a book full of thought, which all interested in colonial development would do well to read and digest. The photographs are excellent, but a good index would add greatly to the value of the book.

SHOTS AND SNAPSHOTS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

By E. Bennet. 12s. net. (Longmans.)

It is an unfortunate circumstance that the big game shooter should, for the most part, be a man who has no gift for literary expression. His exploits may be as wonderful as those of Munchausen, but when he reduces them to writing they leave the reader cold and unimpressed. In the literature of this branch of sport there are very few books which anyone would wish to consult a second time except as a guide. Lieut.-Col. Paterson is the only author who, in recent times, has composed a classic. His "Man Eaters of Tsavo" for vivid description and that literary gift of attractive construction and writing, stands out like an oasis in a dull barren waste of words. Mr. Bennet, though he has not equalled Col. Paterson in his record of his big game shooting in British East Africa, has at least composed a work of extraordinary interest—a work too that everybody who goes on the same quest should have stowed away among his luggage. The photographs of which there are nearly four dozen, are really wonderful, and the chapter on "Game Animals" is a complete compendium of everything there is worth shooting in British East Africa. The usefulness of the book is further enhanced by an exhaustive account of the outfit necessary, of the cost of the arms and ammunition, and of the various hunting routes, and by an excellent index, and two maps, showing the game preserves. The author tells some amusing stories of would-be sportsmen who come out from Europe with no previous knowledge of rifle shooting. One wealthy French nobleman never hit anything, and at last his white hunter and five Somali gun boys rounded up a lion at 5 a.m. and kept it till 8 a.m., when he had comfortably finished breakfast. He came up close with a selection of rifles, took careful aim—and hit a Somali.

From Antarctic Adventure (*Fisher Unwin*).

PENGUINS PROMENADE AT CAPE ADARE.

THE SECRETS OF A GREAT CATHEDRAL.

By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence-Jones, M.A., D.D. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

The "secrets," as a fore-word explains, relate to no one cathedral in particular, but to many, and the author, who is Dean of Gloucester and Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy, traces the development of Romanesque architecture, which he points out, is not a corruption of the classic Roman style as some authorities affirm,

From Shots and Snapshots in East Africa (*Longmans*).

KIKUYU AND THEIR HUT: KARARA.

From The Secrets of a Great Cathedral (*Dent*).

S. GIOVANNI EVANGELISTA RAVENNA.

but a falling-back to the earliest Roman form of architecture, before it had become affected by Greek influence. Chapters are devoted to the Triforium (or Gallery), the Lady Chapel, and other features of cathedral architecture, and there is an interesting description of the crypt of St. Peter's, Rome, which contains the tomb of St. Peter with its great gold cross, completely enclosed in a stone altar. We are told how, in 1594, owing to a portion of the ground giving way the tomb and the golden cross were exposed to view, and Pope Clement, who had been hastily sent for, gave orders for the aperture to be immediately built over. The book, which is illustrated by sketches and coloured plates, should appeal to all students of architecture. The author has been mindful of the necessity of an index.

THE HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE IMPERIAL VISIT TO INDIA, 1911.

10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Never, surely, was a more sumptuous volume published at the price of half-guinea than this "Historical Record," compiled for and published by the Government of India, and the volume makes a timely appearance when all the peoples of the King-Emperor's Indian Empire are testifying to their unity in loyalty, when Indian troops are fighting side by side with British soldiers on the European Continent. The great Coronation Durbar at Delhi was an event without precedent, for, splendid as had been previous Durbars, it was the first occasion on which it had been presided over by the monarch in person, and there will be thousands of people, both at home and in India, who will welcome this magnificent souvenir. Here is given a full record of the journey out to the East, and of all the successive changes in that veritable kaleidoscope of pageantry which centred in the celebration at Delhi, a record which combines vividness of description with the compilation of historical data, and succeeds in giving a very real impression not only of the splendour of successive episodes in the great progress, but also of the extent and diversity of the lands under the British Raj. The magnificent series of portraits of Indian rulers would indeed of itself suffice to give this last, for the volume is as remarkable for its array of photographs and other illustrations as it is for its full and vivid text. The impression that we gather from the whole is much the same as that which must have been received by those who witnessed the appearance of their Imperial Majesties before the assembled masses of their Indian subjects: "The scene was a memorable one. The massive sandstone wall of the Fort, surmounted by the white pavilions of the Palace, stretched away on either side of the one small balcony where their Majesties were standing; while some twenty-five feet below, and extending without a break to the thread of river in the distance, were hundreds of thousands of the King-Emperor's own subjects, acclaiming their Sovereign as no ruler of India within modern times had ever yet been hailed. It showed most clearly the tremendous living force of that innate loyalty and devotion to the person of the Sovereign which many years without the presence of a monarch might well have abated, if not entirely destroyed." The Coronation Durbar was a great idea greatly carried out, and in this magnificent book we have a fine memorial of it put within the reach of all.

BY THE WATERS OF SICILY.

By NORMA LORIMER. (Stanley Paul.)

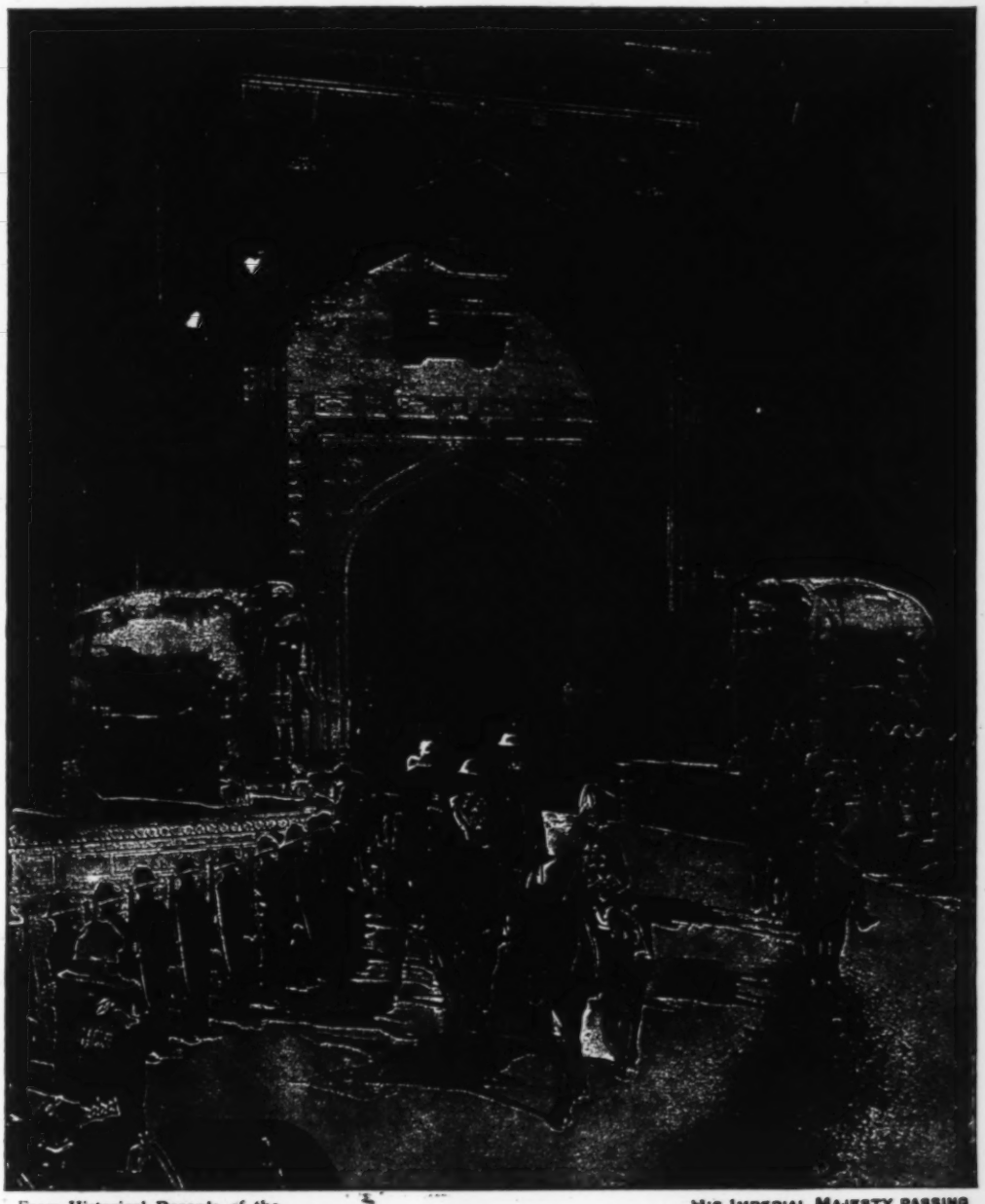
A new edition of a book written at the beginning of the century. There has apparently been little revision or modification of the original form, for the copious references to the events of the Boer War are left where they stood. Surely Miss Lorimer should have omitted such obsolete material (it is only reports of the campaign), in bringing her book up to date. The book is in the form of sentimental letters written from Syracuse, Castrogiovanni, Girgenti and Palermo.

From By the Waters of Sicily (*Paul*).

THE CLOISTER OF THE EREMITE.

A MAINSAIL HAUL.

Sufficient to itself and its purpose as each book is that has come out of Scott's tragic success, the account of the expedition would not be complete without this most interesting volume[1] from Mr. Priestley's pen. The author was meteorologist and geologist to the Northern Party, under the leadership of Commander Campbell, R.N., and his book is the record of two years of work, isolation, adventure and dire privation on the edge of the Antarctic continent. It was just after the establishment of winter quarters for the main party, whence Scott and his ill-fated companions were to start for the Pole, that the *Terra Nova* weighed anchor and went in search of suitable quarters for the Northern Party. This was on January 27th, 1912; and on February 3rd, as the vessel doubled the eastern headland of the Bay of Whales, a stranger was sighted, lying at anchor there. But she was soon made out to be the *Fram*! When the usual courtesy visits between officers and crews were over, the *Terra Nova* went on her way, with her chiefs impressed by the striking fitness of Amundsen's men and dogs—the dogs especially. From that day they knew that their own Southern Party had a formidable opponent, who would race his utmost to be first at the Pole; and one cannot help wondering why the *Terra Nova* did not at once put back and acquaint Scott with the fact that Amundsen was already making his preparations on the Great Ice Barrier. However, they continued their search, and were presently landed for a six weeks' exploration tour, which proved to be successful enough; but when the time was up, no *Terra Nova* returned for them. She could not get back. Their tents were blown to smithereens, and the party was forced to live for months in a cave where they could not stand upright, blinded by the smoke of blubber-fed lamps, nerve-wracked by the everlasting hurricanes, frost-bitten, and subsisting on such food as they could get from seals, penguins, seaweed and the medicine-chest!—and often not enough of that. The story of those months makes one of



From Historical Records of the Imperial Visit to India (*Murray*).

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY PASSING OUT OF THE FORT.

[1] "Antarctic Adventure: Scott's Northern Party." By Raymond E. Priestley. With a Map and 150 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

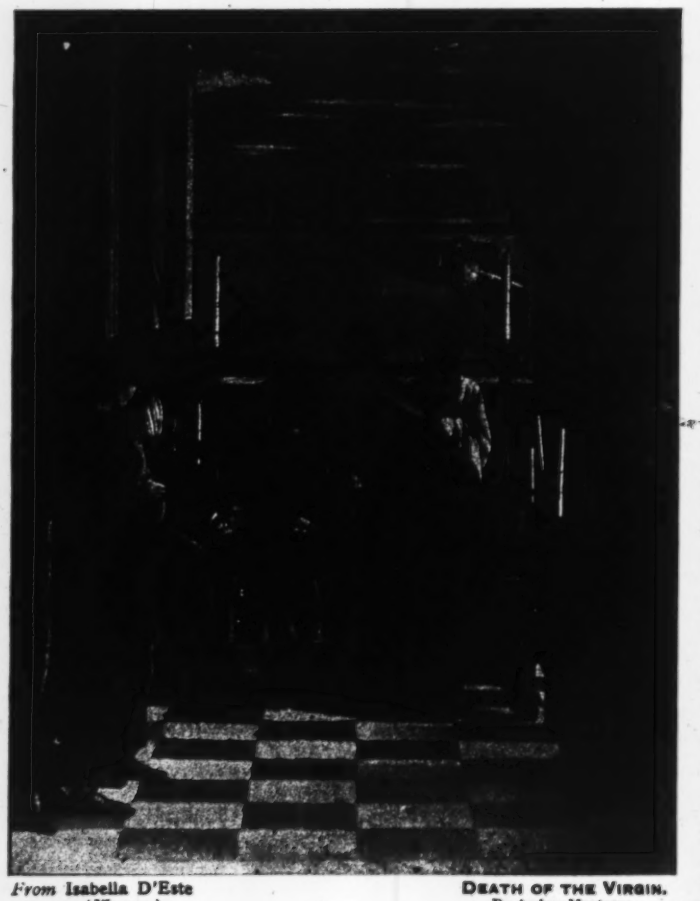
the most absorbing, tragi-humorous chapters in the whole records of polar exploration.

Commander Currey we know well as the author of that informative and stirring book, "Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean." Here[1] he writes with considerable interest on much better-known phases of sea-faring, *i.e.* British, French and Spanish men-o'-war, mostly British. After a good look at the Moslem pirates, mainly for the purpose of describing their galleys and those of the Genoese, Venetians, etc., he tells us what he rightly terms "the extraordinary story 'of a Protestant condemned to the Galleys of France for his Religion,'" wherein we are treated to as fine an instance of the British fighting spirit as one could find in a day's reading. Then stage by stage we have once more traced for us the evolution of the English man-o'-war from Tudor times down to the coming of the ironclad. But this is not done in the usual dry, historical way. On the contrary, Commander Currey conveys his information chiefly by the way of fights, and the cleverness with which he does it is deserving of all praise. At a time like this, when our Navy is fighting the enemy—whenever the latter shows himself—and keeping the seas open for our merchantmen, this book is of special interest, inasmuch as it shows how very differently such things were done in "the good old days." Amongst its many illustrations the book contains some suggestive ones that prove the damaging power of hard-nosed projectiles on armour-plate.

In these times of much travelling for the purpose of making many books that are seldom of more than passing interest, it is unusual to meet with the record of a D.D.'s wanderlust. For this reason Dr. Stuck's volume[2] should have an interest of its own, and it has that. Throughout the long journeys, whereof the book treats in a generally moving way that never rises very high nor sinks to banality, we see continually the man, not the divine, for which we are duly thankful. Of course, the latter pushes up his venerable head on occasions, and rightly so—less could not be expected. Yet even when he does appear there is nothing unctuous about him; he is still quite human, and again we are gratified. But, oh! why did he not give us better English? Or did he think that a travel book need not be written either with an eye to grammar or concessions to taste in words? Just think of a D.D. writing: "The dogs were those that I had used the previous winter." "I decided to make a cache of the greater part of our load . . . returning for the stuff in the morning." "It was late on the night of our single day of rest when I got to bed . . . and when I got to bed I did not get to sleep." This may be well enough for readers in Alaska, and at the outposts of empire generally; but a D.D. ought to know that the hub of the Empire expects more of him than this. The doctor is Archdeacon of the Yukon, and his "journeys were connected primarily

From **Strangers Within the Gates** (*Blackwood*).

AKBAR II. HOLDING HIS COURT IN THE DIVAN-I-KHAS.
(Painting by Shiek Alan in the India Office.)



From **Isabella D'Este** (*Murray*).

DEATH OF THE VIRGIN.
By Andrea Mantegna.
(*Photo* Hauser and Menet, Madrid.)

[1] "The Man-of-War: What She has Done and What She is Doing." By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N. 3s. 6d. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[2] "Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled: A Narrative of Winter Travel in the Interior of Alaska." By Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

with the administration of the extensive work of the Episcopal Church in the interior of Alaska." As a matter of fact, they covered more like 15,000 miles than 10,000, and excellent human "stuff" they make. The coloured illustrations are very beautiful, and certain of the black-and-white ones are of a distinct sort.

From Prehistoric London (*Scott*).

ABIRI RESTORED.

It is a long, long cry from Dr. Stuck's narrative of sledging in Alaska to Mr. Cornford's brevities[4] of the Navy as we know it—or rather as it is known in naval ports, and as it should be known to the nation. Mostly disguised as fiction, and thoroughly entertaining as such, we get certain glimpses of officers and bluejackets, of service routine aboard and relaxation ashore. They are not all good. Even as yarns merely, two or three—such as "A Matter of Prestige"—are hardly worthy of appearance between covers, except to act as foils to the fine quality of "The Old Ship," "A Near Thing," "A Coastguard Wedding," and some others. Both in matters of interest and execution the stories are unequal, as ninety per cent. of such collections are; but the main point of the measure of their quality is that they present faithful pictures of naval life, and that is more than can be said of one so-called naval yarn, in every hundred. Lord Charles Beresford has supplied the book with an appreciative preface.

With Mr. Chatterton we are all at sea—I mean, that he at once gets an offing, so to write, and keeps us at sea, or at least with a decidedly sea atmosphere about us, throughout his 316 pp.[5] He not only retells the beginning of piracy, with special reference to those of the Scandinavian and the Mediterranean varieties, and with what must be great interest to the uninitiated; but he treats his readers to intimate particulars concerning such eminencies in nautical rascality as Teach the Rover, Captains Kidd and Avery, Paul Jones, and scoundrels of less degree; and winds up with a couple of excellent chapters on the pirates of the further east. Truth to tell, the only fault we find in the book is that the type is too small, and the lines are set too closely together. The illustrations are to the point; and the book is sure to make a large appeal to boys, while grown-ups will find it both instructive and entertaining.

J. E. PATTERSON.

[4] "Echoes from the Fleet." By L. Cope Cornford. With a Preface by Admiral the Right Honourable Lord Charles W. D. Beresford, M.P., G.C.B., etc. 2s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

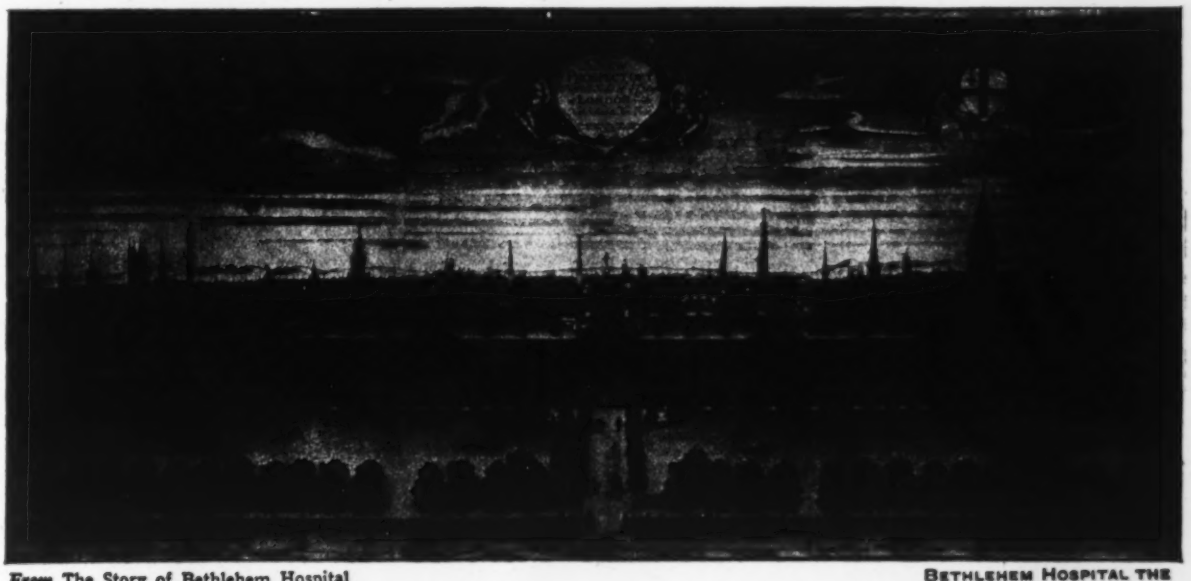
[5] "The Romance of Piracy." By E. Keble Chatterton, B.A. Oxon. 5s. (Seeley, Service.)

STRANGERS WITHIN THE GATES.

By GABRIELLE FESTING. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

There have been many romances of history: none surely so varied or so picturesque, as the story of our unique achievements in India. As Professor Seeley was at much pains to demonstrate, the work was occupation, not conquest. The trading Company, so constantly hampered by the anxiety of its Directors about dividends, had no fixed or continuous policy of annexation. It was a Frenchman, indeed, who first dreamed of ownership and Empire. Only the positive necessity for maintaining its own existence—only the natural rivalry with France, then raging in Europe—induced those on the spot to take up arms, enter into alliances with native princes, occupy towns and erect fortresses.

Miss Festing has told once more the wonderful story of our gradual entering into that great inheritance; and has put new life into the most fascinating of romances.



From The Story of Bethlehem Hospital (*Fisher Unwin*).

BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL THE SECOND IN MOORFIELDS.

From **With the Poor Immigrants to America** (*Macmillan*).

OLD SAMUEL JUDIE PHILOSOPHIZING ON LIFE.

MODERN PIG-STICKING.

By MAJOR WARDROP. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

We have all been reading lately of a pig captured by some jovial French soldiers who came out of their trench in the stilly night to pursue their prey. In the morning soldiers from a neighbouring trench, hearing of the capture, arrived to claim the pig as their property. "What cheek!" cries the teller of the tale. A pretty quarrel ensued and in the midst of it shrapnel fell. "But do you imagine Prussian bullets concluded our argument? No, Sir! Bullets rained, the pig squeaked, we squabbled!" A distracted officer adjured them, "For the love of Heaven, get back to your guns! Cut the pig in two!" Thus a second Solomon came to judgment, the quarrel was adjusted, and everyone had roast pork. Not less dangerous than the French essay are the frays after pig described in Major Wardrop's rattling pages. But the pig—how different!

> "A boar that will charge like the Light Brigade
> Is the bravest brute God ever made!"

Chapters are contributed to Major Wardrop's book by other "eminent authorities" upon the pig, and Captain Medlicott desiring a foeman, so to speak, worthy of his spear, being asked, "What do you consider the best pig-sticking country?" replies, "Give me a Bengal hog in Guzerat country," avowing him to be, "Game to the last, with defiant-eye!" The spirited illustrations are vouched for as being accurate as well; and the book, though of practical value to the sportsman, will appeal more to the general reader, of course, as a story of adventures.

THE CASE OF BELGIUM IN THE PRESENT WAR.

1s. net. (Macmillan.)

Messrs. Macmillan have published for the Belgian Delegates to the United States a full and careful account of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and of the laws of War on Belgian territory. There is a detailed statement of these violations, and a verbatim record of the proceedings and findings of the Commission of Enquiry. It is a terrible indictment against Germany, and a historical document of the greatest value.

From **Modern Pigsticking** (*Macmillan*).

WE MUST HAVE GONE LIKE THIS FOR A HUNDRED YARDS.

MEMORIES.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Illustrated by MAUD EARL. 5s. (Heinemann.)

A book that should on no account be missed by any lover of animals is "Memories," a short character-study of a dog, by John Galsworthy. It is issued artistically in the form of a gift-book, and contains some beautiful illustrations by Maud Earl. Mr. Galsworthy's understanding and great love of animals is, of course, well known, and "Chris" is the subject of one of the most moving and delightful dog studies we have ever read. Chris is a spaniel, and, reading of his many quaint characteristics and loveable ways, one realises how he must have endeared himself to those who knew him. His sense of reality was peculiarly marked. "He could not, for instance, stand actors or actresses giving readings of their parts, perceiving at once that the same had no connection with the minds and real feelings of the speakers; and, having wandered a little to show his disapproval, he would go to the door and stare at it till it opened and let him out." The illustrations of "Chris" are wonderfully lifelike, and high praise is due to the artist. It is a book that leaves a haunting memory, a book that is not easily forgotten.

From Memories (*Heinemann*).

WHEN HE CARRIED MANY BIRDS AND HARES IN A VERY TENDER MANNER.
From coloured illustration by Maud Earl.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Bolivia. By Paul Walle. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Orient Express. By Arthur Moore. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

It is a relief to find that this book on Bolivia, well translated by Mr. Bernard Miall from the French of Paul Walle, is unlike those ecstatic volumes on Latin-American countries which we have so often shuddered at. Monsieur Walle is nothing if not thorough—he was commissioned by the French Ministry of Commerce—he examines every aspect of Bolivian life, more specially as it interests the foreigner, and he does not imitate, for example, Mr. Percy Martin, who, in his large books on Mexico, Salvador, etc., sees apparently very little difference between these countries and the Garden of Eden, except in so far as they are inhabited by the most eminent planters and the most glorious railway pioneers; while they also differ from it in that they have, like the colonnade in front of St. Peter's (according to Browning) "both arms open to embrace the entry of the human race." Mr. Walle does not pour undiluted praise over all things Bolivian, and he is consequently far more interesting, while his book does not give one the exasperating impression of being a mere series of advertisements. Bolivia is a country of which all save a very few are entirely ignorant, although England is taking a good share in its development. The Antofagasta Railway is exceedingly well described in this book. Time was when, owing to a diplomatic dispute, the maps used in Bolivia omitted Great Britain; we do not know whether they were supplied by the European War Lord—they let

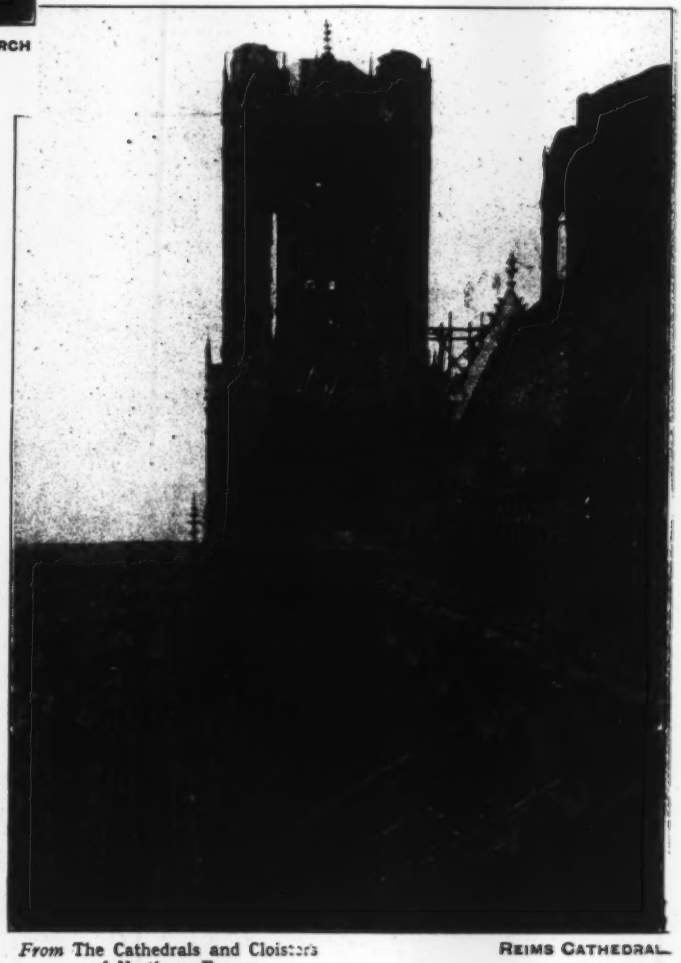
From Antarctic Adventure (*Fisher Unwin*).

COMMANDER V. L. A. CAMPBELL, R.N.

From The History of Beaminster (*Barnicott*). BEAMINSTER CHURCH TOWER, N.W.

We suspect that what Mr. Moore does not know about the Persians is not worth knowing. "They are blest," he tells us, "with the happiest and most delightful sense of humour. It is fortunate that there is always laughter in Persia . . . ." And it is fortunate that this shrewd and sympathetic gentleman from Tyrone happened to be in Tabriz during the stirring days, for if no great political achievements are to be expected from any Persian parties, one may, at all events, add to the world's stock of wise laughter. "It is fortunate," says he, "that there is always laughter in Persia, for if the laughter stopped there would be room for tears." Mr. Moore may, as he tells us, dislike the effort of writing, but he must think it was worth while to have drawn such vivid portraits and to have depicted so clearly some of the baffling movements of the Turkish days of change. Hilim Pasha lives for us in these pages, and the whole of the young Turk movement is made comprehensible. Years ago we used to think that Mr. Moore's heart was exclusively in the Balkans, but one should remember that a true appreciation of the Balkan peoples must be founded also in an understanding of the Oriental. Whatever enmity there may be between these vigorous Christians and the Moslem, they have not dwelt together for so many years without profoundly influencing one another, or rather it is the Oriental who has worked his way into the soul of the Balkan populace; and anyone really qualified to write about the one may well be qualified to write about the other. What can be more Oriental than some of the Bulgarian proverbs, which we happen to have collected in that country? "God is too high, the King is too far"; "It is good to have friends, even in Hell"; "The works of God are not completed"—which is perfectly Semitic—"That house is unhappy wherein the hen crows." And all the folk-songs which express undying hatred of the Turk

the North Sea and the broad Atlantic float across the land we occupy—but this is a misunderstanding of the past, and there is now a perfect friendliness between Bolivia and Great Britain. Mr. Walle does not exaggerate the prospects of Bolivia, and he is not indiscreet enough to speak of any enterprise in the glowing terms that Mr. Martin uses for the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, which, to his sorrow and that of many others, has since gone into liquidation. Every form of industry which prevails, or should prevail, in Bolivia is investigated; mining, of course, is among the most important, and among the most interesting is the trade in coca, that useful and pernicious substance. When Mr. Walle deals with the more remote parts of the country we are often reminded of Mr. Roosevelt's fascinating lecture last summer before the Royal Geographical Society, and while the political and educational condition of Bolivia is not what so closely concerns us as the commercial prospects, yet Mr. Walle does not fail to consider them in the same lucid and honest fashion. "But there are non-official candidates," he says, "who are even hostile to the Government . . . in default of official support they are forced to resort to that most excellent councillor, a sum of money intelligently distributed. Rarely does the Government seek to invalidate the adversary thus elected; for it is just as well that there should be a few protesting voices among the compact majority." And yet the system there in vogue is pretty well suited for the country; and whether improvements will or will not be made, there is much there that is good and some things that are very good. For instance, the trees in the rubber districts, "undulating in the wind, seem like the parks of some destroyed Eden; they are often so burdened with flowers that when the wind blows it is as though the snow were falling."



From The Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France (*Putnam's*). REIMS CATHEDRAL

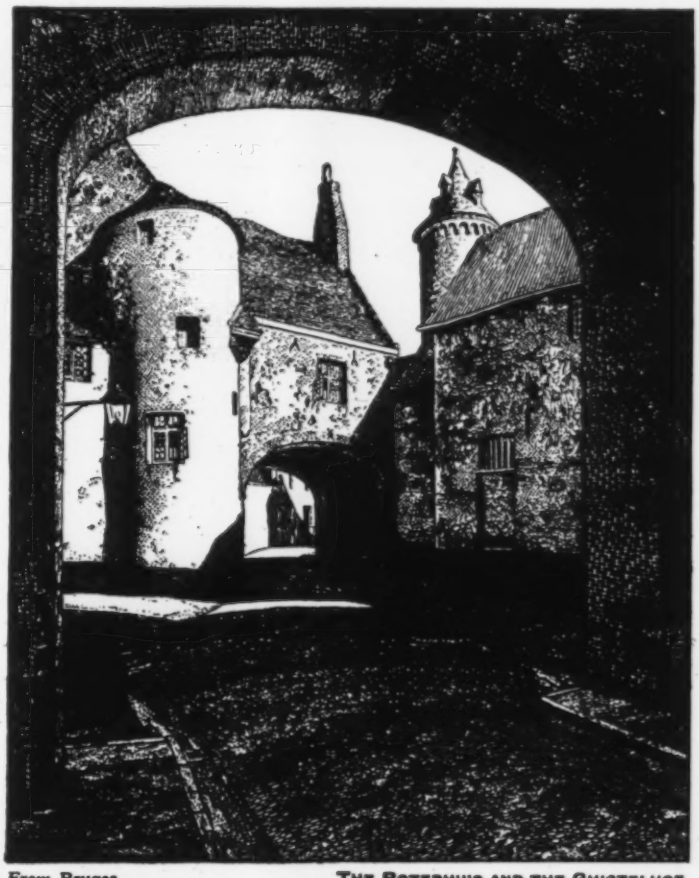
—that terrible one, for example, of Buljuk Pasha—are no argument to the contrary. Mr. Moore's knowledge of the Balkan peoples has enabled him to make for us some illuminating comparisons. "The ordinary Armenian of the town," says he, "has frequently the worst characteristics of a subject race. . . . But there is an Armenian peasant, a true mountaineer, who has qualities of bravery that merit comparison with the grit of Bulgar peasants, and has in addition an element of poetry which a Serb cannot eclipse." We need scarcely say that Mr. Moore gives us also several keen and amusing pen sketches of individual Armenians, for he is a practised writer and yet retains a certain agreeable and unprofessional manner. We wish we had room in which to speak with more detail of his serious contribution, not merely to our political but to our commercial knowledge, for he makes a very acute examination of British interests in their various aspects. We have said that he is a practised writer, who knows, for instance, how to transcribe the talk of Orientals. And Mr. Miall, the translater of the Bolivian book, presents us with this: "One has only to glance at the map of Bolivia, open as it is to the trade of five neighbour states, to realise that smuggling must be in a flourishing condition and account for a respectable commercial movement." The interesting footnotes with which Mr. Miall has sprinkled this book seem to prove that he is not a bad but a humorous translator.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE HISTORY OF BEAMINSTER.

By RICHARD HINE. With 40 Illustrations and Maps. 20s. net. (Barnicott & Pearce.)

Beaminster is an old-world Dorset town, little known, maybe, to many of us, but with a many-coloured, curiously interesting history of its own that has at last found an exhaustive and very admirable narrator in Mr. Richard Hine. It has memories that go back to the days of the Romans—"the hills around furnish us with ample evidence of Roman occupation, and also of the Ancient Britons who dwelt there ages before the invader drove them from their homes." In an opening chapter, Mr. Hine deals fully with this dim, fascinating period of its story, and traces its emergence into clearer and more definite life down through the Norman era, through Elizabethan times, to its development in recent years. Subsequent chapters amplify the record in setting forth the annals of the town's various institutions. There are excellent chapters on Beaminster Church; on the influence that Nonconformity has exercised in the town; on Beaminster "Charities"; its Manor Houses, Inns and Taverns, Schools, Public Works, Volunteers, and Industries. Mr. A. M. Broadley contributes a dissertation on "Beaminster and its Worthiness"—one of the most interesting sections of a book that is full of interest for all who are drawn to the romance that lies behind even the commonplace lives and places of to-day. We have always held that every town of any age has a history worth telling, if only the right student will delve into its dusty, half-forgotten memorials, and this handsome volume of Mr. Hine's entirely confirms us in that conviction.



From Bruges (*Batsford*).

THE BOTERHUIS AND THE GHISTELHOF.

BRUGES.

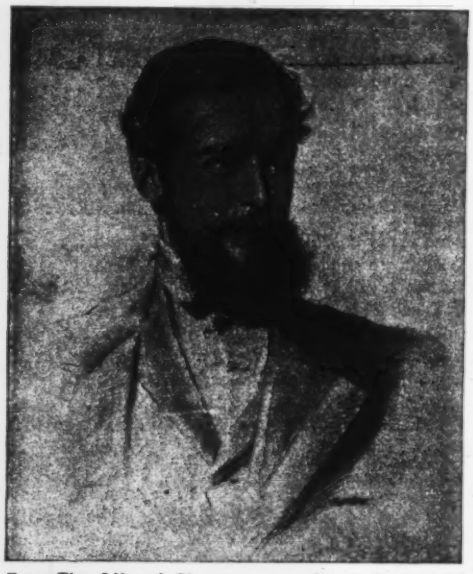
A Record and an Impression. By MARY STRATTON. With Illustrations by CHARLES WADE. 5s. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

Six months ago this charming book with its words and pictures showing us the beauty and history of the old Flemish town might have been looked upon with the calm, pleasurable interest one bestows upon a new photograph of an old friend. To-day, however, we look upon it with a quickened, anxious interest added to our pleasure of recognition, as one might look upon the face of a friend in danger. Its chapters, its illustrations, its very end-papers—a "Sketch Plan of Bruges"—are seen with new eyes. Its pages tell us of the prosperity, importance, vicissitudes and beauty of Bruges in the past, and unconsciously remind us that Bruges's history, is by no means finished; that danger is still within her gates; and that her beauty may be devasted before the winter snow has fallen upon her belfry and towers. The illustrations, models, of care and taste revealing the true quaintness of her archways and squares, bridges and convents, impress on us the fact that domineering soldiers are now clattering through the streets we are feasting our eyes upon, and that a bursting shell may at any moment shatter these treasures of architecture. The "Sketch Plan of Bruges," has value added to it quite apart from that it would have possessed six months ago, it shows us the shape of the old city, and suggests its use strategically. Mrs. Stratton's book has this double value impressed upon it. It is an informing record from an able and understanding mind, and it is a picture of an old friend it is possible we may never see in quite the same beauty again. Both author and artist have done good work in this volume, quiet and appreciative and admirable in every way.

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS.

By JOSEPH KNOWLES. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

This is one of the few modern books likely to become a classic. Unlike all other high things in recent literature, it owes absolutely nothing to the art with which it is written. It is merely an artless, rambling description of an extraordinary adventure. Since the days of Rousseau many men have talked about the return to nature and the reversion to the simple life, but Mr. Joseph Knowles is the first man to throw off completely all the weapons



From The Life of Sir John Lubbock (*Macmillan*).

LORD AVEBURY.

and habits of civilisation, and revert to the ways of life of primitive man. In the summer of last year, he stripped off his clothes and went with empty hands into the forest of Maine, with the rain streaming on his bare body. His intention was to see if he could live alone in the wilderness, without firearms, matches, clothing, shelter, or even a knife, as men had done at the beginning of the Stone Age. He carried out the experiment for two months. At the end of that time a wild Robinson Crusoe figure issued from the Canadian side of the forest. He was clad in a bearskin, armed with a rough bow and arrows and a knife made from the horn of a deer, and he carried a basket woven from the fibre of the cedar tree. It was Joseph Knowles, triumphant, but hungry for intercourse with his fellow creatures. The story of his achievement is wonderfully romantic, and as it was undertaken with the help of some men of science at Harvard University it is also of great practical interest.

From The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford (*Methuen*).

CRISTINA, WIFE OF 4TH MARQUESS OF WATERFORD, MOTHER OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

THE STORY OF YONE NOGUCHI.

Told by HIMSELF. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, made a great many friends when he visited London last spring—as the article from his pen, which appears on another page of this number of THE BOOKMAN, abundantly proves—and explains. For the charm of that article is exactly his own, a charm far profounder than that of oddity or quaintness; it is the charm, not of something eccentric, but of something especially sane, a beautiful unspoiled simplicity. And this book of his, "The Story of Yone Noguchi," a series of unattached autobiographical chapters, helps us to understand how that pure honesty of mind and of heart was preserved. It seems certain that he was protected, by his ignorance of western languages, as by an invisible veil, until his developing genius had fairly set; for he crossed to America when but a boy and for a long time whilst he lived and dreamed there, he was divided from the people about him by his contented inability to converse—he drifted among them almost like one who was born dumb.

From The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford (*Macmillan*).

SIR JOHN DE LA POER BERESFORD, 4TH MARQUESS OF WATERFORD, FATHER OF LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

"I used to carry paper and pencil, when I had to go out on some business, and write down what I wanted to say I was often taken for a deaf mute." He himself is diffidently aware of the privilege of this charmed time. "If I had but stayed as such" he says, a little wistfully, "all the years of my western life, with my thought in the golden silence whose other name is meditation, I might have become ten times wiser." It is quite possible—but even as it is he is ten times as wise as more precocious folk, who lisp in logic and are men of the world when at school. He escaped the dreadful civilised scourge of premature sophistication. He grew up, but remained humble. And wisely humble he still delicately remains. These memories of his are very delightful, strewn with clear comments, and occasionally flashing an unconscious criticism that startles us by the unintended cruelty of its truth, like the discomforting sight of an unexpected mirror. It is written in that naïf English of his which is not so much broken as crinkled, and it has the advantage of the companionship of half-a-dozen coloured sketches by his friend and fellow-countryman, Mr. Yoshio Markino. Of these, the frontispiece portrait of Mr. Noguchi is the best.

ITALY'S FOREIGN AND COLONIAL POLICY.

Selections from the Speeches of Senator Tommaso Tittoni. Translated by BERNARDO DI SAN SEVERINO. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"We remain faithful to the Triple Alliance which has shown itself an efficient instrument for peace. This same Triple Alliance has not prevented us, as was feared, from keeping up our traditional friendship with England, nor from coming to a rapprochement with France." These words of Senator Tittoni, spoken, of course, before the war, have all the sound of belonging to another epoch. Yet in examining the drift of Italy's foreign policy during the last ten years or so, and comparing it with the policy of to-day, we see that it has been eminently consistent. A certain caution and a certain hesitating attitude might stand for the characteristic features of Italy's policy. Her position as the most artificial partner of the Triplice has made her foreign policy a most delicate thing to handle. Situated close to the most explosive part of Europe, and allied to a race with whom her union has been more diplomatic than natural, it has been only by the use of the subtlest and most masterly statesmanship that Italy has come stoutly and triumphantly through all the diplomatic perils of the last decade. Italy in its colonial policy has followed largely the lead of England, notably in the use of the Chartered Company system, which since the earliest days has been successfully employed by us. She has made good use, too, of the lessons to be learned from the mistakes of Germany's colonial policy. Points on which Senator Tittoni touches are the institution of emigration attachés, the problems of Albania and Tripoli, the slavery question in the Benadir, irredentism and commercial enterprise in Eritrea.

From Italy's Foreign Policy (*Smith Elder*). SENATOR TOMASSO TITTONI.

From The Kasidah (*Heinemann*). SIR RICHARD BURTON. (From the painting by Lord Leighton.)

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE BONAPARTE.

By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 16 other Illustrations. (Stanley Paul.)

The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte has a considerable place in nineteenth-century French history, a place that she owes largely to the influence of her personal beauty. She had other and less perishble gifts, but it was by the fascination of her beauty, as Mr. Sergeant says, that she "turned her friends into adorers and made of her home a Court which revolutions were powerless to destroy." A remarkable woman, she had a remarkable history. Mr. Sergeant has made a special study and written much on the period to which she belongs, and he has unfolded her story not only with an intimate knowledge of the Princess and her times, but with gifts of narration and in the portrayal of character that make this brilliant study of his a valuable and eminently readable book. The illustrations are well selected and admirably reproduced.

SIGNOR FERRERO. Author of "Between the Old World and the New." (*Putnam's*).

SOME OLD SCOTS JUDGES.

By W. FORBES GRAY. With Portraits. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

These anecdotes and impressions of Scots judges who flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century make capital reading. No one will dispute Mr. Gray's dictum that by comparison with some of them the Scots judge of to-day is a sedate and irreproachable specimen of senatorial propriety. The gallery opens with the lively Lord Karnes, who united culture with vulgarity. Two chapters are devoted to the brusque and abstemious Monboddo. Then follow in turn the whimsical Gardenstone; the unspeakable Braxfield (Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston"); the

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR. Author of "I Myself." (*Putnam's*).

prim and dispassionate old Etonian Hailes; the droll and irrelevant Eskgrove; the passionate and boisterous Balmuto; the hard-drinking, but able Newton; the bacchanalian Hermand; the book-loving Eldin; the upright Jeffrey, whom Carlyle called the "Scotch Voltaire"; and, lastly, the cheery and popular Cockburn. If the Bench has lost in strong personality since those days, at least it has gained in point of justice. As Mr. Gray remarks, "the conduct of Braxfield, Eskgrove, and some of the other judges was for the most part wholly indefensible; their behaviour was, in fact, nothing short of a negation of the elementary ideas of justice." Perhaps the oddest character in the book is Gardenstone, who combined study of Shakespeare with a partiality for pigs. One followed him wherever he went, and even shared his bed. A visitor calling on a dark winter morning before his lordship had risen, stumbled over something in his bedroom which gave a loud grunt, whereupon Gardenstone blandy remarked: "It is just a bit sow, poor beast, and I laid my breeches on it to keep it warm all night." Braxfield, paying his addresses to a lady, affords another example of the standards of the period. The illiterate, swearing,

From The Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Addison (*Bell*). JOSEPH ADDISON.

"hanging judge" went straight to the point. "Lizzie, I am looking for a wife, and I thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, off or on, the morn, and nae mair aboot it." Audacity won.

ROMANCES OF THE PEERAGE.

By THORNTON HALL, F.S.A., with Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

The author of such a volume as this has obviously an ample field of choice, and the success of his enterprise must largely depend on the variety which he is able to impart to his selection. Mr. Thornton Hall has given us no niggardly entertainment, and his thirty-five narratives afford an astonishing view of human nature, ranging from the heights of romance, down through eccentricity to the depths of decadence. A few of his chapters cover fairly familiar ground, such as the adventures of Barbara Villiers, or of Lady Mary Montagu, or of Mrs. Fitzherbert. But even the better-known stories in the volume are re-told with admirable vigour and conciseness, and with a keen eye for effective detail. We must say at once, however, that the surprising feature of the volume is the wealth of new material that Mr. Hall has been able to glean, where

From Belgium; Her Kings, Kingdom and People (*Long*). WILLIAM MOREEL, BOURGMESTRE OF BRUGES. From the painting by Memling.

so many have gone before him. The story of Medmenham Abbey, such diverse tragedies as that of Sir Thomas

From Some Old Scots Judges LORD NEWTON. (After the painting by Raeburn, Scottish National Gallery.)

Overbury and of Lord George Bentinck, the romance of two Countesses of Kellie, the astonishing life-story of the beautiful Lady Ellenborough, who lived to be the wife of a Bedouin sheik, and the nineteenth-century romance of the Sobieski Stuarts—these are but a few samples picked at random from the entertaining biographical farrago. This volume, excellently illustrated with sixteen portraits, is distinguished among its kind by its competence, its unfailing interest and its absolute avoidance of mere scandal-mongering.

From **Romances of the Peerage** (*Holden*). BARBARA VILLIERS.

TREITSCHKE, HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

Translated into English for the first time. 10s. 6d. net. (Jarrold, Allen & Unwin.)

In times of national indignation, Englishmen must always have a whipping-boy. The present trouble has given us a choice of several. The Kaiser is perhaps a shade too farcical, too provocative of slightly amused contempt, to be taken quite seriously, so we had to choose between Bernhardi, Nietzsche and Treitschke. Bernhardi, as a soldier, was naturally to be allowed some range of truculence, and we were therefore cut down to Nietzsche and Treitschke. The alternative was really not happy, for people generally chose Nietzsche, as they had at least heard his name. Yet, of all the wrongs that Nietzsche has suffered, the choice of him as prophet of Prussia was the worst, for, from his first essays against David Strauss to the last confessions of "Ecce Homo," Nietzsche did little else than "guy" the swelled-headed Prussians unmercifully for their vulgar Philistinism, their national incapacity to understand even the meaning of culture. Not in them, but among the defeated French, he told them bluntly, was intellectual salvation to be found. So, in the end of all, we were left with Treitschke, and, as the game says, here we were getting warm. The only objection to quoting Treitschke in our conversation was that we knew nothing about him, and were not even sure about his name. The publishers have now come to our rescue, and, in the present instance, have given us a useful volume that might easily have been made much better. It has been translated by someone whose command of English is rather precarious, who allows St. Bernard of Clairvaux and Arnold of Brescia to masquerade as Prussian heroes, under the style of "Bernhard von Clairvaux" and "Arnold von Brescia," and leaves us floundering among sentences of which this is one of the most intelligible:

From **Life of Catharine the Great of Russia** (*Mcthuen*) CATHERINE II.

> "When returning from Spain, which his friends had considered particularly dangerous, he, loudly laughing, entered their wine-bar, and before having taken off his coat he started to relate: 'Well, now, these Spaniards!'"

The first half of the book contains a sketch of Treitschke's life by a German colleague, a feature which should have been of great use to English readers, but which is heavily discounted in value through being so lengthily particular about the petty politics and pettier academics of a petty state like Baden. Striking glimpses of the man are to be caught here and there; but for English use something less intimately German than this sketch would have been preferable.

Who, then, was Treitschke? The great Prussian apologist was not a Prussian at all, but a Saxon of Slav origin. In 1863 he was appointed professor of political science at the University of Freiburg in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and soon became notorious for his political views and the ruthless vigour with which he expressed them. Those were days one should remember, before there was any united Germany. Baden was a small state. Treitschke disbelieved violently in small states, and loudly advocated the Prussian idea of a big single German kingdom. His patriotism was of the right Chauvinistic order. He declaimed with special scorn against the traces of French influence left in South Germany by Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine and took personal offence at the presence of Frenchmen in German spas. He became so unpopular among

the South Germans who, as an older people, despised his beloved Prussians, that he resigned during the excitement of the Austro-Prussian war in 1866. Soon after, he was appointed to a chair at Heidelberg. He entered the Reichstag in 1871 and in 1874 was given a professorship at Berlin. He died in 1896. The translation to Berlin was to be expected. Bismarck, who believed as strongly in tuning the University chairs as Laud in tuning the pulpits, had long had his eye on Treitschke. Here was an historian who was more Prussian than the Prussians themselves. Prussianised Germany had no past, and, like a vulgar plutocrat, was eager to be equipped with a history and great traditions. Treitschke was the very man to voice the aspirations of this newest of states which desired to cut a figure in the world. He was violent in his opinions and truculent in his manner; moreover he could not be answered, as he was totally deaf. The present biographer, who seems a singularly naïve person, gives us some glimpses of Treitschke's manner:

From The Conquest of Mount Cook (*Allen*).

"Quite good-naturedly, without wishing to offend anybody, he compared the looks of a lady-student to a squashed bug."

He seemed surprised that the description was not relished!

"He was unique in that on the one hand he was the best educated, refined gentleman, with exquisite manners, yet when aroused he discharged a volley of invective hardly to be expected from such aristocratic lips."

Perhaps, after all, it is as well that this biographical essay comes from an intimate friend and admirer!

Treitschke's views caught the ear of the Prussian youth. When some attempt was being made after the war to save the Catholic and French spirit of the schools of Alsace, Treitschke voiced the prevailing sentiment by exclaiming, "We have the intention to Germanise this newly-acquired German province; we have the intention and will carry it out." To a World-state colonies were of course a necessity; but the gradual acquisition of them was not to his mind: "Cameroons? What are we to do with that sand-box? Let us take Holland; then we shall have colonies." He believed in slavery, advocated the suppression of Socialism by force, and taught that the State should forcibly compel labour to work in the cheapest market. England received special attention in his speeches. We have space only for one or two illustrative sentences.

"The lack of chivalry in the English character, which presents so striking a contrast with the naïve loyalty of the Germans, has some connection with the English habit of seeking physical exercise in boxing, swimming and rowing, rather than in the use of noble arms." "It lies in the nature of things that the new Great Power of Central Europe must come to an understanding with the other Great Powers . . . our last reckoning, that with England, will probably be the most tedious and the most difficult."

Then he goes on to denounce England for its aggressiveness, its hard selfishness, its barbarism and its disregard of international treaties! The reader will find these views set out at length in the eight lectures or speeches that conclude the volume — striking examples of gross and blatant Chauvinism of the Chair. The fruits of his teaching may be found in the ruins of innocent Belgium.

G. SAMPSON.

CAN GERMANY WIN?

By AN AMERICAN. 1s. net. (Pearson.)

The author of this book is an American business man who has spent much of his life in Germany, and has an intimate knowledge of the resources, aspirations and characteristics of its people. On the other hand, he is well acquainted with our own country and our own people. He sets himself here to study the causes of the War, to comment on its conduct, and to show that though we have a harder task ahead of us than we are even yet aware of, in the end Great Britain and her Allies will prove victorious. He plays the part of the candid friend, and utters frankly some truths that are not flattering to our national self-esteem; and these utterances are the more forcible since it is clear that he is in full sympathy with us and with our ideals. In some things he is mistaken; he does not understand how our men can crowd to the Colours singing "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and thinks it indicates that they are enlisting eagerly enough, but without knowing why. If he had been amongst the men of the new Army, as some of us have, he would realise that they know why well enough, and have joined just because they do know. It is wonderful how many have joined

From The Conquest of Mount Cook (*Allen*).

not because they want to, or because they have any taste for adventure even, but from a stern, deep sense of duty that should make some of us feel ashamed. They have given up good prospects, they have nothing to win by our victory, anyhow, but are actuated by the highest spirit of patriotism. Of these there are not a few, and of others who go simply because they know what defeat would mean for us and are determined that we shall not be defeated there are even more. The men who do not know why they are fighting are very few. As a rule, however, this American author is shrewdly in the right, both when he blames us and when he points out the terrible strength and the fatal weaknesses of our enemy. This is one of the most interesting of the many studies of the War, and the peoples involved in it; there is much in its pages that should chasten the thoughtful reader, but more in them to hearten than to dishearten him.

THE FIGHTING RETREAT TO PARIS.

By Roger Ingpen. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In this newest volume of the *Daily Telegraph* War Books, Mr. Roger Ingpen has told the great story of the fighting retreat from Mons to the walls of Paris of our small British Army. It is a story that will live for ever among the most glorious annals of our race, and Mr. Ingpen has related it graphically and in the fullest possible detail, consulting all reports and available official documents, and sparing no pains to make his narrative as reliable as it is impressive. Whatever great deeds the War may give rise to, it can scarcely bring forth any that shall exceed in daring, in indomitable courage and endurance the wonderful record of this triumphant retreat.

SAXIFRAGES.

By Walter Irving and Reginald A. Malby, F.R.P.S. Illustrated in Colour and Half-tone. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

Messrs. Irving and Malby are to be congratulated on the production of this comprehensive guide to the best varieties of Saxifrages or Rockfoils, and to the art of cultivating them successfully. We know of no other book that supplies the expert information concerning these plants which they have gathered into their pages, and all garden lovers have reason to be grateful to them for doing so thoroughly a task that was waiting to be done. The illustrations are, in their kind, perfect.

From The Conquest of Mount Cook (*Allen*). THE SOUTHERN ALPS.

ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

A Biography. By his Nephew, Percy Corder. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

For over thirty years Robert Spence Watson was a prominent worker in the Liberal party—he was one of the foremost unofficial political leaders in Newcastle, and President of the National Liberal Federation. A great educationalist, an able writer, a public speaker, as well as an ardent politician, Mr. Watson's many-sided personality offered an excellent subject for the biographer, and Mr. Percy Corder has written a sympathetic and intensely interesting account of his uncle's varied and useful career, not the least interesting part of it being the selections from his correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, Lord Morley, Lord Grey, and other men of importance in the social and political circles of his time.

AN OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

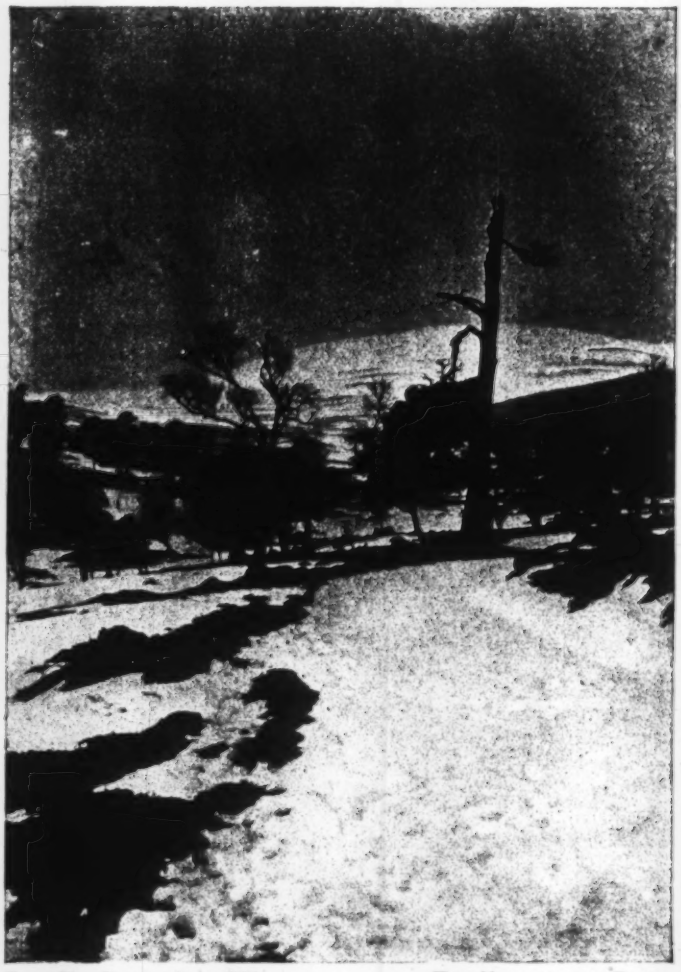
By the Hon. Maurice Baring. 1s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

In view of Germany's clamorous insistence upon her own culture and the state of barbarism that exists in Russia, it is interesting to compare the literatures of the two countries. Mr. Maurice Baring does not do that, but his brilliant, well-informed monograph on Russian Literature suggests the comparison, and it is not so much in Germany's favour as, to justify her abnormal self-esteem, it ought to be. This serviceable, admirably-written handbook is one of the newest additions to Messrs. Williams & Norgate's "Home University Library." Other new volumes in the series are "Wars between England and America," by Professor T. C. Smith, and "A History of Scotland," by Professor R. S. Rait.

THE CHARM OF THE HILLS.

By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This is in every way a fascinating volume. It is an account of the author's wanderings along the Dee, in the Cairngorms and among other of the wilder Highland passes, in search of material for the naturalist of bird-life. There is really no one to rival Dr. Gordon in the sympathetic knowledge of the wild birds of those islands, unless it be Mr. Hudson. Like Mr. Hudson, Dr. Gordon is not only the detached scientific observer. He brings to an extensive and exact study of the habits of birds, those qualities of insight, curiosity, intimacy and humanity, which alone can breathe life into the tabulation of facts. The book is partly for naturalists and partly for lovers of nature, but the one aspect supplements and illumines the other. For us, the most interesting part of the book is that which throws into relief the social, domestic, yes and psychological life of the Highland birds. Ptarmigan; kestrels; the red grouse; the osprey, almost extinct in Britain and slaughtered to make fashionable ladies' holidays; the dotterel, also so persecuted as to be driven for refuge to the more remote and solitary peaks; the peregrine falcon, dying out, thanks to the vendettas of the keepers against them; the snow bunting; the golden plover; the curlew; the tawny owl; the red kite; the oyster-catcher; the capercailzie and sovereign of all, the golden eagle—these are a few of the birds, whose hunting, family and defensive activities Dr. Gordon examines with patient and vivid fidelity. He pays honourable tribute to the golden eagle, which owing to a peculiar tenacity of affection and strength of character, pairs with its mate for a span of life which is usually longer even than abnormal human longevity. The photographs are plentiful, and admirably reproduced.



From The Charm of the Hills (*Cassell*).

THE HOME OF THE EAGLE.

SIR JOHN FRENCH.

An Authentic Biography.

By Cecil Chisholm, M.A. 1s. net. (Herbert Jenkins).

Sir John French, like Kitchener and Roberts, is another of those great men who "do not advertise," but quietly go on with their work and emerge into popularity and fame incidentally. After the Boer War he passed out of the limelight; we heard of him from time to time, unobtrusively and efficiently pursuing the duties of his profession, and now again, when the Empire is in danger, he comes inevitably before the public as the Commander of our Expeditionary Force in France, and how splendidly he has acquitted and is still acquitting himself in that onerous post we all know. Nevertheless, we know little, far too little, of the personality and the career of this victorious soldier, and Mr. Cecil Chisholm's biography appears to make good that deficiency at the right time. "If I don't end my days as a Field Marshal it will not be for want of trying," Sir John said many years ago in the mess room of the 19th Hussars, "and—well, I'm jolly well going to do it!" And he has done it. Mr. Chisholm tells us of his boyhood, his entry into the Army, his years of hard working and waiting for opportunities, and the masterful way he used them when the opportunities came. It is a stirring, deeply interesting study of a remarkable soldier and a brilliant, triumphant career.

From The History of Beaminster (*Barnicott*).

FORE PLACE, 1870, LOOKING EAST.

From The Story of Bethlehem Hospital (*Fisher Unwin*)

HOUSE OF SIR P. PINDAR, BISHOPSGATE.

THE LONDON MUSEUM.

By P. J. HARVEY DARTON. 2s. 6d. net. (Wells, Gardner.)

This is one of the books of "The Treasure House" series, and contains an account of the founding of the now famous London Museum at Lancaster House, together with a description of its contents. It is far more than a mere annotated catalogue. The work has been done with thoroughness and sympathy. Thus the chapter dealing with the Palœolithic Room gives occasion for an interesting account of Pre-Roman London, and every relic dealt with is invested with interest by explanatory comments. This applies generally to the book throughout, which moreover contains many illustrations (by Mr. L. Russell

From The London Museum (*Wells Gardner*).

THE GEORGIAN TOY SHOP.

Conway), of the more important relics. Concise yet with much historical and anecdotal allusion, the author in the course of some 250 pages contrives to cover the story of London and its leading worthies by reference to the items in the great reliquary of which the museum consisted. It is of course very far from exhaustive even in its description of the curios displayed in Lancaster House. We would have liked to have a fuller description of the pictures exhibited there. But as an illustrated guide to the London Museum it leaves little to be desired, and even to those lovers of London who are not able to pay our newest museum a visit it will be full of interest. The London of our forefathers and all that belonged to it is year by year passing out of sight, and it is no small boon that so much of it as is curious, interesting, historically valuable should be preserved for us both in the museum itself and in this pleasant book about it.

From The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift (*Bell*).

ST. PATRICK'S DEANERY.

ETON IN THE EIGHTIES.

By ERIC PARKER. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Eric Parker has some of the happiest memories of his life at Eton, and has gathered them into one of the pleasantest, most interesting books of reminiscences that even Eton has inspired. He writes of "Chamber" customs and traditions; the laws and practices relating to fags and fagging; in one long and very delightful chapter he recalls all he has known of the river and the playing fields; in another he tells of the Eton Rifle Volunteer; and in another, that makes a special appeal to us, writes of the various school magazines and their principal contributors. There is a capital chapter, too, on "Masters," through which, as throughout the book, are scattered a lot of good and amusing ancedotes. Mr. Parker writes of Eton and all that pertains to it with the pride and affection natural in an Old Boy, and gives the fullest and most vivid series of pictures of every phase of the life that is lived there. It is a book that will be read with great interest by all Etonians, and by all who enjoy similar memories of other of our great Public Schools.

From Eton in the Eighties (*Smith, Elder*). MATHEMATICS. REV. E. HALE.

HOME LIFE IN CHINA.

By ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.

Professor Headland is a very distinguished American scholar who for many years held an academic position of distinction in China. He knows that country as few Europeans know it, and his description of the home life of the Chinese is one of the best informed and most intimate that has yet been written. After a description of a Chinese home, he gives us a remarkable account of the life of a Chinese child. The yellow infant is even more fortunate than his white brother and sister in the possession of nursery rhymes. The author collected more than six hundred of these ditties, and it would seem from the specimens he gives that the same notions appeal to children all the world over. There is one rhyme which is an exact parody of "Old Mother Hubbard," and another for the finger game which corresponds to our "Little Pig went to Market." At school the child begins with what is known as the Trimetrical Primer, the first sentence of which states "Men one and all in infancy are virtuous at heart, their moral tendencies the same, their practice wide apart"—a great truth quite beyond the comprehension of a child. One very interesting chapter is devoted to a translation of what the Chinese girl is expected to learn. As the author points out, this academic classic shows that a girl's trials are mostly the result of the communistic character of Chinese family life—the effort to live in peace and harmony with all her sisters-in-law. Before leaving this deeply interesting book which everybody should read, it is worth while repeating a remark of the author's, that it is a great mistake to imagine as most people do that Chinese life is as solemn as a funeral. One of the best chapters in the book is devoted to Chinese humour, which flatly contradicts this impression; it is quee, dry, quaint, but the fun and whimsicality of it are the real thing. A word of special praise must be given to the illustrations, which add appreciably to the interest of the volume.

From Home Life in China (*Methuen*). A CHINESE SINGING GIRL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IRISH JUDGE.

By M. McD. Bodkin, K.C. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Judge Bodkin's recollections are the result of a full, active and varied life, and make very interesting reading. The gossip is of a kind so agreeable, and is told with such engaging naturalness, that it was with reluctance that we closed the book. A large part of it deals, it is true, with men and matters connected with the Law, and on this account may appeal more to those who are intimately associated with the legal profession than to the general reader. The remainder of the volume, however, contains recollections of many well-known and distinguished personalities with whom the author came in contact, not only in Parliament, of which he was a member, but in the Press and in the Dramatic Profession. The chapters on Gladstone, Parnell and Justin McCarthy are particularly enjoyable; and his knowledge and opinions of plays and actors, past and present, should give pleasure to all those to whom the Stage makes appeal. Of the many good stories in the book, the following is an example. Mr. McDonagh, K.C., was giving advice to a solicitor's clerk who was too eager to go into the box as a witness. "Never," said the K.C., "never swear in a Court of Justice to anything that can be proved to be false by a document in the possession of your opponent, *for that would be a lie*." The photographs of well-known Irishmen and Englishmen add a charm to an admirable book; a caricature of Mr. Balfour in the days of his Chief Secretaryship serves as a vivid reminder of a state of things that is passing.

From Eton in the Eighties (*Smith, Elder*).

Rev. E. Hale Celebrates a Victory.

THE KAISER'S MOTHER.

2s. net. (Nisbet.)

This is a cheap popular edition of the memoir of "The Empress Frederick"—the English mother of our arch-enemy the Kaiser. Though it had years of happiness, hers was not altogether a happy life. She suffered much, by reason of her English birth, from the jealousy, dislike, hatred even of the German Court, especially after the death of her consort, the Emperor Frederick—even her son, the Kaiser, openly treating her with disrespect and unkindness, in order that he might not be suspected of English sympathies and so lose the favour of his people. Somewhat inclined to be autocratic, the Empress was nevertheless a person of engaging manners and generous impulses, a woman of intellect and strength of will, and this story of her life is well done and makes deeply interesting reading.

From Recollections of an Irish Judge (*Hurst & Blachett*).

At it Again!
Cartoon from "United Ireland."

AN ARTIST IN SPAIN.

Written and Illustrated by A. C. Michael. 20s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. A. C. Michael, the well-known artist, has been on a pilgrimage through Spain, visiting all its beautiful and famous towns and cities, and not overlooking its picturesque villages, nor the fascinations of its lowland and mountain scenery by the way. He has written his own story of these wanderings—a very gossipy, entertaining narrative that is nearly as pleasant to read as his paintings are to look at. Nearly—but, after all, the paintings are the thing. They are steeped in the golden sunlight and the magic shadows of Spain—they reflect the restful, romantic genius of the place with a most sensitive delicacy and skill, and the studies of certain types of the Spanish people are admirably realised.

From The World of Life (*Chapman & Hall*). FOREST IN KELANTAN.

THE WORLD OF LIFE.

By DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall).

Very welcome is the new and cheaper edition which has just appeared of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's great work, "The World of Life," a work which may well be held to be one of the most striking manifestations recently made of that movement towards a return to God, with which so many of our greater men of science have now for many years been associated. The very sub-title of the book, wherein the author claims that the universe is "A Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose," would have made it suspect in orthodox evolutionist circles two decades ago; to-day, save among the cruder devotees of materialism and free-thought, it passes unchallenged. "I endeavour," says Dr. Wallace, speaking of one line of argument only, "to show, by a careful consideration of the structure of the bird's feather, of the marvellous transformations of the higher insects, and more especially of the highly-elaborated wing-scales of the Lepidoptera, the absolute necessity for an organising and directive Life Principle in order to account for the very possibility of these complex outgrowths." Dr. Wallace, indeed, prosecutes his enquiry along the routes of biology, geology, and physiology, and the chapter which he devotes to an examination of the causes and uses of pain still remains one of the most penetrating and suggestive discourses that have been written on the subject.

A WOMAN IN CHINA.

By MARY GAUNT. 15s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Miss Gaunt is an experienced and alert traveller, and her former book "Alone in West Africa," was a monument of unprejudiced candour, good sense and accurate observation. The present record of her wanderings in China is a little less interesting, partly because a large part of them are confined to Rebnin and its neighbourhood, and partly because it needs a sojourn of years to penetrate the significance of the vast and mysterious Chinese civilisation. Miss Gaunt is wise to talk for the most part of places of interest and not to dwell too much on Chinese psychology. Her one excursion of considerable length took her from Rebnin to the border mountains and over the Great Wall into Inner Mongolia, as far as Jehol, the ancient Hunting Lodge of the Manchus. She returned to Rebnin in a boat along the river Lan. As a result, she has written a vivid, fresh and spontaneous account of what she saw. In her last chapter, she is rather severe upon the prospects and conditions of the Chinese, and hopes for a future civilisation on the Western model. Remembering the folly of Japan in that particular, and that the example of the West is not quite so beneficial as its advocates declare, let us hope that China, for all her sins, will evolve herself on her own and on nobody else's lines. There are many excellent photographs.

From Rambles in Home Counties (*Blackie*). RUSTIC FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE CRANE, FULWELL PARK.

FIRST LESSONS IN WAR.

By SPENSER WILKINSON. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

An uncommonly useful handbook for officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the new armies by an expert in the arts of War.

THROUGH UNKNOWN NIGERIA.

By JOHN R. RAPHAEL. 15s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

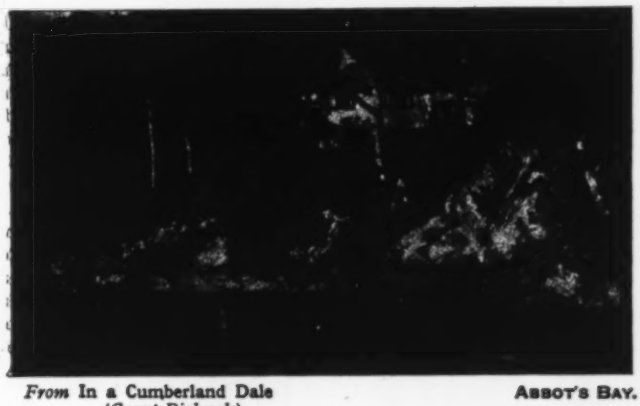
Mr. Raphael was formerly travel-editor of *The African World*, and, in the capacity of special correspondent to that periodical, he paid a lengthy visit to Nigeria. The story of that visit is told in this book, and Mr. Raphael's observations should be of considerable value to all who contemplate a journey to West Africa, and of similar interest to those who seek information concerning British administration in that region. Cost of transport and living, climatic conditions, law and police, social customs and habits of Hausa and Pagan tribes, trade and commerce, railways, and the military training of the native regiments, are amongst the subjects dealt with by the author, to whom every facility seems to have been given by the British residents for a fair and honest understanding of the state of affairs. A large number of photographs are a helpful addition to the letterpress.

From A Woman in China (*Laurie*). GATE OF A WALLED CITY.

IN A CUMBERLAND DALE.

By PERCY WITHERS. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

This book is the expression of enthusiasm for the Lake Country, and is fitted to tempt others to seek those haunts ;



From In a Cumberland Dale (*Grant Richards*). ABBOT'S BAY.

but, and this is its highest merit, it will be best appreciated by those who know the lakes well. The book treats only of Derwent Water; many of those who haunt the lakes confine themselves almost entirely to their favourite water, for while all the lakes have much in common, every one has its special features. Mr. Withers is not the mere tourist, or holiday maker, he has been fortunate enough to know Derwent Water at all periods of the year, and like all true nature lovers he knows the pleasures of the different seasons, and can describe with enthusiasm the beauty of wind and rain, and can even talk of the magnificence of the mist. He goes to no extremes, and will take books out with him on his wanderings, and when he comes home to his cottage appreciates the comforts of civilisation. The book is divided into short chapters descriptive of different aspects of nature and humanity, the brief accounts of Dalethwaite and Skellthorn will be recognised as true by all those who have talked with their neighbours when living in the Lakes. Naturalists will enjoy his descriptions of the birds and beasts. Mr. Wither's style is very pleasant, and the quotations with which the volume is enriched show a sound and individual literary taste.

THE PLEA OF PAN.

By HENRY W. NEVINSON. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

" The Plea of Pan " was published in 1901 and reappears in the handy get-up of the " Roadmender " Series. As a sustained effort in consciously stylish writing it is something of an achievement, though we prefer Mr. Nevinson when he is more confessedly a journalist, describing things seen in a direct and telling manner. We get a pleasant but too brief glimpse of that aspect of him in the few pages of description of a battlefield at the beginning of the chapter called " The Fire of Prometheus." That is far more convincing than the sort of description of " things seen " which reads like a réchauffé of the visions of Arnold's " Strayed Reveller." The introductory essay on the unreclaimed territory of the soul where Goatshanks reigns is pleasant and short enough not to weary by its preciosity ; but Pan himself, when he comes on the scene, is intolerably prolix, and though he insists often enough on his simple and even rude nature, he talks like the most bookish of books. For instance :

" I sit beside the fisher all night, far out at sea in his lonely boat. He is rough and heavy, twisted with wet and cold ; he smells of nets and fishes' scales ; to me he is more beautiful than the great marble Poseidon of Melos. I stand with the hunter, waiting in the snow till the furry creatures pass. I know their swift pains and his joys, both. Grizzled

From Through Unknown Nigeria (*Laurie*). No. 1, KANO.

and dried like leather, in his old blue coat and bits of skins, he is fairer to me than naked Artemis. I am with the miner, hewing in his gallery under the earth; when the roof falls in, I hold his battered head. His mates say: 'He wasn't a bad sort of man; now he must be buried.' His wife and children cry, and I cry with them, more than for dead Zeus or an assassinated King. I hold the ploughshare with the ploughman, rejoicing in the damp earth and in the man who is so like it; no perfumed Dionysius smells so sweet. . . ."

And so on; for all the world as though the god had been reading Oscar Wilde, as very likely he had. He admits to being a little old-fashioned. He is especially fond of the inversion trick; *e.g.*, "In cold and damp and misery they lived." Sometimes the god suddenly drops to comedy and, missing his foothold, sprawls into bathos. "He (Prometheus) taught them (men) the more difficult art of calculating probabilities by the shape and colour of the insides of sacrificed animals, and by the general appearance of a sirloin at dinner." Food inspires another missed effect. "The joints of behemoth were their food, and with pails of foaming milk they washed down the slices of leviathan." We admit that Mr. Nevinson does not want us to take his Pan too seriously; but, unfortunately, we cannot believe in him at all. And this is the greater pity because among his stilted and clumsy phrases there are many good ideas which we should like to see worked out by Mr. Nevinson himself without the aid of a sawdust intermediary.

From **Women under Polygamy** (*Holden*).

EGYPTIAN GIRLS AT THEBES.
(*Photo* Underwood & Underwood.)

WOMEN UNDER POLYGAMY.

By WALTER M. GALLICHAN. 15s. net. (Holden and Hardingham.)

Polygamy is an institution under which the larger proportion of women in the world live, and Mr. Gallichan's exhaustive enquiry into the matter is one which no student of sociology can afford to neglect. As the author says in his preface, polygamy, like monogamy, must be judged by its fruits, and in his masterly treatment of the subject he has been content, for the most part, to lay the facts before his readers and to allow them to draw their own conclusion. He has two excellent chapters on the origin of the harem and a description of the ancient harem, and he tells us with minute care how the system works in India, in Burma, in Turkey, in Egypt, Arabia, North Africa, Persia, China and Japan, and finally in the Western World. No one who reads this book can lightly dismiss the practice of polygamy as "abominable and indecent." Opinions differ widely as to the freedom and position of women under the system. Mrs. Garnet, for example, declares that Turkish women possess all the legal personal and proprietory rights necessary to give them a social position equal, if not superior, to that of European women generally, while Sir Edwin Pears, on the other hand, states that the position of women in Moslem is lower than in Christian countries. Mr. Gallichan's able and exhaustive investigation of the subject will enable readers to judge for themselves.

From **My Somali Book** (*Sampson Low*).

"THE KING."

ROUND THE WONDERFUL WORLD.

By G. E. Mitton. Illustrated by G. A. S. Forrest. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

Mr. Mitton has made a cinematographic kind of book in which he brings all the colour and strangeness of half the countries of the world together for the benefit of youthful and curious readers. His is a chatty, jovial kind of narrative, and should be just the thing for the boy whose mind is set on travel. Such a youth may cross the sea in Mr. Mitton's company, and gaze in imagination upon the loveliest, the most exciting and the most extraordinary cities and monuments of the modern world. He may travel in Egypt in a caravan of camels "those strange looking beasts mincing along like gigantic peacocks," as the author picturesquely puts it, or he may gaze respectfully or more probably disrespectfully upon the Pyramids, the Sphinx at Gizeh, or he may take a walk with his guide about Jerusalem, and marvel at the Jews gathered at their wailing places. Thence to Suez, the gateway of the east, and on to the Indian ocean, right into the lands of mystery and magic. Ceylon and India are brought before the reader, and in the author's familiar but vivid prose the land of temples and bonzes gleams before our eyes. Voyages in cargo boats and in princely liners are taken, and all kinds of theatres, booths, boxing-shows, dancers, voyages and adventures of every kind are described. For a boy with a dash of imagination and the old travel-longing of our race, here are some happy hours.

From Round the Wonderful World (*Jack*).

SEATED FIGURES AT ABU SIMBEL.
Coloured Illustration.

A HANDBOOK TO THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

By Ralph Durand. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is easy to be superior about such things as concordances and handbooks to poets, but if some admiring contemporary had done for Chaucer or Shakespeare what has now been done for Rudyard Kipling, how grateful we should be to him. Generations unborn may well call Mr. Durand blessed. But his work is of almost equal value on the day of its publication as it will be in the remotest future. No poet needs annotation more than Kipling. He is full of slang and technicalities and allusions. One has been used to take much in him for granted, rather than spoil the pleasure of continuous reading by hunting for his exact meaning in dictionaries. But with all his obscurities explained in one convenient volume, it is easy to master him once for all, and forever after enjoy him to the full. Mr. Durand's handsome book, which is uniform with the same publisher's edition of the poems, is crammed with information. He certainly errs, if anything, on the side of giving too much than too little. Few people will need to be told what a bulkhead or a haversack is, or who was the Widow. But he confesses the fault himself, and puts up a reasonable excuse for it. It is a good fault. There is nothing more irritating than to draw blank in a book of reference. Of that there is no fear in this case, though it is surely an unnecessary modesty which makes him reticent of the full meaning of Hermaphrodite. And if there are some things which we nearly all know, how many more are there that most of us don't? Who, for instance, could say offhand the meaning of "hokee-mut"? or what is the "kowhai"? or who was Damajee or Sayyid Burgash or Bhowani? An examination in the works of some celebrated author used to be a favourite form of competition in magazines with literary leanings. For such purposes Kipling is no longer available There is too perfect a crambook accessible. Moreover, it is a very entertaining crambook, and not the less so by reason of its author's perfect gravity. Commencing, for instance, on the line "For the wine was old, and the night is cold," he tells us without a smile that "the effect of cold fresh air on a man who has been drinking incautiously in a warm room is often disastrous—immediately he comes into the open he is liable to be overcome by liquor, the effect of which he has, till then, hardly felt." If the highest humour is to conceal humour, Mr. Durand is indeed a humourist of the first rank.

ETCHING.

By Earl H. Reed. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

This is a valuable practical treatise on an art in which Mr. Reed is a master. It is admirably illustrated by himself.

From California (*Black*).

McCLELLAND RIVER, UPPER SACRAMENTO VALLEY.
From coloured illustration by Sutton Palmer.

CALIFORNIA.

Painted by SUTTON PALMER, described by MARY AUSTIN. 18s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

This is an agreeable book, meant to give an idea of the beauty and charm of California. The land "lies like a many coloured dancer's scarf . . . There's a strip of aquamarine turning to chrysoprase, that's for the sea; amber then for the hollow cliffs of La Jolla and San Juan, smugglers' cliffs eaten well under the shore; a strip of scarlet, spangled with vivid diamond dew, that for the mesembryanthemums crowding the foreshore; pale green of the lupins with a white thread through it of the highway, green again for the chamisal, and blue of the mountains' unassailable sea thought." This is a little precious perhaps, a little forcing the impression, not very distinguished in manner, but in a "colour book" you want colour, and for that California is hard to beat. There is rather a scanty text to support the thirty-two plates, which range from one end of the peninsula to the other, mountain, woodland, sea, lake and city. They make the volume one well in line with the publisher's well-known series, and are worth looking through to catch a hint of the glow and glory of one of the loveliest of lands. The still beauty of Mirror Lake, bosomed deep in woody hills, the Yosemite Falls, the well-named Blue Lake, Golden Gate, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Mount Shasta, provide excellent subjects, and there is a pretty view of Monterey, where deep in the beach beyond the anchorage is the ancient teakwood hull of the "Natala," the ship that carried Napoleon to Elba.

THE BRITISH NAVY FROM WITHIN.

By "EX-ROYAL NAVY." 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton).

Lord Charles Beresford laid it down some years ago that no matter what sized ships we had and however well they were armed, "it is the human element, and only the human element, that wins battles." This book deals with the Navy as a whole, types of ships and guns and armour, but it devotes itself especially to "the human element" in the fleet—pictures the men and the manner of life they live aboard; describes the discipline and training; sets forth the pay and privileges and all the details concerning that human element with the familiar intimacy of knowledge that comes only to one who has spent much of his own life on one of our warships. It is literally what it is described as being—the story of the British Navy as seen from within. A useful book for reference, and a capital book for general reading.

From Antarctic Adventure (*Fisher Unwin*).

LOOKING NORTH FROM CAPE ADARE.

From Highways and Byways in Lincolnshire (*Macmillan*).

TATTERSHALL CHURCH AND THE BAIN.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

By A. VINE HALL. 1s. 6d. (T. Maskew Miller, Cape Town.)

THROUGH EYES OF YOUTH.

By CECIL ROBERTS. 2s. 6d. net. (James Clarke.)

Mr. A. Vine Hall has recently given up a secure £500 a year "for the privilege of joining the little band of fools who are endeavouring to remove the reproach that 'South Africa has no literature.'" It is pleasant to learn that the endeavour has been, so far, successful. The unpretentious little book which reaches us in a modest dress of green paper is now in its seventh edition, and has attained to the dignity of a special separate issue bound in leather, with coloured illustrations by the author. Turning to the contents, we find that Mr. Vine's muse is not ungrateful for the sacrifice he has made in her honour. "Table Mountain" is one of those little books of verse which can be read with genuine enjoyment even by a reviewer. Written in the old-fashioned heroic couplet of Pope, it freshens that threadbare form with a Nature-worship as sincere as Wordsworth's, if less lofty in its results. The verse runs with delightful smoothness, avoiding entanglement in any of those verbal or metaphysical mazes which make "hard reading" to the intellectually idle or jaded. It was a wise instinct which led the author to vary his form with occasional lyrics, but these are certainly less successful than the main body of the poem. We select the following lines as typical of those distinctively South African in colour and atmosphere:

> The sweetest thieves,
> Half bird, half butterfly, sip nectar up
> From many a great Protea's painted cup;
> 'Tis here the lovely Amaryllis dwell;
> The sighing zephyrs know the pathway well!
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Here the great Disas, hovering o'er the springs,
> Gaze with delight upon their crimson wings;
> Their little sisters, in their bonnets blue,
> Green aisle and grassy cloister wander through.
> Veined with hot lava seems the krantz, ablaze
> With Crassula; around trembles a haze
> Of softer colour.

If Mr. Vine Hall can forget that he ever read Pope, and simultaneously remember Mrs. Browning's dictum that "a tree's mere firewood unless humanised," he may achieve his ambition to give a voice to South Africa.

Mr. Cecil Roberts is already well known to certain sections of the verse-reading public. Not only through his two previous volumes, but through the *Poetry Review* and *British Review* (in both of which some of his longest and most ambitious poems have appeared), he has been steadily advancing his position for some time. "Through Eyes of Youth" is another long step forward, though we think he was mistaken to begin it with the Dedication written on his twenty-first birthday; a poem not sufficiently indicative of the power of some of its successors—"Strayed Hylas," for instance, and "Clifton Church," which, though it owes something to Gray, is not unmindful or unworthy of its obligation. Many of the verses have a limpid sweetness, a sober twilight charm, adequately harmonising with their model, as with their subject—though it is quite likely that verses so unforced in feeling were consciously modelled on no poetic ancestor. There is power in the poem which echoes the cry of the unborn for life; and the time-worn theme of the Greek myth is re-coloured and re-vitalised in the song of Hylas and Heracles. But the poem most popular with the general public will certainly be "The Strike," a trenchant and tragic study of modern industrial conditions appropriately dedicated to Mr. Patrick MacGill. We quote a picture

From The Kentish Coast (*Chapman & Hall*).

ROMNEY MARSHES.

From **Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom and People** (*Long*).

PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

of the working woman nobly true to life, as all who know her in her native haunts will testify:

> Let famine with its blasting breath mow down
> The hoarded masses of the starving town,
> No home but that a heroine shall show
> What woman sacrifices to endow
> The necessary things for those she loves:
> No struggling home but where a woman proves
> That she is strongest in the hour of need,
> And hers the mind that plans the saving deed.
> The child unweaned may suck a mother's blood,
> And drink her very life in place of food.

There are finer lines in the poem, but none of a finer spirit.

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

PEAKS AND PRECIPICES.

Scrambles in the Dolomites and Savoy. By GUIDO REY. Translated by J. E. C. EATON. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

All who know anything of the literature of the mountains know Guido Rey's great book on the Matterhorn. Here in this finely illustrated quarto is a companion volume even more generally interesting than its predecessor. Some perhaps feel that a whole big tome about a single mountain is too much of a good thing; but they will have no complaint against the present volume, which ranges from the Mont Blanc aiguilles to the fantastic Dolomites. Charmingly written, with the appealing "subjectivity" which the older school of writers felt too diffident or too self-conscious to infuse into their work, it will interest those who stay in the valleys almost as much as those who scale the heights. It is not too professional or technical. Its pleasant narrative flows easily without any failure of continuity—there are no *bergschrunds* in Guido Rey's style. Further, more blessed than many foreign writers, he has found an ideal translator in Mr. Eaton, who deserves more than the small type allotted to him on the title-page. The book belongs to the literature of the newer mountaineering. The old climber was never happy off the snow; the new is never happy off the rocks, and his ideal of a happy day is not one of the big peaks, but the Dent du Requin or the Mummery crack on the Grépon. Here, then, are thrilling rocks in plenty, from the Dru in the west to the Vajolet Towers in the east. A capital book.

From **Peaks and Precipices** (*Fisher Unwin*).

CIMON DELLA PALA FROM THE ROSETTA.

From **The Kentish Coast**
(Chapman & Hall).

WALMER CASTLE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECHES.

Edited by CHARLES BOYD. With an Introduction by THE RIGHT HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. 2 vols. 15s. (Constable).

Mr. Chamberlain's speeches are of the few that are as good to read as to hear, and this large and catholic collection of them, carefully and well edited by Mr. Charles Boyd, will meet with a welcome from a very wide circle of his friends and opponents, who will be glad to have so many fine examples of his oratorical genius thus fittingly preserved to them. We hope to deal fully with the volumes in our next issue.

ATKINS AT WAR.

By JAMES A. KILPATRICK. 1s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

No reports that have come from the front give us so full and intimate an idea of what is happening there—the fierce fighting against odds, the hardships cheerfully endured, the gaiety and good-humour of our sons and brothers and friends who wake and sleep to the sound of gun-fire—as we get from the letters the soldiers have themselves written home to their relations. Mr. Kilpatrick has made a very good selection from the large number of such letters that have found their way into the papers; by adroit paraphrasing and frequent quotation he distils all that is most characteristic from them and has fashioned a book that is a veritable human document of the most poignant and interesting kind. You may form a better idea from these pages of the events of the war, the conditions in which it is being waged, and the quality and characters of the fighting men, than from a wilderness of official reports. The silhouette figure of a Tommy Atkins drawn by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell makes a very effective cover design.

OUR GLORIOUS HERITAGE.

An Anthology of Patriotic Verse for Boys and Girls.

Edited by C. S. EVANS. 1s. net. (Heinemann.)

No literature is richer than our own in poems of patriotism, and Mr. C. S. Evans has made an excellent selection admirably suited to the younger readers he has in view, and well arranged in four sections, the titles of which sufficiently explain themselves. They are "Songs of the Motherland"; "The Pageant of British History"; "Songs and Ballads of the Sea," and "The Mother and the Sons"—these last having, of course, special concern with the Britains over-seas. There is a capital introduction by the Rev. H. C. Beeching.

From **England of My Heart**
(Dent).

THE DOWNS.

NAPOLEON'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1812.

By Edward Foord. With 32 full-page plates and 15 maps and plans. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

From Robert Spence Watson. (*Headley*).

In the last few years the Historical Section of the French War Office has published an enormous number of new documents that throw light on Napoleon's Russian campaign, from the French standpoint, and a certain amount of fresh material dealing with it from the Russian point of view has been put forth by the Petrograd War Office. Of all this important data and of other such matter that has recently appeared in personal Memoirs and unofficial records Mr. Foord has fully and conscientiously availed himself, with the result that this history of his makes the amplest and most authoritative account of Napoleon's disastrous Russian adventure that has yet been compiled. He has been less concerned with the technical aspects of the great expedition than with the series of episodes that fill up the story of it. After a discussion of circumstances that preceded the campaign, he gives two chapters to an admirable analysis of Napoleon's Army and its Generals, and the Russian Army and its Generals; and then unfolds the fascinating tale of "the last and greatest of Napoleon's efforts to impose his dominion upon Continental Europe." No imagined romances are more picturesque or more intensely interesting than are the true records of Napoleon's amazing career; and none of those records hold the reader more powerfully or are more alive with dramatic situations than is this of his invasion of Russia and the terrible retreat. The value of Mr. Foord's work is that it is at once careful, unimpeachable history for the student, and so written that its wonderful story will appeal also to those who read for pleasure only. The illustrations are excellent.

From Napoleon's Russian Campaign (*Hutchinson*).

Round the Camp Fire. After a painting by Vereschagin. (By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

A THEOLOGIAN'S WORKSHOP, TOOLS, AND METHODS

By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dr. Agar Beet built up his reputation as a theologian upon exact grammatical study of the New Testament, and he writes this book in order to recommend his own example and methods to the younger generation. The result is that the bulk of its pages are devoted to the linguistic interpretation of the New Testament. Of the thirteen chapters no fewer than six discuss exegetical questions. It is all to the good, if theological students at the present day are recalled to the need for a careful, historical investigation of the documents of their religion, and Dr. Beet has sound precepts to enforce along this line. But since he did his work, methods have changed, even in this department. The range of study has been widened, and the approach to the text of the New Testament is no longer so simple and isolated as it was once thought to be. Again, the older methods were in danger of becoming too verbal. Plato, it has been said, seems to have thought that when he fathomed the meaning of a word he had fathomed the idea which it conveyed, and Christian theologians who are not Platos have shared the same notion. However, Dr. Beet's spirit is sound. He urges that "everyone, as he approaches ordination, should map out for himself a course of study extending over several years. Doubtless his programme will, through unforeseen causes, be from time to time modified, and, we may hope, improved. But this is much better than mere desultory reading, which is always unsatisfactory." It is certainly much better than frittering time and strength upon the reading of promiscuous transendental literature. Beginners will do well to lay Dr. Beet's counsel to heart.

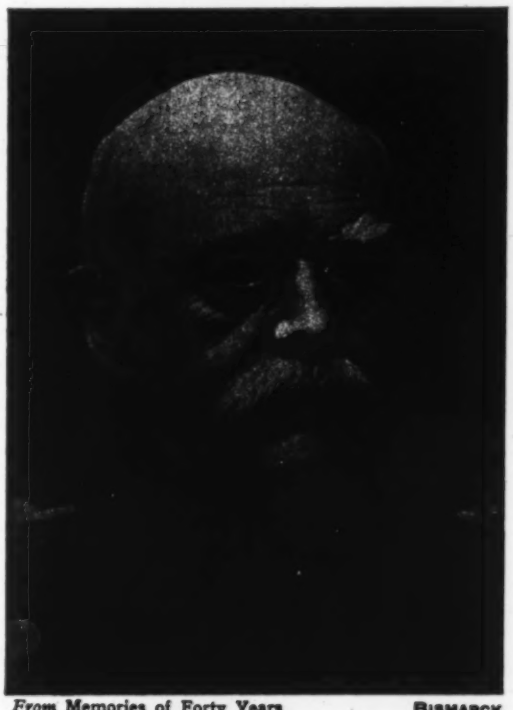
On some details, the author commits himself to statements which need to be amplified or modified. It is scarcely accurate, for example, to say that in Gen. xv. 5, we have "definite, inward religious experience" for the first time in the Old Testament (p. 120). The chapter on inflexions and prepositions requires to be read in the light of some researches in Hellenistic Greek, and there is an absence of emphasis upon the importance of

rabbinic sources for a knowledge of the New Testament world. On p. 225 Dr. Beet recommends the theological student to study "some works of Plato, and especially the 'Nikomachean Ethics' of Aristotle; and on a lower plane the philosophical writings of Cicero." On a lower plane, decidedly. Cicero's philosophical treatises are much less useful for the illustrating of "the last Gentile Christian thought current in the days of the apostles," than Epictetus.

ÆSOP IN POLITICS.

By IAN D. COLVIN. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The fact that you do not share Mr. Colvin's political views will not prevent you from enjoying the wit and humour of his verses in this very entertaining volume.



From Memories of Forty Years (*Cassell*). BISMARCK.

His satire is incisive without being bitter; there is so much of geniality in his whimsical humour that you cannot but laugh with him even when you most entirely disagree with him. We were tickled with these fables when we first read them in the pages of the *Morning Post*, and we have read them again with undiminished pleasure. A brilliant little book, the right simplicity of Æsop being cleverly maintained both in the tales and in their morals.

From Women all the World Over (*Hutchinson*). CHINESE WOMEN AS SOLDIERS. (By permission of the "Daily Mirror.")

From The Building of the Empire (*Jarrold*). THE SUBALTERN STOOD HIS GROUND.

MY BOHEMIAN DAYS IN LONDON.

By JULIUS M. PRICE. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Bohemia—the very word is like a bell to toll certain folks together with a lively and hopeful inquisitiveness. They hope for flightiness, spiciness, adventures especially with pretty, rowdy ladies, and a general atmosphere of frisk and frivol. Well, Mr. Price's "Bohemia" was geographically centred in St. John's Wood, and the historical era was in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties . . . so there you are. As an artist Mr. Price worked and moved among interesting people, of whom we have some pleasant glimpses. Leighton was very kind and friendly; his work on the *Illustrated London News* brought him into friendly and jolly relationships with the special artists of the journalistic world. There are entertaining and instructive records of what St. John's Wood was in its palmy, disrespectable days, and innumerable anecdotes of studio life and ways, as well

as of the colony of the *demi-monde* in various strata that were the backbone of the quarter. It is perhaps regrettable that Mr. Price should devote so much of his book to recounting his adventures with his models, and how he found models, and how they posed to him for the figure; indeed, there is just a little over-emphasis of the nude throughout the book, and without sufficient real justification. Mr. Price could probably have found many things to tell that would have been very interesting, and left no unpleasant impression behind. This kind of book is becoming exceedingly common, and is only justified when done exceedingly well, and with consummate literary art. Even the illustrations are a little emphatic of the nudity so prevalent in the text, but Mr. Price explains that, "as a Bohemian of the Paris school," he is "constrained to confess" that "the life of an ascetic . . . is not at all in my line." Really, one is almost constrained to wonder why he should have made this not very interesting confession.

From My Bohemian Days in London (*Laurie*)

I GOT A FLOWER GIRL TO COME TO THE STUDIO.

A CAMERA ACTRESS IN THE WILDS OF TOGOLAND.

By Miss M. Gehrts.
12s. 6d. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.).

Since Miss Gehrts went out to Togoland to play the "White Woman's part" in cinematograph dramas with a true African background, there has been a dramatic change in Togoland itself. By a sudden *coup* it ceased to be a German Colony, so that had the cinematograph actress been there some months later, she might have appeared in the filming of historical events. The change, however, has not lessened, perhaps it may prove to have stimulated interest in the particular part of West Africa that is described in this volume, which, therefore, makes a timely appearance. Miss Gehrts writes brightly and freshly both of her personal experiences in up-country places, where no white woman had before been seen, and of the many natives with whom she and her two companions — Major Schomburgk, F.R.G.S., organiser of the expedition, and Mr. Hodgson the "operator" —came in contact during their wanderings after local colour to be brought back for those who sit at home at ease. The book is, however, something more than a thoroughly readable record of personal adventures, for Miss Gehrts studied the ways of the strange peoples among whom she strangely lived and her work has a real ethnographical value as dealing with the tribes of a tract of country that had not hitherto been described. As befits a volume that had its genesis in cinematography, the book is liberally and well illustrated, with views, pictures of native life, and "bits" from the filmed dramas in which the author took part.

From A Camera Actress in the Wilds of Togoland (*Seeley Service*).

THE AUTHORESS ACTING IN THE WILDS.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF JAPAN.

By T. FUJIMOTO. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a book on various social habits and customs of the Japanese, written by one of themselves. The author urges that "many books have been written on Japan by the Europeans, but, as everything was observed with their European eyes, the true features of the country of the 'Rising Sun' could not be satisfactorily exhibited by them." We have the further assurance that, "although the subjects treated in the book are often trifling matters and belong to things not very important, yet it is sure the reader will find neither fallacies nor misunderstandings, into which foreigners are liable often to fall." One thing seems clear from a careful reading of this vivid account of night-life in Japan that the civilisation of that land is in essentials a vastly different thing from the civilisation of Christendom. Prostitution to the Japanese (and Mr. Fujimoto has, naturally, a good deal to say on courtesans, geisha and dancing girls in this remarkable and quite unusual book) is shown as a feature of social and civil life, accepted without shame or regret or any sense of demoralisation; and at once we strike a fundamental difference of outlook. Theatres, variety halls, hotels, lodging-houses, restaurants, gardens, public bath-houses, all come under survey by Mr. Fujimoto, who writes English in his own way; and there are forty illustrations by Japanese artists.

From The Night Side of Japan (*Laurie*).

THEATRE STREET IN THE AGE OF YEDO.

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> That He who made it, and reveal'd its date
> To Moses, was mistaken in its age,"

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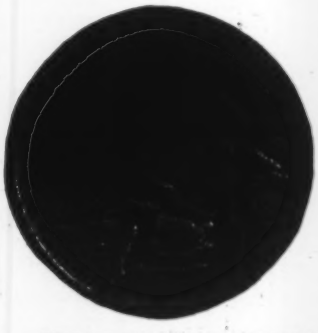

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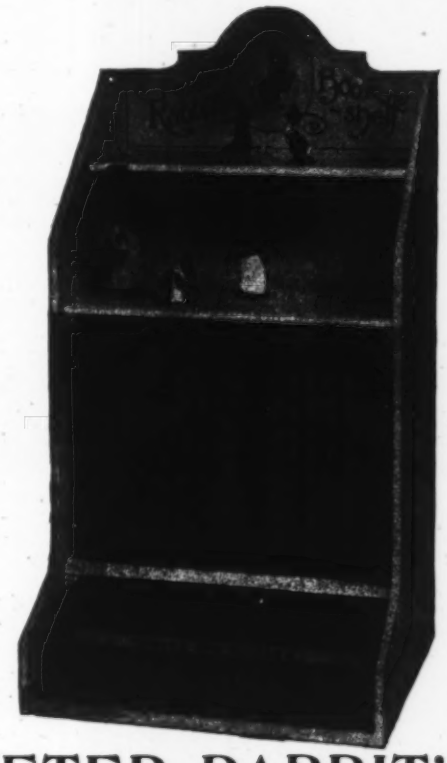

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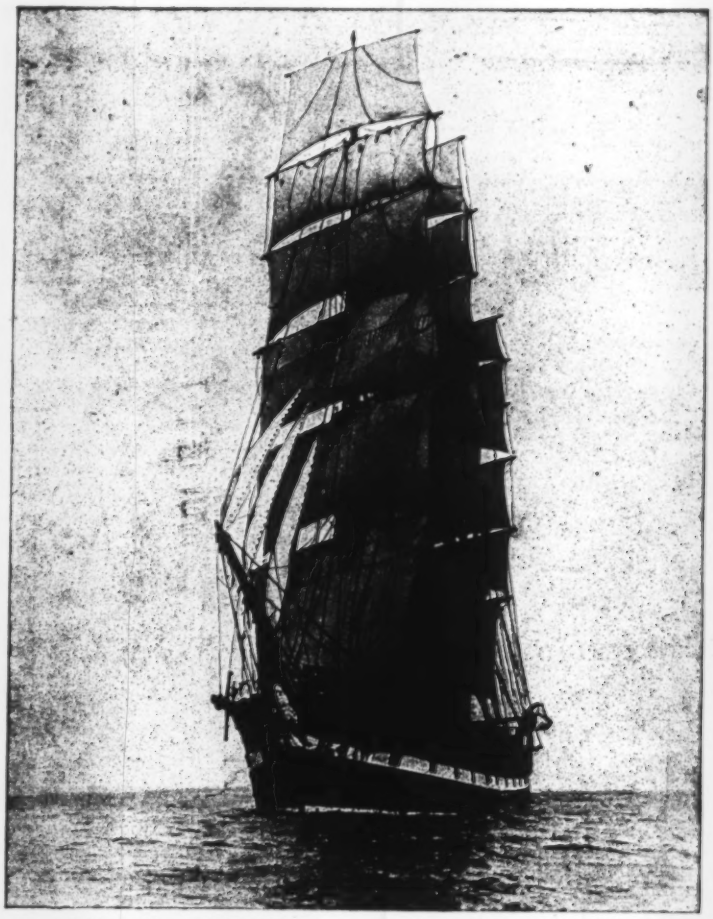

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From 1914 Illustrated
(*Headley*).

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Painted specially for "1914 Illustrated" by Harold Copping.

From A Tale of Old Japan, By Alfred Noyes. (*Blackwood.*)

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THE WITCH

By MARY JOHNSTON. 6s. (Constable.)

Lovers of that wonderful book "The Golden Bough," in which the whole history of religious inspiration is set down, will remember how far back in the story of the human race the belief in witchcraft and devil-worship is embedded. When man became a civilised being it still survived. It withstood the healthy Rabelaisian laughter of Horace, and in the Middle Ages, when men's minds were more apt to be turned in upon themselves, it grew in intensity. The burning of Joan of Arc as a witch is always referred to as an indelible blot on the English race, but according to the times it was the ordinary, traditional procedure. Up till 1736—not two hundred years ago—the penal laws against witchcraft were enforced in all their brutality in this country, and one authority states that over thirty thousand persons were judicially murdered on this charge in England in the course of two hundred years. The last execution took place in 1716, when Mrs. Hicks and her daughter were hanged at Huntingdon. The daughter was aged only nine. It is with this theme, with its terrible dramatic possibilities, that Miss Mary Johnston deals in her remarkable novel. She has chosen her period with excellent judgment. The Reformation and the Renaissance have spent their force—Queen Elizabeth is dying—the world is falling under the spell of the Puritan reaction, with all its glories and all its harshness. Into this atmosphere of strife, when Episcopalian and Puritan only suspend their mutual feuds to turn and rend those who will not conform to either of their dogmas, the authoress introduces the figure of her hero, Gilbert Aderhold—a young physician, a gentle learned scholar, who has about him many of the mental characteristics that distinguish the Friar in Romeo and Juliet. How the charge of witchcraft is gradually fastened upon him and upon Joan Heron, the girl he loves, the authoress explains with really marvellous skill. In essence the book is an indictment of the spirit of dogma—a sermon preached from the text of Stevenson's statement that some men "are good haters for the love of Christ." It is a brilliant piece of work, but one cannot help wishing that Miss Mary Johnston had thought fit to keep her hero and heroine alive after their numerous trials and numerous escapes.

1914 ILLUSTRATED.

2s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

Messrs. Headley's annual record of the events of the current year is more interesting even than usual since it tells and illustrates the story of the Great War, so far as it has gone. The special articles by Sir Edward Cook, H. G. Wells, Harold Begbie, Ramsay Macdonald, and other well known writers unfold the social, political and general history of the year that will soon be past, with knowledge and with authority. The illustrations are excellent.

From The Decoy (*Erskine Macdonald*). From coloured frontispiece by H. J. Ford.

From New Tales of Old Times (*Nelson*). COLUMBA.

BELLAMY.

By ELINOR MORDAUNT. 6s. (Methuen.)

Miss Elinor Mordaunt's latest novel is more than a character study—though it is chiefly that; it is a study of real life: life in a grey town of the Midlands; life in a silk factory; life in London; life with its squalor and poverty and with its glittering wealth; life from the standpoint of Walter Bellamy, a very natural, selfish, ambitious man. It is a book that grips because of its realism; the whole story is dominated entirely by the strong personality of its hero; a personality that is the great factor in making him successful in whatever he undertakes. Smart and eager to get on, though an unscrupulous scamp, his difficulties and failures are things of the moment and easily put behind him, and he goes to every new scheme with fresh zest and enthusiasm, confident in his own powers, and openly delighted with his own cleverness. The author's intimate knowledge of human nature, her incisive and powerful style, and her lively sense of humour make this a novel of quite unusual strength—one that undoubtedly ranks as the best of her books so far, which is to give it very high praise indeed.

ONCE A WEEK.

By A. A. MILNE. 6s. (Methuen.)

One is more grateful than usual in such sombre days as these for the wit and gaiety and good humour that are the happy gifts of Mr. A. A. Milne. How is one to explain exactly what "Once a Week" is all about? Mr. Milne takes some airy nothing, starts one or two persons—usually a man and a woman—talking inconsequently, and keeps you interested and amused whilst he unfolds the merest ghost of a story. Ronald is going to marry Celia, and there are four delightfully sparkling little chapters concerned with the preliminary arrangements; followed by some half-dozen as fresh and as whimsical, dealing with the small every-day matters of home life after they are married and settled down. There are some clever, genially satirical sketches of "Men who Succeed," a series on "Winter Sports," another on "Other People's Houses"—all written in the lightest spirit of light comedy, and with an art in the easy, careless, shrewd sketching of character that is a very delightful thing. For dulness and low spirits "Once a Week" is an infallible tonic—there is not a page in it that does not tickle you to the best of quiet laughter.

NEW TALES OF OLD TIME.

By W. E. SPARKES. Illustrations and Decorations by NORMAN AULT. (Nelson & Sons.)

The tales in this book are based upon the legends that have enveloped the lives of four of the early Christian saints—Patrick, Columba, Aidan and Cuthbert. There is room for a book of this kind for young people, and the author has taken care to bring into relief the saintly virtues of these men, whose purity of soul accomplished so much for the early Church when the world was dark, and when the task of imbuing mankind with Christian principle was difficult indeed. Gentleness, charity, humility and piety endowed each and all of these men with the invisible halo which all of us associate with the saints of old. The first and longest story is that of St. Patrick, and although it seems somewhat diffuse and a trifle overladen with descriptions of scenery, on the whole it is a pen picture of Ireland's patron saint which children should enjoy. The author might be careful, however, in his choice of phrases here and there. A phrase such as "other inimical eyes blazed in anger at the sight," is apt to place too great a strain upon a child's intelligence. The story of Columba, the supposed cause of the gory battle of Culdrenhue, and that of Aidan, the founder of the Northumbrian Church, are both well done; while the story of Cuthbert, the last in the book, and certainly the best, is told in a style of sweet simplicity. The illustrations and decorations are by Mr. Norman Ault, and are very artistic.

From Macbeth: Novels from Shakespeare Series (*Paul*). GLAMIS HATH MURDERED SLEEP AND THEREFORE CAWDOR SHALL SLEEP NO MORE.

MISS BILLY.

By ELEANOR H. PORTER. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

If you have not yet met Miss Billy you should seek an introduction without delay. She is a delightfully refreshing character, and her adventures, and her joys and sorrows, make an uncommonly interesting story. At the age of eighteen, Miss Billy Neilson is left alone in the world, without a single relation. True, she is not left penniless by any means—but what is money and property without "any one—not any one who cares." Miss Billy writes to a Mr. William Henshaw, her father's boyhood chum (after whom she is named "Billy.") Her letter creates great consternation in the Henshaw household, especially as she asks to be allowed to come and live with them, and: "Oh, by the way," she writes, "you don't mind my bringing Spunk, do you? I hope you don't for I couldn't live without Spunk, and he couldn't live without me." Who on earth is Spunk, they wonder, and dread his arrival. The upheaval that Billy, and Spunk, bring about in the Henshaw's house, and the outcome of it all, is told in an easy entertaining way that makes delightful reading. Billy, impetuous and sunny; William Henshaw, the big hearted, easy-going collector of old tea-pots, miniatures, spiders and things; Cyril, the musician; and the gay, irrepressible Bertram, the artist, everlastingly painting his "Face of a Girl"; these, together with the rest of the skilfully portrayed characters in the tale, combine to make the book a decided success.

From Miss Billy (*Stanley Paul*).

FROM COVER.

RAMONA.

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON. 6s. (Sampson, Low & Co.)

Although "Ramona" does not fulfil the extravagant claim—made for it by an enthusiastic American critic—of being the "'Lorna Doone' of America," it is nevertheless a novel of surpassing charm and merit. The scenes are laid in one of earth's most picturesque spots, sun-bathed California, just after its seizure by the United States, with its crumbling missions and declining Catholic power, and the driving out of the Spanish and Indian nobility before the influx of American rascaldom and get-rich-quick adventurers. Señora Moreno on her vast sheep ranch holds true to the old regime. A stern, masterful woman, she hates the invaders and their ways, and rules everyone about her with skilled diplomacy. At Señora Moreno's, life is indolent, hospitable, courteous and generous. The household consists of Felipe and Ramona, the latter the adopted daughter of the Señora's dead sister, a devout, beauteous girl, half Indian. The action centres round Ramona and her Indian lover, Alessandro. Their love story, which is told with delicate artistry, is one of singular beauty, great and passionate tenderness, deep pathos, and tragic circumstances. Unusual in many respects this is a book to remember and talk about.

From Ramona (*Sampson Low*).

ALESSANDRO.

YORKSHIRE FOLK AT HOME.

By ARTHUR HODSON. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

A series of brightly-written letters addressed by one Horace to his sister Barbara, descriptive of the writer's experiences of the dalesfolk and of how he found a Yorkshire wife. There is a considerable deal of dialect, with a certain amount of reference to religious matters that will probably provoke discussion. On the whole a very entertaining volume, which leaves one's prejudices in favour of Yorkshire hospitality and grit enhanced rather than otherwise.

THE HEROINES OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

With 20 miniatures in colour. By HERBERT BEDFORD. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No novelist has drawn such a wonderfully true and living gallery of women characters as Meredith, and these clever studies of twenty of them, with a beautifully reproduced miniature of each, will be a valuable addition to every Meredithian's library.

THE WOMAN IN THE BAZAAR.

By Alice Perrin.
3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The Anglo-Indian novel with a happy ending—or, at least, without tragedy—is a very rare bird indeed; and the title of Mrs. Perrin's new novel gave us no hope that on this occasion she was to break with convention. From the moment that Captain Coventry falls in love at first sight with Rafella Forte, the vicar's beautiful daughter, whose innocence shuddered at the thought of cigarettes, drink and cards, we somehow divined a tragic ending when fortune removed her to Simla and matrimony. Innocent Rafella occasioned some scandal by her ministrations as mother-confessor to the subalterns of the district; and the groundless suspicions of her selfish and tactless husband drove her to disaster, when the inevitable *roué* appeared upon the scene. Captain Coventry was slow to learn, and his second essay in matrimony seemed destined to end in a precisely similar disaster. At a critical time he awoke both to understanding and sympathy, but the lesson came to him in the horrible knowledge of the full tragedy of Rafella. So the story has a happy ending after all, though to one of the two most concerned there lives a terrible memory in the background. Mrs. Perrin, it is superfluous to say, inspires her readers with a pleasant sense of conviction. Her canvas on this occasion is a small one, but her little scenes are touched in with admirable skill and fidelity, and her readers, as usual, have the enjoyment of a practised style. Mrs. Perrin is a little ruthless; she points no moral, but stands absolutely aside while her characters evolve their poor little destiny. Stated in its briefest form, the plot must inevitably be called melodramatic, but the author has accepted this difficulty only to overcome it.

From The Laughing Cavalier (*Hodder*).

COVER, AFTER FRANZ HALS.

THE WOMAN WHO LOOKED BACK.

By M. Hamilton.
6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Oliver Moore, heir to a baronet's title, suffered from two heavy handicaps. One was a rash marriage at nineteen with a soubrette in France; and it is part of the afflictions of the present war that the supply of the staple commodity for novels is sadly imperilled. The other handicap was the possession of a bunch of ultra-proper relatives. Things might have gone well enough with Sara, whom he married in the full belief that the first Mrs. Moore was dead; but an interfering aunt (no international hostilities are ever likely to curtail *her*) digs up the fact that the soubrette is still alive. Then comes the chance for the heroine to look back and fulfil the function alloted to her in the title. She yearns after an old love, Captain Charlecote, and when Oliver's relations force the husband and wife apart, it looks for a time like an inglorious win for the army. Luckily Sara's heart beats true to the duty of a British heroine, and perhaps two blameless and flawless children help in the same direction. Ultimately Oliver obtains a divorce and his title, and so we are spared the dreadful solution which settles a similar problem in Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors." We beg Meredith's pardon for the parallel, and hasten to say that there are no lofty complexities in Miss Hamilton's style. The worst of her story is that the entanglement demands a bolder treatment than her notions allow, and she drops the soldier lover like a hot potato when he has served his turn. But she knows her women characters, and makes them think and feel as well as live.

From The Woman in the Bazaar (*Cassell*).

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THE PATROL OF THE SUN DANCE TRAIL.

By Ralph Connor. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Another stirring romance of Western Canada, from Ralph Connor. No one who has travelled in Canada towards the Rockies will forget the members of the North-West Mounted Police, if he had the good fortune to meet any of that splendid force. They resemble our navy men, lithe, capable, open-air fellows, with heavy responsibilities, and a quiet, light spirit. Mr. Connor describes how they played their part in the rising of the half-breeds and Indians, which Reid helps to organise. It was a wild and dangerous hour for Saskatchewan. Only the first, firm rule of the Government, and the ability of the Police pulled things right, and the hero of this story, Cameron,

From **The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail** — **Reproduction of Cover.**

had much to do with the success of the operations. Cameron had married and left the force, but the emergency recalled him to the ranks. He and his wife and his sister are the main figures in the story. There are love complications as well as fighting. Also, there are Scotchmen, who fight as well as love. Mr. Connor can handle these materials deftly. He can also convey the sense of the open air and the prairies as few Canadian novelists can, and this novel is one of his best. He takes us back to the good old days, when Indians played a royal part in romances of the West, and also to the bracing, manly temper, which is so great an asset of the Canadian North-West. The book has its touches of pathos and tragedy, but the pulse of courage and adventure beats through its pages, and Mr. Connor has once more succeeded in lighting upon a plot which does justice to his singular power as a novelist of the healthy, stirring school.

KEEP SMILING.

More News by Liarless for German Homes. By Walter Emanuel and John Hassall. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The actual German reports of the panic and disorganisation that have overwhelmed us in England, since the commencement of the War, are in themselves so amusing that Mr. Walter Emanuel would seem to have set himself a difficult task when he sat down to compile something that should be as funny or funnier. Nevertheless he has succeeded triumphantly; his reports of what is happening in our midst are in the true German style but have just the added touch of burlesque that tickles you to laugh at their absurdity—their very absurdity lying in the fact that they are so faithfully modelled on the real thing. And Mr. Hassall illustrates the text in the same joyous, irresponsible spirit. His drawings of the one British soldier whom the Germans wish they had spared so that he might have carried home convincing news of the total destruction of our contemptible little Expeditionary Force; of the out-of-work actors paraded through London disguised as German prisoners; his spirited revelation of Sir Edward Grey engaged in disposing of Lord Morley; of the householder taking refuge in his coal-cellar from Zeppelin risks, are among the most delightfully farcical things in this little book of whimiscal nonsense. It is as well to keep smiling even in such times as these and under the influence of Messrs. Emanuel and Hassall you can do it easily, for sixpence.

THE WAY OF SINNERS.

By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward Lock & Co.)

"The Way of Sinners," Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton's latest book, is a dramatic novel with a good plot and plenty of thrilling situations. It tells how a beautiful young girl, with all the luxuries and comforts of life, nobly renounces them all to join an enthusiastic young man and an elderly woman in a religious campaign, and to live a life of self-sacrifice. The wonderful personality of Brian Hardy has inspired her with an indifference to worldly things and a desire to do good, and though he is reluctant to let her give up so much, because he loves her, nothing can deter her. Her experiences in the splendid work into which she puts her heart and soul make only a portion of a plot which is packed full of incident, and, in spite of its many complications, skilfully worked out. The author's powers at story-telling are well known, and for a really exciting novel, that will hold the reader's attention throughout, one could not easily better "The Way of Sinners."

THE ISLAND OF LOVE AND DEATH.

By W. E. Bailey. 6s. (Nash.)

The boyhood of David Drase, born in Singapore of English parents, has been spent in an atmosphere of squalor and brutality. Morally and physically he is stunted, and he has reached the low-water mark of his fortunes when he becomes cook upon an American tramp steamer trading in the Indian Ocean. The ship carries two passengers—an invalid Englishman, and his honourable, upright, and genuinely attractive wife. When it is wrecked upon an unknown and desert island these three only survive—to play out a tense little drama in primitive conditions. Mr. W. E. Bailey—whose "Led into the Wilderness" showed very similar characteristics—has a keen sense of colour and atmosphere, and the tropical setting of his novel is drawn boldly and surely. The theme of "The Island of Love and Death" is not an easy one, but it is handled with a tact and ability that will encourage the reader to believe in its author's future, while its characters are natural and sympathetic. It is a novel of considerable promise, and one that well deserves reading.

THE BLIND SIDE OF THE HEART.

By F. E. CRICHTON. 6s. (Maunsel.)

This is a story of Irish "life"—in the main a love-story, as one might have guessed from its title—and one of the most fragrant and charming modern romances that has come even out of Ireland. Its sketches of Irish life are full of vivacity and humour; and its heroine, Betty, is so fascinating a young person, and the author so makes you feel her fascination, that you do not wonder when Dick, repenting of all his mistakes, wants nothing at last but to give his life to her and ask her to make it and him better. It is a very human story; its many and various characters are delightfully natural men and women, and it is their very naturalness and the naturalness of what they say and do that is at least half the secret of the story's interest. It is a distinctly good piece of work—an ably-written and entirely enjoyable novel.

THE GARDEN UNDER GLASS.

By WILLIAM F. ROWLES. With numerous Illustrations. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

This book is entirely practical being intended for anybody who makes a serious attempt to grow flowers, fruits or vegetables under glass. It is fully illustrated with pictures and diagrams, the latter of which are particularly useful. Some of the pictures are good, though a few are rather inferior to those to be found in the catalogues of horticulturalists; they must all be judged not as works of art but from the strictly utilitarian standpoint. The book is divided into six parts. Part I. is the most useful, and will meet with very general agreement from all who know anything of the subject. It deals with the construction of glass-houses and frames. Part II. concerns popular greenhouse plants, here the author has quite wisely allowed a certain play to his personal fancies which makes the volume more interesting, though he has been careful not to neglect the popular tastes. Part III., dealing with fruits, treats of vines, peaches, nectarines, strawberries, tomatoes, and melons. Part IV., which concerns vegetables is very short, but severely practical. Part V. on greenhouse work is more scientific, but will interest all who take their hobby intelligently. Part VI., miscellanea, gives in detail many matters which cannot easily be fitted into the general scheme of the volume. The glossary aims at explaining words which "though familiar and common-place enough to gardeners, are quite unintelligible to outsiders." The book should prove welcome to every amateur, and even professional gardeners will find a good many things in it that are worth attention.

From **Night Watches**
By W. W. Jacobs.
(*Hodder*).

I'D PRETTY WELL SWEAR HE AIN'T THE SAME DOG.

From **Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians**
(*Harrap*).

"O, BEAUTEOUS GREEN LAKE!"
Frontispiece by Wm. Sewell.

COME OUT TO PLAY.

By M. E. F. IRWIN. 6s. (Constable.)

Miss Irwin's second novel goes far to fulfil the promise of her first, "How Many Miles to Babylon." It is nothing more than the life-story of a young man-about-town, sympathetically treated, and written with rare skill and insight. Truffles is a pleasant young fellow, of an intelligence a good deal above the average, and with opportunities sufficient to turn him into a useful member of society. Somehow, though, he never manages to make good—principally because he is accustomed to take life as a joke. In the tragic ending he finds that "he had played at living. It had never been worth while to count the cost, to think of anything beyond the moment. . . . Nothing had been worth while taking seriously." He knew now that it was "worth while." Although he is a useless creature, Truffles is likeable—the reader, indeed, will probably like him quite as well as did his friends. According to his lights he played the game, and he can hardly be blamed for playing it unsuccessfully. There is much good material in Miss Irwin's book, which can be cordially recommended to every novel reader.

THE BRITISH ARMY BOOK.

By PAUL DANBY and LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL FIELD, R. M. L. I. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

This is a new edition of the Red Army Book which was for many years a standard and popular work on the British Army. But it is more than this. The former book has been used as a basis for the present work, and several new and very important chapters have been added. For these additions and for the revision Lieutenant-Colonel Field is responsible. At the present moment the book will make an appeal to everybody. It contains within its stout covers everything that one wants to know about our forces who are fighting at the front. The chapter entitled "The Fourth Arm or the Flying Corps" is of particular interest, giving as it does, for example, details of how bombs are dropped from aeroplanes, which we have not seen explained before. There is an excellent chapter too, on the Territorials, describing their origin, telling the story of some of the most famous corps like the H. A. C. and relating exactly the part they play in the campaign. The story of the native Indian Army is also told, and the chapter entitled "The Lion's Whelps" gives an admirable account of all the colonial regiments. The book indeed, is a popular compendium of all things relating to the British Army and war in general. The illustrations, of which there are thirty-four in all, are exceedingly good and admirably explained in the text. Some of them are actual photographs from the seat of war.

From The British Army Book (*Blackie*).

AN AERIAL SCOUT DROPPING BOMBS.

TRAINING.

By HARRY ANDREWS. 2s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

One gathers from the preface that while Mr. Harry Andrews supplied all the material for this excellent treatise, it was Mr. Elliot Stock — on the title page, described as the editor—who put it into writing. As all interested in athletics know, Mr. Harry Andrews is one of the most famous trainers in the country, acting in that capacity to the Amateur Athletic Association, to many of the chief Army regiments, and being responsible to a large extent for the feats performed by such men as Shrubb, Holbein and Morton. Mr. Andrews like so many modern trainers, is a great believer in massage, as an aid to training. He reckons it indeed as the most important item in an athlete's striving after fitness. Next in order of importance he advises skipping, walking and gardening. His advice refers solely to the track, field and road, and though he does touch upon that branch of physical culture which is so important to the boxer, he concerns himself mostly with the runner and the cyclist. He is inclined to be contemptuous with regard to open-air bathing in the winter, declaring that the man who indulges in such spartan work is an object for the onlookers pity. This view, however, can be combated. There are many old men who, up to the age of eighty, indulge in an open-air dip throughout the year with demonstrably beneficial results. The chapter on medicine and general hints is perhaps the most sound and sensible that has ever been published, and every man, whether he is anxious to win athletic honours or not, should read it. There is a good appendix to this really useful book which sets out the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association, and provides a series of weight and time charts for the use of the self-trained athlete.

From Training for the Track (*Stanley Paul*).

THE FIRST HURDLE.

FROM HARRAP'S LIST OF BOOKS BEAUTIFUL 1914

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By WOISLAV M. PETROVITCH, Attaché to the Royal Serbian Legation to the Court of St. James.

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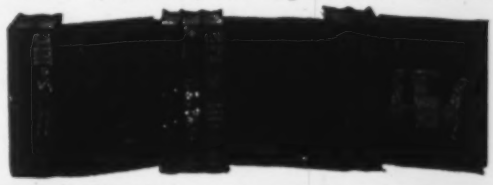

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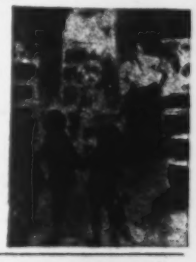

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From Lickle Tickle. (*Nelson*).

THE MOON BEGAN SLOWLY TO APPEAR.

POPPYLAND.

By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Illustrated by Leighton Pearce. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Four stories for younger readers make up Mr. de Vere Stacpoole's delightful Christmas volume, "Poppyland." As you might guess from the book's title, all four stories are such stuff as dreams are made of—imaginative, fantastic, full of grace and happy fancies, and told with that delicate, captivating art in which Mr. Stacpoole is a past master. The scenes of the longest tale, "The Little Prince," are in Italy; those of "Pierette" are in Sweden; and of "Abdul and Hafiz" and "Feyshad" in the wonderful country of the Arabian Nights. There is a mysterious garden in "Pierette" that will give thrills of joy and excitement to whomsoever reads about it, and an immense green dragon which is not to be baulked of its prey. The spirit of fantasy and the spirit of adventure play through the book and move its boys and girls and men and women and strange animals to the queerest, gayest, weirdest and most delightfully interesting doings, and the places they live in, the things they see and do are illustrated picturesquely and imaginatively in Mr. Leighton Pearce's admirable colour drawings. "Poppyland" is one of the most entertaining and will be one of the most welcome of Christmas gift books among the youthful readers for whose pleasure it is specially designed.

THE GIRL FROM THE BACK-BLOCKS.

By Lilian Turner. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

The girl from the Back-Blocks, aged fourteen, was absolutely certain that she was "a lady to me finger-tips," and had no need of further education or polish. Her family thought otherwise; and in spite of her tears, arguments, anger, and even plotting to miss the train upon the very day fixed for her departure from the Australian country for the Australian town, she was hurried off by her father, dishevelled as she was, and left, lonely and home-sick, in the midst of civilisation and modern school-life. Joan Darcy from the Back-Blocks cut an amusing figure among the town-bred girls, and she was quite a "little outsider" for some time. But Miss Turner, who can tell a girl's story better than most persons, alters all that in the most natural manner and pairs up the rough little country girl with the loveliest, most fashionable girl in the school. It is all done with humour at the pen point, too. The girls are living girls, and their talk makes even a grown-up laugh heartily, and we find no unnatural conversion of the Back-Block child into an angelic and polished "Miss." It is an entertaining story, simply told, and lucky is the girl who finds it among her gifts on Christmas Day. It is a noble half-crown's worth.

XUM

THE GOLDEN AGE.

By KENNETH GRAHAME. Illustrated by R. J. E. MOONY. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Every year now seems to bring us a new edition of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's inimitable little masterpiece, "The Golden Age"—and it would be hard for the years to bring us any other book of its kind that the happy dwellers in the Golden Age would be so sure to welcome. New books for children are issued by the hundred; they are read eagerly by delighted audiences, and pass out of knowledge, but "The Golden Age" remains with us, along with "Alice in Wonderland," and a few other such tales that never lose the freshness of their charm and never get lost in the multitude of newer books. There is no need to praise it and its exquisite sketches of child-life; it keeps its sure place in the hearts of all who have read it, and they grow up to give it to their own children because of the joy it gave to themselves. Mr. Moony interprets the poetic fantasy and the quaintnesses of the stories very cleverly and with the nicest feeling—his landscapes are landscapes of dreamland, but the children that play or move adventurously through them are real children, and it is just this blending of fancy and reality that keeps his drawings in such cunning harmony with the stories that Mr. Grahame unfolds. An altogether delectable edition of one of the most delectable of children's books.

From The Golden Age (*Lane*).

WE PUT THE ARGO'S HEAD UP STREAM.
Reduction of coloured illustration.

NURSERY RHYMES.

By MARGARET W. TARRANT. With 48 Coloured Plates. 3s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Miss Tarrant has been wisely contented to select her nursery rhymes from that great storehouse of them that delighted our grandparents when they were children; for we have lost the art of writing nursery rhymes, and shall never have any new ones that are so good as the old. Here you have all of them that the present reviewer can remember, and many he had forgotten, and some that he has no recollection of reading before—a large and a first-rate collection; and the pictures are all Miss Tarrant's own. If you are acquainted with her work, you will not need to be told that her charming drawings add freshness and a new edge of meaning to many of the rhymes she illustrates, and that if it were for the sake of the pictures only, this is a book that children will take to their hearts with enjoyment and love. "Old Mother Hubbard," "Jack and Jill," "Simple Simon," "Old King Cole," "I Saw Three Ships"—what is the use of making a list of them? They are all here, printed and illustrated ideally. Messrs. Ward, Lock's "Rainbow Books" are always welcome, and none will be welcomer than this.

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF HEROES.

By ERIC WOOD. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

There are many names to be added to the glorious list of heroes in these days, but we should not forget those of the past. To these heroes belongs the honour of setting that high standard of ethics which, in Mr. Lloyd George's sublime phrase, declares that sacrifice is the surest road to redemption. Mr. Wood has wisely not limited his stories of heroes to the Army and Navy. He tells of railway heroes, of heroes of everyday life, of men who in all the varied occupations of their kind have shown that courage of sacrifice which counts. All the great stories are here, too—that of the *Birkenhead*, of Gordon, of the Mutiny, and last, but not least, the story of the heroes of the Victoria Cross. The book, which should make a particular appeal to boys, is illustrated with four colour plates and twelve full-page black-and-white illustrations.

From The Book of Fairy Tales (*Warne*).

Title page illustration by H. M. Brock.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

By MARGARET L. WOODS. Illustrated by J. HANCOCK. 6s. (John Lane.)

In a foreword Mrs. Margaret L. Woods regrets that there are not nearly so many fairies in England now as there were in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It is true, as she remarks, that hardly any living people have seen a fairy, and a good many say "there never were any, and call Fairies Nonsense and Rubbish." Very well, only, as Mrs. Woods adds, "should such people chance to come to one of those spots in England which fairies still haunt, they may find out their mistake—to their sorrow. This was what happened to the Craistors." Then you turn to Chapter I. and begin to read about Lady Craistor and her little boy Darwin, and go on reading in order that you may know what did happen to them and why it was to their sorrow that they found out their mistake about fairies. It is a capital introduction to a capital story, and we are not going to spoil it by saying what it is all about. There is an imaginary creature whom Darwin feels that he has got to obey; its name is Jaw-Bobo, and its very name and the first mysterious reference to it are enough to make any youngster determine to know all that is to be known of it. There are many other fairies in the book, and some ghosts, and the queerest insects and animals, and the story about them all is told just in the right simple, forceful, amusing way, and the illustrations are a separate and special joy in themselves. This is emphatically a book to be bought when you are buying Christmas presents for any young friends.

From Come Unto These Yellow Sands (*Lane*).

SIR GORT'S DUCKING.

CONCERNING ANIMALS AND OTHER MATTERS.

By E. H. AITKEN. With Illustrations by J. A. SHEPHERD, and a Portrait. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

It is more than a pleasure, it is a boon, to find genuine scientific knowledge linked with humour and style in one volume. These things we find in Mr. Aitken's delightful writings. From the memoir of the author, which his friend Surgeon-General Bannerman, has written, we learn much of the sincerity and charm of "Eha" (the pen-name of Edward Hamilton Aitken). It is a memoir written with thought, ability and affection. But from the chapters which follow we learn even more. There is not an animal or insect, from the rhinoceros to the mosquito, that he does not criticise, it seems to us reading his essays, with keen brain and kindly heart. He probes deep into the reasons for their shapes and habits, and smiles a smile which is a blend of amusement and humanity at those shapes and habits themselves. No animal failed to interest him; and no detail of any animal failed to be worth his study. He wrote about their feet and hands, their tails, their ears; he wrote about their methods and their table-manners; he wrote about the India in which so many of his animal friends lived; and in all he was, as his friend says, "an accurate and amusing writer." This is undoubtedly a volume charming with the charm of sincerity, knowledge and humour. And the illustrations very cleverly suggest the gaiety and the truthfulness of the author's mind.

From Concerning Animals (*Murray*).

HERE THE COMPETITION HAS BEEN VERY KEEN INDEED.

From Perez, the Mouse (*Lane*).

PEREZ, THE MOUSE, STOPPED AT SOME CROSSWAY.
* From coloured illustration.

PEREZ, THE MOUSE.

Adapted from the Spanish of PADRE LUIS COLOMA. By LADY MORETON. With Illustrations by GEORGE HOWARD VYSE. 1s. net. (John Lane.)

Here is *the* book for all persons who have not yet shed their first tooth. In Spain when a little child sheds the first tooth he (or she, of course) writes a charming and polite letter to Perez, the Mouse, enclosing it, with the tooth in an envelope, and placing the envelope under the pillow that night. Then, when the child is asleep, comesPerez, the Mouse, takes the letter, reads it, and leaves a gift in its place. This dainty little book tells of the little King Bubi and his first loose tooth, and of his adventures with Perez the Mouse. It is a really charming little story put into a charming little book, which stands out as being unlike other books. It is the size and shape of the "Peter Rabbit Books," of Miss Beatrix Potter, and its seventeen exquisite little coloured plates are reminiscent of those old favourites. There are spirit and humour, humanity and style in the simple story, and we prophecy that even those persons who have long, long ago lost their first tooth will be borrowing the story of "Perez, The Mouse" from the nursery and forgetting to return it.

From Half-Holiday Pastimes for Children (*Jack*).

SIGNALLING WITH FLAGS.

HALF-HOLIDAY PASTIMES FOR CHILDREN.

By GLADYS BEATTIE CROZIER. 5s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Lucas produced a very helpful games book happily entitled "What shall we do Next?" If we are reminded of that much-thumbed volume by Miss Beattie Crozier's new work it is because games and pastimes not unexpectedly overlap. The author of this book has however brought photography very liberally to her assistance, and some young people may well find pastime for several half holidays in its company, in looking at the pictures and balancing the merits of the keeping of pets with the maintaining of a garden, the establishment of a "Home Museum" with the running of a schoolroom magazine, or the taking of photographs with flag-signalling. Certainly that boy or girl would be difficult to please who could not find in these chapters a hint for the taking up of a hobby that should prove perennially attractive thoughonly "half holidays" are specially devoted to it. Many of the pastimes, by the way, are not such as could be limited to half holidays,—the keeping of pets for example—but such a title must not be taken too literally. The cultivation of a hobby adds a new joy to life and in Miss Beattie Crozier's pages children will find simple and practical advice that should help them to find that joy.

From The Golden Dog (*Gay*).

THE BOY'S BOOK OF PETS.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Grant Richards publishes what must surely be one of the most interesting series of books for boys. He has already issued the "Boy's Book of Modern Marvels," the "Boy's Book of Aeroplanes," the "Boy's Book of Warships," and so on, exhausting all the subjects in which a boy is interested. And now he has put out another volume of equal interest in this admirable series. There are nearly a hundred and twenty illustrations in the book, together with a coloured frontispiece descriptive of a collection of some favourite pets. The animals dealt with include dogs, butterflies, cats, pigeons, lizards, silk worms, canaries and moths. In fact there is not a pet which a boy would like to keep to which a complete reference is not made. The author tells how they should be kept, gives details about diet, and, indeed, exhausts the subject in every case.

From The Boy's Book of Pets. (*Grant Richards*).

FIRST AID.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By Charles Dickens. 2s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)

A Dickens-lover of our acquaintance makes it a rule every Christmas to read those of the master's novels which deal with Yule-tide. He maintains that it is an infallible method of suffusing his mind with that "Christmas atmosphere," the loss of which is a common matter of lament in these prosy and practical days. There are probably many others who find that the magic of Dickens is similarly potent for them, and the present Christmas will especially call for such a source of refreshment for the spirit. A welcome may, therefore, be extended to this new edition of "A Christmas Carol," with its fine bold type and coloured illustrations (by A. J. Keller). "A Christmas Carol" will always have an abiding place in the affections of the general reader. It is not merely that the characters are life-like, but that, as someone has aptly said of Dickens, "he is a portrayer of living souls rather than of living men." It is here that the secret of the great novelist is found. To read "A Christmas Carol" with a responsive mind is to be brought into rapport with the essential spirit of humanity and to be awakened to the true meaning of fellowship with the world, especially the struggling, heroic and kindly portion of it. The present volume should make an acceptable and appropriate Christmas gift to all but those crabbed souls (if in these days there are any left) who think it an article of literary dignity to abjure Dickens and all his works.

From Dickens' Christmas Carol (*Chambers*).

Reproduction of Cover. (*Chambers*).

THE A's AND THE K's.

By B. Parker. Illustrated by Ann Parker. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

This is an amusing story told in verse of the adventures of three Aberdeen puppies and three kittens. It will afford endless enjoyment in the nursery, for it is written with just that feeling of incongruity that children understand, and the adventures of the three A's and the three K's are ones with which all children are familiar. The double-page illustrations in colour—there are a dozen of them—and the marginal sketches in black-and-white, are admirable, with no attempt to make the dogs like anything else but dogs, or the kittens like anything else but kittens, and, in spite of this, the artist has succeeded in making her illustrations immensely amusing and lifelike.

TEDDYKINS.

By Grace G. Drayton. (Chambers.)

Teddykins is a small bear, and these are the exciting and amusing adventures of himself and an equally small companion. Children will rejoice to read of mamma bear and these two little adventurers and all their doings; and the quaint pictures will add greatly to the reader's enjoyment. What will add to it too is that the very book, large and broad, is cut to the shape of the grown-up bear.

From The Littlest One. By Marion St. John Adcock (*Harrap*).

ALL BY MYSELF I AM OUT IN THE RAIN
From full page illustration in colour by Margaret Tarrant.

JACK AND JILL.

By Cecil Aldin and May Byron. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Reproduction of Cover (*Chambers*).

No artist can equal Mr. Cecil Aldin in getting character and humour into sketches of animals; his dogs are the quaintest, most delightful, and at the same time most natural dogs that ever wagged a tail, and we do not remember that he ever drew a more amusing and attractive dog than Jack. Jill is a cat, and these two—Jack alone at first, and afterwards the two in company, went through some entertaining, and unexpected adventures that Mrs. May Byron has related with all the art in entertaining children that she knows so well how to exercise. A handsomely produced and original Christmas book, both in its tale and its pictures.

From The Boys' Book of Pets (*Grant Richards*).

From **Jack and Jill** Coloured Illustration by Cecil Aldin.
(*Frowde & Hodder & Stoughton*).

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

(Henry Frowde, and Hodder & Stoughton.)

A veritable treasure trove for the little ones is "Mrs. Strang's Annual," containing all sorts of stories and poetry and any number of charming pictures. Fairies and pixies flit through the pages, and animals, flowers, toys, birds, and all those things which are dear to the hearts of children, play their parts in amusing and entertaining them. Mrs. May Byron, Miss Jessie Pope and many other well-known writers are among the long list of contributors; practically everything has been thought of that can interest and please juvenile readers, and the result is a book that will be coveted and prized by every one of them. The tales are told in simple language and printed in bold, black type that is easy to read; the verses are very quaint and pretty, whilst the pictures, especially the many coloured plates, give the volume a most artistic and pleasing appearance. A better annual for children has never been published, and it fully deserves the eager welcome it is sure to receive from every fortunate little girl or boy whose possession it becomes this Christmas-time.

From **Mrs. Strang's Annual** TWO-TWIGS-AND-A-SILVER-BUTTON
(*Frowde & Hodder & Stoughton*) AND THE DRESSMAKER'S CAT.

BLACKIE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

(Blackie.)

Christmas would seem incomplete to many children without the new volume of "Blackie's Annual," and it comes this year with a budget of stories and pleasant verses by well-known writers, such as Mrs. George Wemyss, Theodora Wilson Wilson, Jessie Pope, Agnes Herbertson, Sheila Braine; and is illustrated by many well-known artists, such as H. M. Brock, Gordon Browne, H. R. Millar, Frank Hart. The hosts of beautiful pictures and so much and such varied and such capital reading will thoroughly maintain the place of this, one of the best and most popular of Children's Annuals.

From **Blackie's Children's Annual**

THE JOLLY BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

There is a little note above the list of contents that every youthful possessor of "The Jolly Book" will read with satisfaction. "There are so many pictures and stories in this book," it says, "that it is quite impossible to give you a list of them all"; and the best of it is that this is the simple, literal truth. The number and variety of these contents almost bewilders a mere reviewer, but every child who loves tales and pictures will rejoice in them all. The keynote of the volume is humour, as it ought to be—a light, fantastic, jolly humour that gets into the illustrations as well as into the reading, and keeps you thoroughly amused. There are some more serious stories and verses, and some of the coloured and black-and-white sketches are sentimental, or wildly exciting, but the contrast is welcome and helps to make "The Jolly Book" a really jolly book in every respect.

THE COMPLETE TALE OF HUMPTY DUMPTY.

By Dorothea Corbould. Illustrated in Colour by Walton Corbould. 1s. net. (Warne.)

There has always been something unsatisfying in the brief and rather vague history of Humpty Dumpty as it has been handed down to us. The one incident that was related to us was so evidently not the whole of his story; and Miss Corbould has had the happy idea to tell us what has hitherto been left untold concerning him, and has carried it out with the happiest results, part of them being the clever and amusing series of colour pictures in which Mr. Walton Corbould depicts the familiar events in Humpty's career as well as these that are now for the first time disclosed to us. A lively and entertaining book for very small children.

From The Complete Tale of Humpty-Dumpty (*Warne*). Illustration by Walton Corbould.

From The Indian Story Book (*Macmillan*).

THE COCKYOLLY BIRD.

By Mabel Dearmer. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Kit, the hero of this ingenious and amusing story for children, was a boy who had two cross nurses; nevertheless, he got a great deal of pleasure and excitement out of his life, mainly through his acquaintance with the Cockyolly Bird. This bird is not to be described in a mere review. You must go to the book and get the full mystery and wonder of it. Amazing things always happen to anybody who hears the Cockyolly Song, and the song is in the book for all to read. If you hear it sung, you say Cockyolly backwards, and then wait to see what occurs, and you are not kept waiting long. Kit heard it, and the world changed for him, and children, and even grown-ups (though they won't all own it) will be keenly interested in reading about what happened to him thereafter. The story itself is one joy, and the illustrations are another, and both together are the height of happiness for whomsoever gets the book.

THE HAVEN OF DESIRE.

By Captain Frank H. Shaw. 6s. (Cassell.)

Captain Shaw can write about the sea as well as Clark Russell, and he can tell a tale in a straightforward, interesting manner. The description of the tramp steamer, loaded below the safety line and battling with a fierce gale in the Bay of Biscay, is as fine as anything by the older

From The Cockyolly Bird (*Hodder*). Cawk! Cawk! From coloured illustration by Mrs. Percy Dearmer.

From Emancipation (*Cassell*).

WOULD NOTHING EVER HAPPEN P
From coloured illustration.

novelist. There are also a couple of good fights between a bully and a mate which are very exciting, and several shipwrecks and a submarine earthquake keep the lives of the two heroes from growing dull. Interwoven with these scenes of sea-life is a series of studies of feminine character and literary adventures. A handsome coquette steals the affections of an honest sailor and leaves his true sweetheart forlorn, and then induces him to forsake the sea and become a pot-boiling novelist. But when publishers refuse to take any more of his books, she runs away with a soldier. This part of the story is not so interesting as the fine, wild sea scenes, but it is sufficiently well done to keep the reader's attention. Captain Shaw's character drawing is of the plain, direct sort, and quite effective of its kind. He does not aim at the imaginativeness and piercing subtlety of a Joseph Conrad; he has an admirable gift of narration and a large knowledge of modern sea-life, and well maintains the traditions of the sound, old British school of yarn-spinners.

ANIMALS ALL.

By ELLEN VELVIN. With numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Miss Velvin is well known as an accomplished student in natural history, and in this fascinating volume, she has given as a collection of stories about animals adapted to young readers. There is a capital tale about the kidnapping of a lion; and others as good about "Billy, the Chimpanzee"; "The Tiger and the Leaves," and "The Adventures of a Hyena." Where there are so many, and all so good it is not easy to single out the best, but we imagine that first favourites with most children will be "The Lion Who Would Not be Caught," and "How an Elephant Put Out a Fire." It is an excellent book for the youngsters, excellently illustrated.

IN NELSON'S DAY.

A Story of the Nile and Trafalgar. By ROBERT H. GOODSALL. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

A story full of the brighter side of sea-life in Nelson's day. It goes with the right swing, and boys with a love for the salt water will revel in it. There are 320 pages of fairly close print, something to keep a lad safe and quiet during many a long winter evening. And there are passages in which girls will delight also. At the present time the book should be certain of wide popularity with young folk.

EMANCIPATION.

By DOROTHY A. BECKETT TERRELL. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

This is the story of Betty Fenwick—of how, when her school days are finished, she sets her mind upon making a career for herself, and endowed with noble thoughts of self-sacrifice, decides to enter a London hospital, and to train to be a nurse; how her kind-hearted stepmother persuades her to live in London for a while, to get used to her surroundings and to make quite sure that she is doing the best and wisest thing. And so it develops with the story, which is of Betty's life in London, where she resides in Wordsworth Mansions "a rabbit-warren of little flats . . . and the population is largely feminine. Here are writers, painters, journalists—but not the successful ones . . . . Here also are typists—typists by the score. This, in short, is a backwater where some of the flotsam and jetsam—the floating population of London—comes together." It is a story of unusual power. Miss Dorothy A. Beckett Terrell's writing is full of vitality and humour with an undercurrent of sympathy that lends the book a very human touch. This is a book girls will thoroughly enjoy and benefit by reading.

From The Indian Story Book (*Macmillan*).

A CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

By Mabel Dearmer. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Dearmer first published this "Child's Life of Christ" eight years ago. Since then it has been re-issued twice in a cheaper edition and the demand for it is likely to continue. It is not an easy thing to write a life of Christ for a child and yet Mrs. Dearmer has succeeded admirably. Nothing is omitted, and yet the sacred narrative is so handled that it is well within the comprehension of the smallest child. Parents who wish to give elementary religious instruction to their children are often faced with the difficulty of how to begin. One mother started with the story of the Crucifixion, and so shocked and terrified her son that all religious instruction of any kind had to be abandoned for many months. It is just such a book as this which parents will welcome, for it is so written and so constructed as to grip and hold the child's attention. The volume is enriched by the eight fine illustrations in colour by Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale.

From A Child's Life of Christ (*Methuen*). THE QUIET CHILDHOOD.

CANDLE AND CRIB.

By K. F. Purdon. Illustrated by Beatrice Elvery. (Maunsel.)

If you have read "The Folk of Furry Farm" you will not need to be advised to read this new story by the same author. "Candle and Crib" is a real Christmas story; it is steeped in the tender, mystic spirit of Christmas, and written with the delicate fancy, the kindliness of heart, the spontaneous sympathy with the dreams and hopes and sorrows of ordinary human beings that are in closest harmony with that spirit. It is not a story to be told here in outline—it is too slight and sweet and fragile a thing for that, and its charm lies in the telling. It is a little poem in prose, and it is that because it is not written in poetical prose, but in a simple, homely fashion that carries its tale straight to the reader's heart. Give it to any young reader and you will find that this is so. Miss Elvery's illustrations in colour are well worthy of the book—and that is saying much.

From Candle and Crib (*Maunsel*). THE OX'S STALL.

STORIES TOLD TO CHILDREN.

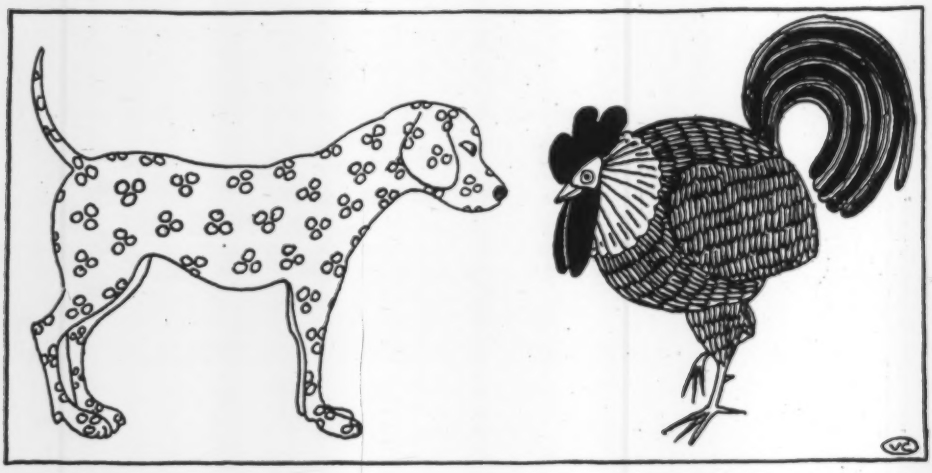
By Michael Fairless. With Illustrations by Flora White. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

These four charming fairy stories were first published as part of the volume of "The Grey Brethren." They have now been taken thence and given a book to themselves, and they fully deserve that distinction, for "The Story of the Dreadful Griffin," "The Discontented Daffodils," "The Fairy Fluffkins," and "The Story of the Tinkle-Tinkle" are four of the most delightful of modern tales for children—they have the right simplicity, the right graceful fancy, and the right quiet and delicate humour. And the great merit of Miss White's beautiful colour illustrations is that the same essential qualities are so perfectly expressed in them also. If you are hesitating in your choice of a Christmas book for some member of the smaller public, a glance at "Stories Told to Children" will put an end to your hesitation.

THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

By E. Everett Green. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

A splendid story for children is Miss E. Everett Green's latest book, "The House on the Cliff." Told by a little girl of ten years old, the eldest of four, it relates the adventures of this happy family on a visit to their grandmother at the seaside. They are natural, lovable children, full of originality, and their many exciting experiences will keep the reader enthralled until the end of the book. The author knows what will appeal to children, and tells the tale in a simple, easy, unaffected manner, with many flashes of real humour, and an evident sympathy with all the pleasures and griefs of childhood.



From More Russian Picture Tales
(*Blackwell*).

THE DOG AND THE COCK.

MORE RUSSIAN PICTURE TALES.

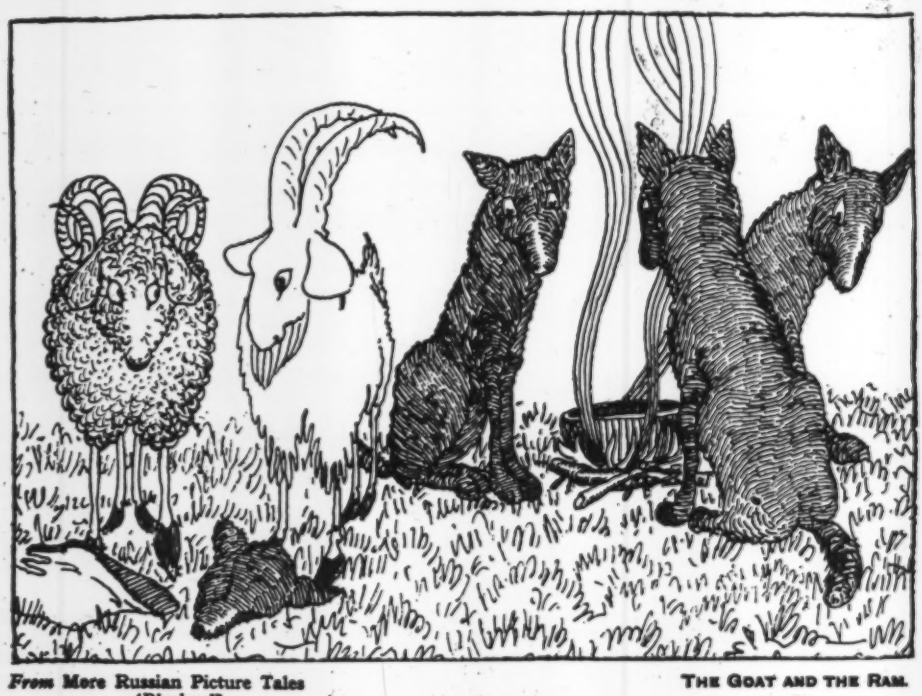
By VALERY CARRICK. Translated by NEVILL FORD. (Blackwell.)

There is really only one way of testing the value of a book written for children, and that is to give it to the children themselves to read. We have submitted this little volume to three critics, at ages ranging from five to nine, and their verdict is unanimous. They consider it the best collection of stories they have heard for many a day. And what better verdict can there be than that? For pure charm they rival the best of Grimm, and they are as humorous and inconsequential as any of our famous nursery stories. There seems to be a strain of humour peculiar to the nursery literature of all countries. You know the story of the House that Jack Built, and the Pig who would not get over the stile which depends for its charm upon the repetition of certain facts. The Russian children have very much the same story. A cock ate a bean and choked himself, and his mistress, finding him in this condition, asked him what was the matter. "I've choked myself with a bean," he answered. "Go and ask the cow for some butter." The cow won't give any butter until the haymakers have given her some hay, and the haymakers won't give any hay until the oven has given some loaves, and the oven won't give any loaves until the wood-cutters have given some wood, and the wood-cutters won't give any wood until the smith has given them an axe, and the smith won't lend his axe until he has received some charcoal, which, when the old woman has burned, everything is made easy and the life of the cock is saved. The illustrations of the book are delightful.

DOT AND THE KANGAROO.

By ETHEL C. PEDLEY. With Illustrations by FRANK P. MAHONEY. 2s. 6d. net. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: Humphrey Milford.)

Miss Pedley has written a story about a little Australian child for other Australian children to read; but children of all countries will be the better for reading it because it teaches sympathy and care for wild animals. Dot, the small heroine of this story, is lost in the immense Australian bush, and when she is in the depth of her child-despair, she sees a big grey kangaroo sitting before her. In the story the kangaroo gives Dot some berries to eat, and these berries enable her to understand animal language. The kangaroo has lost its own baby and is very sad and lonely, and it takes Dot into its empty pouch and carries her through many adventures. These adventures introduce her to many another animal and bird, and she learns of the dangers and sufferings which all wild creatures meet with at the hands of the slaying, hunting humans. Miss Pedley gives a vivid picture of the lonely land, and makes her animal heroes very much alive. In the end a double joy is waiting for the reader, for Dot finds again her home and her loving father and mother, and the faithful kangaroo finds its lost baby. Quite the right ending for Christmas-tide.



From More Russian Picture Tales
(*Blackwell*).

THE GOAT AND THE RAM.

SOME PEKINGESE PETS.

Sketched and Described by M. N. DANIEL. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Daniel does not pretend to have written a hand-book on Pekingese; his aim has been to give character sketches of that breed of pet dogs, and to supplement the sketches with a history of the animals, and hints on their care and management. Dog lovers will find his little book both useful and interesting.

HOW I TAMED MY WILD SQUIRRELS.

By ELEANOR TYRRELL. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

It hardly seems possible that an account of how a lady caught and tamed a few wild squirrels could be made the matter for a book, or, if it were attempted, could be of any interest to a reader. And yet the authoress of this little volume has unquestionably achieved this seeming impossibility. It would be difficult to say in what the fascination of this book lies—whether it is the simplicity and tenderness of the narrator, or the really close study of a certain phase of animal life—but it is unquestionably a most attractive book. It would seem that squirrels are being destroyed wholesale as a pest—they are supposed to damage young trees—and the authoress declares that the Highland Squirrel Club has exterminated forty-six thousand up to 1912, and that the Board of Agriculture has issued a mandate authorising their destruction wherever and whenever possible. To many people this announcement will come as something of a shock, for the squirrel is one of the prettiest and most attractive of the denizens left to our woods. After reading this book everybody will feel inclined to join in a protest against the edict of death. The volume is very charmingly illustrated with coloured plates and marginal sketches.

From How I Tamed Wild Squirrels (*Nelson*).

PRESENTLY I SPIED THE TEMPTER DELICATELY SKIPPING FROM BRANCH TO BRANCH.

TELL ME A TRUE STORY.

By MARY STEWART. 3s. 6d. net. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"All capable teachers agree," says Mr. A. F. Schauffler in his introduction to Miss Stewart's excellent book, "that the rising generation knows all too little of the grand stories of the Old Book, and that no other book or books in the world can match the Bible for pictorial presentation of such truths as attract and fascinate the child's mind, while at the same time they arouse enthusiasm and lead the child to right action." In an entertaining, conversational way, Miss Stewart tells the most interesting tales from the Bible, from the beginning of the world to the last story of Jesus. Children will enjoy reading Bible-history in this delightful story-book form, and it will live in their memories the longer because everything is made plain and clear, and long words and confusing complications are carefully avoided. For bed-time tales, or for reading aloud to the little ones on Sunday afternoon, nothing better could be found.

THE SEA CAPTAIN.

By H. C. BAILEY. 6s. (Methuen.)

'Tis a spirited tale this of the famous Captain Rymingtowne, and of his many adventures, before that he settled down to high prosperity. He was cunning was this hero, so cunning that even when he served as shepherd in the "hulking country" of Berkshire his betters were foiled by taking him for a fool. By the same token this mad shepherd brought Sir Ralph, the wicked rector of the parish—"a black-gowned priest" with "pious features," of the days "when Mary who burnt the heretics was Queen"—to a violent, but well-deserved death. Then Diccon, the silly shepherd, met Nicholas Doricot, who followed the sea in the brave old piratical fashion when Elizabeth was Queen and the Papists were hanged at Tyburn. And all goes well while Doricot lives. For he was a bonny lad was Nicholas, and his mastery of the Bristol alderman, and his tremendous fight on the Moorish galleys, are great business. But Doricot dies after his rescue from the prison in Alexandria, and Dick Rymingtowne, as cunning and as courageous as ever, is not such good company as the man who taught him seamanship. Fortune, it is true, went with Dick, and from the troubles that beset him invariably brought deliverance. We knew that Barbarossa, the infidel, would be floored by the erstwhile Berkshire shepherd, and that the mighty power of Spain could not compass our hero's death. As for those "dear lads," Arthur Gower and Lord Branscombe, they were bound to be discomfited. Dick behaved well to women, and was properly rewarded. His marriage, by all accounts, was a success. It would have been an ill-world otherwise.

BUSHLAND STORIES.

By AMY ELEANOR MACK. 3s. 6d. net. (Sydney: Augus & Robertson. London: Humphrey Milford.)

This illustrated volume comprises a very fresh and charming collection of stories for children, written by

From **Beauty and the Beast**
(*Warne*).

an Australian author who is an enthusiastic nature-lover, and thoroughly conversant with the haunts and denizens of her beloved bushland. Birds, beasts, fishes, plants are the things that matter in these little stories, which frequently take the form of whimsical fables. The moral is always unobtrusive, yet sound, as in the story of the leaf that longed to be red, or of the white heron whose beautiful plumes make it ever a prey to woman's vanity. In such a book there is, of course, much simple and instructive nature-lore. The author writes in a bright, happy vein, and of the many stories which will delight the children of these islands we may mention in particular that of the birds' concert, which tells of the efforts of the conceited Lyre Bird to imitate the laughing Kookaburra.

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

(Jas. Clarke & Co.)

Whoever compiles the "Rosebud Annual" is to be congratulated on his evident knowledge of children and what interests and amuses them. This splendid new miscellany of stories, verses, music and pictures will add another laurel to the reputation of the "Rosebud Annual" and confirm it in its place as a first favourite among the dwellers in the nursery.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

By Lewis Carroll. 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Messrs. Bell & Sons have just issued another edition of a book that will never grow old, and it is certain that now, as ever, Alice will find an eager welcome awaiting her wherever she goes. It is charmingly illustrated in colour by Miss Alice B. Woodward, who, we are glad to note, has kept as closely as possible to the familiar conception of the different characters, so that it is the same quaint little Alice again, in her short skirts and apron and ankle-band slippers, who figures in her pictures. In spite of the able attempts of many present-day artists, the real Alice cannot be modernised or improved upon. Miss Woodward has obtained some lovely colour effects; her graceful and humorous drawings lend an additional charm to the book and will go far to make this always popular story even more popular among children this Christmas.

From **The Rosebud Annual**
(*Clarke*).

Bedtime.

RODBOROUGH SCHOOL.

By W. E. Cule.
3s. 6d. (Pilgrim Press.)

If it is true that there are some classics which are boys' books — "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" are examples—it is equally true that there are some boys' books that are classics. One's memory returns to them automatically as standards by which all the other literature of boyhood should be judged. "Treasure Island" and "The Fifth Form of St. Dominic's" may be used as a touchstone for excellence according to the style of book upon which one has to pass judgment. In "Rodborough School" Mr. Cule has come reasonably near the latter school-boy classic. His characters are real boys, with that recklessness and lack of reverence peculiar to the male thing between fifteen and eighteen. The stories make admirable reading—there are fifteen in all—and they all have that healthy spirit which a boy's literature should have. There is nothing here of that morbid strain which characterised Farrar's famous "Eric, or Little by Little." They are just a jolly string of adventures, set in a perfectly natural school atmosphere, in which a perfectly natural set of boys take part.

From The Rosebud Annual (*Clarke*).

UP TO MISCHIEF.

HELEN'S BABIES.

By John Habberton.
6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

A new edition of this delightfully humorous book will be welcomed by everyone. "Helen's Babies" has had many imitations, but no successor, and is still as thoroughly amusing as it was thirty odd years ago in the youth of its popularity. It is full of freshness and spontaneity, and can be read and re-read any number of times, without losing any of its first charm. There are profuse illustrations both in line and colour by Miss Carrie Solomon. It is a very attractive production, a delectable Christmas gift for any man, woman or child who possesses a sense of humour and who is able to appreciate the rollicking fun of this well-known, well-loved story that has sent laughter echoing all down the years since the day of its creation.

SCRIBBLING SUE.

By Amy Eleanor Mack. 3s. 6d. net.
(Sydney: Angus & Robertson, Ltd.; London: Humphrey Milford.)

A delightful collection of short stories for children are these charming and original Australian tales by Miss Amy Eleanor Mack. Told in a simple but thoroughly entertaining style, they are full of quaint fancies and are just the sort of thing that will appeal to the heart and imagination of every real child. There is a freshness about them, and a delicious humour; as in "The Story of a Clothes Peg," which tells of a clothes peg that grew conceited and wanted to travel, because a little boy carved a face on it; and in "The Best of Friends," relating to a disappointing tea-party, the cow and the horse attempted to give to the birds. But it is impossible to mention any particular tale without wishing to go on and mention all the rest, for they all have a certain newness and fascination. The book would make an excellent gift book for any girl or boy. The several illustrations by Miss May Gibbs, including a frontispiece in colour, add considerably to its attractive appearance.

From Helen's Babies (*Hutchinson*).

IT WAS TOO PITIFUL.

From Belgian Playmates (*Gay & Hancock*). QUICK-MARCH!

BELGIAN PLAYMATES.

By NELLIE POLLOCK. Illustrated by CHARLES FOLKARD. 1s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

This is a capital little story of the present war that will not only entertain juvenile readers with its narrative of the two heroes who went out with the Expeditionary Force —one to return covered with glory, the other to lay down his life for his country—but will serve to give them a real and vivid idea of the great happenings of the day. To this there is added an interesting and amusing account of the doings of certain English children and their small Belgian playmates in the home circle from which the two heroes went to the front, and to which news of them comes from time to time to thrill their quiet lives with excitement. It is simply and attractively written and should prove a popular Christmas gift with children.

COMPLETE VERSION OF YE THREE BLIND MICE.

By JOHN W. IVIMEY. Illustrated by WALTON CORBOULD. 1s. net. (Warne.)

A very amusing little book for youngsters is the "Complete Version of ye Three Blind Mice," with pictures on every page, most of them in colour. The tale is told in verse of the familiar metre, and will please children immensely, for it shows how the mice set out to look for adventure, how they blinded themselves and had their tails cut off by the immortal farmer's wife, and how in the

From Deccan Nursery Tales (*Macmillan*). AND FILL HER LAP WITH WHEAT CAKES.

From Half-Holiday Pastimes for Children (*Jack*). HOME PICTURE FRAMING.

From "Alice in Wonderland" (*Bell*). THE EXECUTIONER CAME BACK WITH THE DUCHESS.

end they got their sight back and rubbed a lotion called "Never Too Late to Mend" on their tails until they grew again. To know of this happier conclusion will be a great relief to sensitive young minds that have bemoaned the miserable fate of the mice, as related in that unsatisfactory nursery rhyme, and Mr. Ivimey has worked out the history very skilfully and funnily.

ANIMAL TALES FROM AFRICA.

By J. H. Macnair. Illustrated by Harry Rountree. 1s. 6d. (Wells, Gardner.)

These quaint and charming animal tales are adapted from "Hausa Folk-Lore," by Mr. R. Sutherland Rattray, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I., and, as Mr. J. H. Macnair says in his preface, his aim has been to render a storehouse of delightful tales accessible to children. He has certainly been wholly successful, and has compiled a most interesting and entertaining little volume that is bound to please every child who comes in contact with it. "The Hausas, who inhabit the Central and Western Sudan," the author explains, "are a curiously interesting race of mixed Negro and Arab blood. They alone of tropical African tribes possess a written language and a considerable literature; and they are far and away more civilised and intelligent than any of their neighbours." As he says, also, the stories do not in any way suffer in comparison with the folk-tales of Western nations, "though their charm lies in the complete difference of custom and colour from all European collections of folk-tales we know." Mr. Harry Rountree was the ideal artist for illustrating these fascinating little tales, which make something quite new in children's books and should enjoy great popularity this Christmas.

From Animal Tales from Africa (*Wells Gardner*).

BUNSURU TOOK THEM ALL OVER TO HIS NEW HOUSE.

MURRAY FINDS A CHUM.

By May Wynne. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 8 other Illustrations. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Miss May Wynne can always be relied upon to tell a good story—usually it is a story full of the stir and sensation and romantic glamour of the past; but in "Murray Finds a Chum" she tells an unsensational tale of our own day, and one, moreover, that is for the juvenile reader. It is a story all about children as well as for children, and the adventures of the sturdy youngster, Murray, and his small cousin, Ruth, are very simply, brightly and entertainingly unfolded. They are very natural and very lovable children, and it will give all youngsters who are lucky enough to get the book much joy to read about them.

From Murray Finds a Chum (*Stanley Paul*).

GIRLS OF THE HAMLET CLUB.

By Elsie Oxenham. Illustrated in Colours by Harold C. Earnshaw. 3s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)

When Cicely Hobart decided to do the thing she disliked, and leave the pleasant, cheerful home-circle in which she had lived during her father's absence in Ceylon—leave the school, too, where she was so happy and had so many friends and ambitions, and give up so many cherished plans, she little thought how full of interest the new life would be. To please her father, and to be near her unknown grandparents in case they should overcome their dread of seeing the little granddaughter who had cost their beloved daughter her life and send for her, Cicely goes to live with Mrs. Ramage in her cottage in Whitelead village, near her mother's old home, and attends a large school at Wycombe. Here, from the very beginning, she is plunged into the midst of girl-rivalries, girl-friendships, girl-intrigues, and girl-plans and amusements. At the Wycombeschool there was a set which prided itself on its

From Lady Ann's Fairy Tales
Reduction of one of the coloured illustrations by Maud Tindal Atkinson.
(*Grant Richards*).

From The Girls of the Hamlet Club (*Chambers*).

THE FIVE ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

From A Girl of High Adventure (*Chambers*).

"AND THOU WILT SEE THY NIHON WHO WEEPS OUTSIDE?"

exclusiveness, its social side, its clubs, and its superiority; and there was another set which could not afford the club subscriptions, which resented the impolite behaviour of the club members, and endured the uncomfortable position of being "outsiders." The exclusive girls were called "Townies," the others were called "Hamlets," and into this life Cicely plunged unsuspectingly, and bravely took her stand for right against snobbishness. Miss Oxenham undoubtedly knows a good deal about the inside of school life; she also knows the charm of an English country-side, and her story will fascinate girls of all ages by its spirited style and its truth to life.

From Dragon Osmund (*Nelson*).

SO SHE UNTIED THE GOLDEN STRING.

A GIRL OF HIGH ADVENTURE.

By L. T. MEADE. 6s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

Mrs. L. T. Meade's stories are always sure of pleasing the girl-public for whom they are written, and it is safe to say that this one will be no exception to the rule. It is the tale of an unusual child who seeks adventures for herself by going on a trip to Ireland to visit the unknown relations of her dead mother. Wherever she goes little Marguerite wins love and popularity, and through her unconventional holiday many strange things happen and she has some surprising and exciting experiences, of which the author tells in that easy, unaffected style which has endeared her writings to such a vast number of girls for so many years past. From beginning to end the book holds the reader's attention, and little Marguerite's quaint, outspoken ways and old-fashioned mannerisms are wholly delightful and extremely entertaining; whilst her pluck and determination in carrying out her daring schemes are bound to win unstinted admiration for the dauntless spirit of so young an adventuress.

DRAGON OSMUND.

By CHARLES W. WHISTLER. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

We have not had the luck to come across Mr. Whistler's other stories, but judging from this volume he is a first-rate teller of Tales for Boys. This book reminds one of Charles Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake," and the less known but in some ways better book "The Camp of Refuge." It tells of the glory of fighting, a very different thing from the glory of war, which under modern conditions has well nigh passed away. The plot moves steadily on to its end, it is told in a well-sustained antique style, which, when successfully carried out forms a most appropriate atmosphere for such a chronicle. The story is very largely historical, founded in the chronicles of William of Malmesbury, and the Records attributed to Ingulph. Several of the actual incidents are definitely historic. It

From Dick's Love (*Simpkin, Marshall*). HE WOULD SELL HIS LIFE DEARLY BEFORE HE GAVE UP HIS PRIZE.

brings the period very vividly before one, and so has much of the value of actual history, and it is so exciting that one reads to the end at a single sitting without a moment's weariness. The book is, of course, intended for boys' reading, who will note that the hero is always kept well in the forefront, will enjoy the occasional presence of noble, brave and beautiful women, and will unravel the machinations of Edgar the Villain, who is never mean but throughout remains partly heroic, and therefore sympathetic to the reader. Finally, the book is to be commended because it has just that dignity of style which can be appreciated by the young.

From Gildersley Tenderfoot (*Pearson*). STANDING THERE SHE CALLED OUT THREE SEPARATE TIMES.

From The Rising of the Red Man (*Jarrold*). DOUGLAS HAD MADE SURE OF HIM.

From Black Tales for White Children (*Constable*). SHANUI AND TABAK.

DICK'S LOVE.

By M. HARDING KELLY. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

A thrilling tale of adventure in love and war is Mr. M. Harding Kelly's "Dick's Love." It is a story that both girls and boys will thoroughly enjoy, for it lacks neither excitement nor romance. Dick Havelock's experiences in poverty-stricken boyhood, in school-life, in the Indian Mutiny, and in his love for Betty Waller are well and vividly told, and the staunch, upright characters of both the hero and heroine will quickly win the reader's sympathy and admiration. Betty is a splendid girl in every way; even as a child high-spirited and proud, refusing to be domineered over by a stern, narrow-minded governess and with a strong reverence for anything courageous and honourable. Little wonder that stalwart Dick should appeal to her from the very beginning, seeing that he makes her acquaintance by risking his life for hers, though his own misfortunes prevent him uttering his love for her and he does not guess until the end that what he so heroically renounces is his already. It is an excellent plot, and the interest is stimulated throughout by stirring incidents and dramatic situations.

GILDERSLEY'S TENDERFOOT.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

This is "a thrilling tale of Redskin and Prairie," a rattling good story of adventure in the wild west, that boys will thoroughly enjoy. Harvey Denham, the "tenderfoot," a homeless waif of London and an immigrant to Canada, is adopted by Joe Gildersley and his wife Amelia, and sent out to join them on their lonely ranch. But his adventures commence whilst he is still on the way there, and he faces death many times and in many forms before he reaches them at last—and then only reaches them by a stray twist of fortune. As the French Canadian, Pierre Adieu, who is his companion in most of his exciting experiences, says: "'E shoot de lynx, find 'ow to mek fire without any match, save la belle White Plume when she drown in creek, follow ver' well on forest trail, escape the Hindian, fight many hours de blizzard, and kill 'is grizzly bear. . . ." Perhaps his narrow escape from the Redskins will grip the reader most, though the whole book simply bristles with thrilling incidents, and the author's ingenuity at working out a first-rate plot is too well known to need comment. Mr. Leighton writes admirably and with a real feeling for literary expression; moreover, he knows just the kind of book boys revel in, and knows, too, how to give it to them.

BLACK TALES FOR WHITE CHILDREN.

By CAPT. and MRS. C. H. STIGAND. Illustrated by JOHN HARGRAVE. 5s. net. (Constable.)

On the East coast of Africa there is a people called the Swahili, who are a mixture between native Africans and Arab traders. The stories that they tell are derived partly from the source that produced the "Thousand and One Nights" and the simple folk lore of the original primitive race. One knows from the hold that Grimm has upon the childish imagination how popular folk lore is with children, and it was an admirable idea of the authors to compile this charming collection of black tales. Every race has its own particular set of animals round which it builds its domestic stories. In Greenland, where the choice is limited, such stories are devoted to seals, worms, and oddest of all, lice. Among the Swahili the elephant is the most terrible of animals, the hyena the good-natured fool, and the hare, like our fox, the most astute and cunning of all animals. There are nearly thirty tales in the book, every one of which will delight a child and the black-and-white drawings are wholly successful.

DECCAN NURSERY TALES.

By C. A. KINCAID, C.V.D. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

There is something very fresh and entertaining about these Indian nursery stories, translated as literally as possible from the original Marathi. English children will find the strange names and curious customs extremely interesting and amusing, and the tales that have been handed down for centuries and told from generation to generation to the little boys and girls in the East, may be sure of a ready and appreciative audience here in the West also. Beautifully-illustrated in colour by M. V. Dhurandhar, it makes a book any child would be happy to possess, whilst the author's brief explanatory preface concerning the Indian gods is at once both interesting and instructive.

From The Divine Brethren (*Macmillan*).

GOLDEN TALES FROM GRIMM.

Edited by EDITH ROBARTS. 1s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner.)

No fairy tales can hope to compete with Grimm's, nor will children ever weary of them. Miss Edith Robarts has compiled a little volume of the "golden" tales, eleven in all—such as "The Golden Bird," "The Giant with the Three Golden Hairs," and "The Golden Pool," which children will love to read again in this varied order. There are several pictures, some in colour, and the dainty binding and clear type add considerably to the attractions of these favourite stories.

From **Golden Tales from Grimm** (*Wells Gardner*).

AWAY THEY WENT OVER HEDGES AND DITCHES.

THE BOOK OF FAIRY TALES.

Illustrated in Colour and Black and White by H. M. BROCK. (Warne.)

Printed in bold, clear type on handsome large pages, here are four of the old fairy tales that will never grow old enough to die—"Puss-in-Boots," "Jack-and-the-Beanstalk," "Hop-o'-my-Thumb." and "Beauty-and-the Beast." With Mr. H. M. Brock's charming illustrations, the old tales look as attractive as they are, and in this new setting will be a prized possession of all children who are fortunate enough to find the book among their Christmas presents.

THE SEA GIRT FORTRESS.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Here is a tale that all boys will love, and though Mr. Westerman would appear to have written the book before the outbreak of the present war, and to have gone somewhat astray, perhaps, with his handling of the naval struggle between Germany, on the one side, and Great Britain and America on the other, there will not be found very many of his eager readers so captious as to protest. The story deals with Heligoland. By sheer ill-luck two yachtsmen, Jack Hamerton, an English naval officer, and Oswald Detroit, his American friend, fall into the clutches of the Germans. Suspected of being spies, they are clapped into this island fortress. Of course, they are young men of resource, and much excitement is aroused in the description of their efforts to escape. The climax of the tale deals with the war and the book ends with the blowing up of Heligoland. Let us hope that Mr. Westerman is a good prophet.

From **Hop-o'-My-Thumb** (*Warne*).

A FIGHT FOR FORTUNE.

By T. C. BRIDGES. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

A splendid tale of adventure, told in a vigorous, entertaining style, is "A Fight for Fortune" by Mr. T. C. Bridges, showing how two boys join an expedition to the China Seas in quest of pearls, and the perils they encounter and the many thrilling experiences they have.

From The Romance of Piracy (*Seeley, Service*). THE VIKING'S FUNERAL.

From A Sea-Girt Fortress (*Blackie*). "GREAT SCOT!" HE EXCLAIMED, "IT'S HAMERTON."

It is full of excitement and "go" from start to finish; the chapters are crowded with stirring incidents, and the calm heroism of the boys in the face of death and worse than death will win the reader's enthusiastic admiration. Battles at sea, fights with terrible sea-monsters are items in the tale; the plot swings along without a break, one daring deed or danger treading on the heels of another, so that it is difficult to put the book down until one has seen the heroes safely through them all. There is no doubt about it that Mr. T. C. Bridges knows the type of story a boy loves. There is a high moral tone and something very manly and healthy about his narrative that will instinctively appeal to the boy's finer feelings and his inherent regard for all that is brave, noble and unselfish.

From A Fight for Fortune (*Nisbet*). THE BIG FISH HITS BACK.

JACK, THE FIRE-DOG.

By AUNT LILLY. 3s. 6d. (H. R. Allenson.)

Stories about animals are always popular with many readers, both old and young, and therefore to give a book a title such as that of "Jack the Fire-Dog," is to ensure it ready consideration. The author of this particular story has, however, only sought to interest youthful readers, as her pen-name sufficiently indicates. Jack is a particularly cute animal attached to a certain fire-station ("engine-house" it is here termed) and on one occasion he is instrumental in the saving of a poor blind boy from a burning house. It is the story of this poor waif that is followed, as he is befriended first by three poor children, then by the firemen—then by the wonderful Mr. Ledwell and his grandson Sam, who seem to spend their lives in doing

kindly acts for others. Billy, the blind boy, has got separated from his mother, who has fallen ill in the street and been removed to a hospital, and her discovery is followed by his gaining his sight after an operation. The talking of dogs, pigeons, sparrows, and other creatures forms a feature of the story, which is told in a simple, unpretentious manner.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DACRES.

By the Rev. E. Crake. 3s. 6d. (Allenson.)

Mr. E. E. Crake is the rector of Jevington, and a fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and he has been moved to clear the name of Lord Dacre of Hurstmonceaux Castle, who fell a victim to the rough justice of King Henry VIII. The story of Lord Dacre has long been the subject of historical discussion. Some maintain that his execution was inevitable if the king were to uphold the principle that

From Jack the Fire-Dog (*Allenson*). OLD JIM LEAVING THE ENGINE HOUSE.

the law is the same for the rich as for the poor. Others think that he was the victim of a court intrigue; others, again, that the king's implacability, his Tudor weakness for holding to a resolve once made, was the cause. The author gives the full story of the Dacre family, selecting the novel form in which to present it, and the reader, after perusing these pages, can judge for himself whether or no the execution was a miscarriage of justice. According to Mr. Crake, a party of guests at Hurstmonceaux Castle, after dining well, conceived the idea of a moonlight hunt in the deer park of an unpopular neighbour. Lord Dacre only heard of their intention after they had set out, and, riding after them to stop them, he came upon a fight with the keepers. He himself was attacked, and, in defending himself, killed his man. Was he guilty or not? The author, while giving all the historical facts and details, has very cleverly revived the atmosphere of the period.

From A Hero of Liège (*Frouds*) THE FIGHT IN THE AIR. By Herbert Strang.

From The Tragedy of the Dacres (*Allenson*). THE FIGHT IN THE FOREST.

From Tommy Tregennis (*Constable*).

TOWARDS EVENING MRS. TREGENNIS GREW RESTLESS AND UNEASY.
From coloured Illustration.

TOMMY TREGENNIS.

By MARY E. PHILLIPS. Edited by M. E. WHEELHOUSE. 5s. (Constable.)

A simple little story about a boy of five, the son of fisher folk. It tells, with much descriptive ability and not a little quiet humour the tale of his doings through a long summer in a Cornish fishing village. The author is somewhat trammelled by the limitations of her subject. It is never easy to make a child a hero; but even with these limitations she displays such descriptive ability in her portrayal of one side of the life of a fishing village, that the reader cannot help regretting that she is not dealing with a larger canvas. Tommy, however, is a charming little boy—the true son of his father and mother. Mrs. Tregennis is sketched admirably, and the little gallery of portraits from Miss Lavinia, the schoolmistress, downwards in the social scale is exceedingly well done. The scene when the "Light of Home," with Tommy's father on board, is lost—to be fortunately found again—is an emotional sketch which it would be hard to better. The illustrations to the book considerably enhance its charm.

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

By R. CADWALADR SMITH. Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White. 1s. net. (Blackie.)

Mr. Cadwaladr Smith has written a very pleasant and instructive book about birds that the nature student would do well to put in his pocket when he is on a holiday tramp in the country. It shows an intimate acquaintance with bird-life and habits. "Each part of a bird's body tells us something of its possessor's habits." The beak will indicate the kind of food it eats; the wings, how that food is obtained; the feet and legs show whether the bird swims, runs, climbs, perches, scratches the ground for food, lives among weeds or shallow water, or clutches its prey. This is exemplified by descriptions of the kestrel, the sparrow-hawk, and various other kinds of birds, and in similar simple, practical fashion is the whole economy of bird-life revealed to us. A suggestive and serviceable little volume, well and helpfully illustrated.

STORIES FROM NORTHERN MYTHS.

By EMILIE KIP BAKER. Illustrated. 5s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

After a preliminary chapter on "How All Things Began," in which the author tells of the traditional origin of certain of the gods and of their creation of dwarfs, and gnomes, and fairies and suchlike earth-people, we pass to the great stories of the Northern myths—to those of "Odin's Search for Wisdom," the famous tales of the doings of Thor; of Balder; of Siegmund; the Vengeance of the Volsungs; the Valkyrie; of Brunhilde and Siegfried; and so at last to the story of the twilight of the Gods and the destruction of Asgard. They are some of the finest romances of gods and men that are to be found in any literature, and Miss Baker has retold them vividly, sympathetically, and with considerable narrative ability. The book is beautifully illustrated.

ANCIENT ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS. 1400-1700.

Collected and arranged by EDITH RICKERT. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Their wide popularity has induced the publishers to re-issue Miss Rickert's excellent collection of old Christmas Carols in a new and cheap edition. It is the amplest collection of such carols that we have seen, and in this new form should appeal to a larger public than ever.

From Mother Molly (*Bell*).

"IS ANYTHING THE MATTER, MADEMOISELLE?"

THE STORY OF JOSEPH THE DREAMER.

By EDWARD LEIGH PELL. 1s. net. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

THE STORY OF DAVID.

By EDWARD LEIGH PELL. 1s. net. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

In a novel and interesting style Mr. Edward Leigh Pell has re-told for children the familiar, ever-fascinating story of Joseph, making the Dreamer himself the narrator, and writing the tale in a simple, straightforward way that is very easy to follow. Children will enjoy reading it in this guise and will be able to understand it more clearly than in the more difficult Biblical language, and to remember each detail with greater vividness. The beautiful coloured illustrations by Mr. James J. Tissot will please them immensely. In a similar way and in the same series, the author has written the "Story of David." Small girls and boys could not learn the Old Testament stories in a pleasanter manner than by reading these charming little books.

From The Story of Joseph the Dreamer (*Revell*).

THIS DREAM MADE ME MORE FOOLISH THAN EVER.

EDRIC THE OUTLAW.

By ESCOTT LYNN. With Coloured Illustrations by W. A. CUTHBERTSON. 5s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

There are many boys who find Saxon history dull and confusing, but if they are happy enough to get "Edric The Outlaw" for their Christmas-holiday reading that trouble will be over, or at any rate, they will have no further trouble in understanding and enjoying that bit of Saxon history which deals with the coming of Egbert. This tale of dangers and adventures seems to hold the very clash of swords in its pages; and from the day when Edric of Dursingham slays the bullying Thane, Guthred, and releases the bound Viking, Thorgrim, in the market-place of Bere Regis in Dorsetshire, to the day when Egbert marries Edric's sister and begins his making of the kingdom of England, these three brave men, Egbert, Edric and Thorgrim, know very little of quiet or of safety. Mr. Lynn knows how to tell a thrilling story, and there is none of the dryness of antiquity about either his matter or his manner. He has reconstructed a bit of history; but his narrative is as vivid as if he were recounting first-hand incidents of modern life. He tells of days when a man's hand was quick to be at his sword-hilt, and the uncertainty of life was an everyday fact; and with a fine theme he has made a fine story.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF ASTRONOMY.

By ELLISON HAWKS. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Hawks informs us that when he "was a boy," he "devoted a considerable part of his dinner-hour each day to scanning the solar disc—in fact, more time went in solar observations than in the actual process of dining!" The enthusiasm here indicated has not only borne fruit in achievement of service to science, it has assisted our author to retain a keen insight into the methods of imparting information which will prove most attractive to young readers; and to suggest a thousand ingenious and practical contrivances by which boys themselves may become intelligent observers, and even recorders, of useful phenomena. This "book of astronomy" contains further a very judicious admixture of history, anecdote, and description. The most remarkable facts are graphically narrated in plain language, and emphasised by such comparisons as that between one planet which was "seen several times before it was discovered," and another which was "found theoretically before it was ever seen." He does not disdain an allusion to the man—and "the

From Edric the Outlaw (*Chambers*).

"HOLD, NO MURDER SHALL BE DONE HERE."

From A Child's Guide to London (*Methuen*).

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND SURROUNDINGS.

lady"—in the moon; he measures distances and speed by such simple devices as that "even if King Charles II. had taken a ticket for the sun he would not have arrived there yet!" Nevertheless, the facts are here, clearly and systematically presented; the advice to would-be astronomers is practical and dignified; the serious issues are not shirked. In one word, the work is a perfect model for the aim set down; and most generously illustrated.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By CHARLES DICKENS. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by HONOR C. APPLETON. 5s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Every Christmas brings us a new edition of at least one of Dickens's immortal Christmas stories. We are not prepared to say off-hand how many different artists have interpreted "The Christmas Carol" since John Leech illustrated it on its first appearance, but we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Appleton's eight paintings are worthy to rank beside the best of those illustrations by her many predecessors. She is not much concerned with the humour, the grotesquerie of the story, but we doubt if the poetry, the grace, the tenderness and fantasy of Dickens were ever more delicately or more sympathetically depicted than they are in her drawings. Her Scrooge should have been a little grimmer, a little harder of feature, perhaps; but her Tiny Tim and Bob Cratchit and the rest of his family are delightfully natural and human. She is very successful, too, in dealing with the eerie, ghostly elements of the narrative; her wintry nights have the hue and atmosphere of winter, and the spirits that haunt them are veritable things of mist and bodiless. We congratulate both artist and publishers on this beautifully illustrated and tastefully produced edition of the best and most popular of Dickens's Christmas Books.

NATIONAL HUMOUR.

By REV. DAVID MACRAE. With Illustrations by JOHN DUNCAN. 5s. net. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

It is natural that the author should start by giving us a dissertation on Scottish humour; it is natural that he should consider it "second to none"; but, what is more to the point, he makes good his claim in the anecdotes and verses with which he illustrates his contention. Nor does any natural partiality prevent him from doing equal justice to English humour, and, in a separate chapter, he shows a notable appreciation of the humour of the Cockney. There are equally good and entertaining sections devoted to Welsh, Irish and American humour. It is a first-rate book to steal from; it simply bristles with witty and humorous stories and anecdotes—more than enough of them to set up a busy after-dinner speaker for the rest of his life, and enough of them to keep less obtrusive folk laughing pleasantly by the fireside through half the evenings of a winter's month. A thoroughly enjoyable volume, genially written and well illustrated in colour.

THE RED PATROL.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold & Sons.)

This is a first-rate story for boys, telling how Roger Wingrove, son of a soldier who has been turned out of the army for acting the coward, goes to Canada and determines to retrieve the family honour by courageous deeds and heroic self-sacrifice. He plunges at once into the most exciting adventures, coming into contact with Sergeant Silk, "the bravest man in the force," whose cool daring awakens the boy's intense admiration, and makes him vow that he will never be satisfied until the Sergeant has shaken him by the hand and congratulated him on his own bravery. Of his thrilling experiences, his many narrow escapes from death and his noble deeds that culminate in his saving Silk's life and winning from him the coveted praise at last, Mr. Leighton writes vividly and with imaginative power. The book is crammed full of incident and action, and keeps the reader on tenter hooks till the end is reached and Roger Wingrove is recognised, not as a coward's son, but as a hero, and the son of a hero. It is a sequel to "Gildersley's Tenderfoot," introducing several familiar characters who figure in the other story also, and is throughout just the sort of yarn boys love to read.

From The Boys' Book of Astronomy (*Grant Richards*).

MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

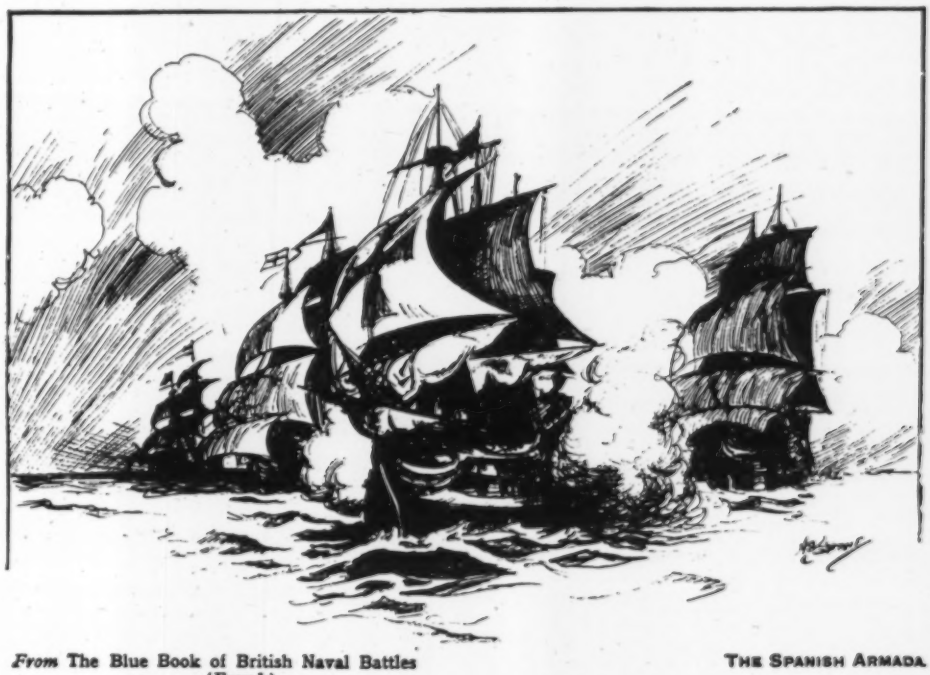
THE STORY OF CAPTAIN SCOTT.

By MARY MACGREGOR. With Coloured and Black-and-White Illustrations by F. M. B. BLAIKIE. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

That man or woman does a fine deed who teaches children the value and the beauty of heroism; and Miss Macgregor is to be congratulated on her work in this pretty book. The boys and girls who are fortunate enough to possess the volume will love it for its vivid interest, its adventurous story, its dangers, its escapes, and its revealing pictures. But older readers will realise, in addition to these virtues, the able manner in which the writer has carried out a difficult task. True it is that Captain Scott and his men are heroes about whom it is a pleasure to write; but the very greatness of their work makes the task of selection harder for the author who undertakes to write of their deeds. Most admirably has Miss Macgregor woven the numerous details into a fascinating narrative. "It is a sad story of a brave adventure," she writes. It is a sad story which every boy and girl, man and woman ought to know; and the bravery in it will overcome the sadness. Four full-page plates in colour bring the Arctic regions very plainly before our eyes, and numerous illustrations in the text bring the everyday life of that great expedition clearly to our minds. Many quotations are made from Captain Scott's own diary, and these help to make the hero stand out as a living man. The volume is one of the "Stories We Love" series, and surely no story deserves better to be loved than this of Scott and his brave men.

From The Story of Captain Scott (*Jack*).

THE DOGS WERE TAKEN OUT AND HARNESSED TO A SLEDGE.



From The Blue Book of British Naval Battles (*Froude*).

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE BLUE BOOK OF BRITISH NAVAL BATTLES.

Edited by HERBERT STRANG. (Frowde, and Hodder & Stoughton.)

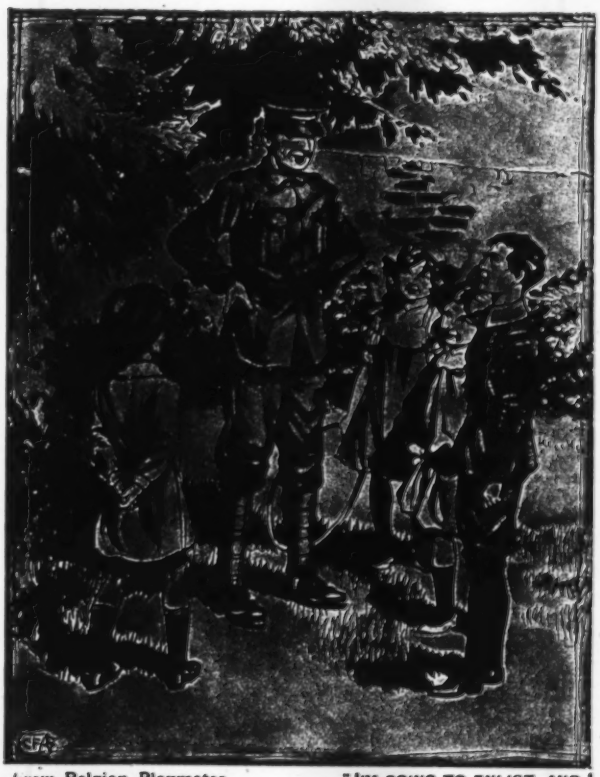
Here Mr. Strang tells again those tales which will never die—the stories of the great fights which England has waged at sea from earliest times to the days of Trafalgar. He begins with Alfred's sea-fight with the Danes, and leads us gradually up through the centuries to that golden age when Frobisher and Hawkins and Raleigh roamed the ocean, and Drake spread his sails on his adventure of singeing the Spanish

king's beard. He uses Sir Walter Raleigh's account of the last fight of the *Revenge*—which it would be hard to better, relates how Van Tromp and his broom were swept from the Channel by Drake, describes the capture of Gibraltar, tells us of Howe's battle on the glorious first of June, and Southey's account of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson. Mr. Strang's part in the book is limited to the editing: the accounts themselves are taken from various sources. There are eight full-page coloured plates in the book, and some dozen black-and-white illustrations, and all of them are of a very high standard of merit.

A GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS.

By HERBERT STRANG. 5s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Strang is one of the best tellers of boys adventure stories that we have writing to-day, and "A Gentleman-at-Arms" is one of his best. It is a rollicking series of tales dealing with the Elizabethan period, taking us in turn to most of the cherished spots on the map of romance. It is supposed to be a transcript of a manuscript in the possession of the Rudd family, being certain passages in the life of Sir Christopher Rudd, Knight, related by himself in the year of our Lord 1641, and written down by his grandson, Stephen. The first story begins when the hero is only sixteen, in the year before the Great Armada swept up the channel to its doom. This tale deals with a mysterious treasure hidden on board a ship that has become land-locked by an earthquake. It is full of fights and deeds of daring—a mixture of



From Belgian Playmates (*Gay & Hancock*). "I'M GOING TO ENLIST, AND I WONT GO ALONE NEITHER."

From A Gentleman-at-Arms (*Frowde & Hodder & Stoughton*) THE SWIFTNESS OF OUR ONSET TOOK THE SPANIARDS ALL ABACK.

"Treasure Island" and "Westward Ho!" The second story centres round Henry of Navarre, and the last story, the fifth, takes us to Ireland where Sir Christopher Rudd wins his wife. These tales are linked together by what the author calls interims, which describe briefly Rudd's doings between the various episodes and explain for the reader the historical references. Mr. Strang adopts a semi-archaic style of writing which is the traditional form for books of this kind, but he does not strain the style in any way. I cannot think of any better book for a boy's present at Christmas.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Christmas has brought with it—or sent before it—no handsomer or more interesting annual for boys than this splendid new volume of Mr. Herbert Strang's. As usual it is full of good things; there is a rattling good story of school life by Gunby Hadath, a first-rate cowboy yarn by Sydney Horler, and an inspiring account of Waterloo by John Aston; stirring war stories, adventure stories, and articles on almost every subject a boy cares about; while the names of Captain Gilson, Claude Graham White, and many other such, familiar and favourite, figure on the contents page. The book has the added attraction of numerous coloured and black-and-white pictures by some of our leading artists. What more need be said of it than that the annual maintains its usual high standard, and is as throughly interesting and topical as ever. No better Christmas gift could be found for boys who like reading, for they cannot fail to find in the entertaining miscellany that enriches its pages something to absorb or amuse them however diverse and exacting their tastes may be.

From Herbert Strang's Annual (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*). NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

By the late W. F. MONYPENNY and GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE. Vol. III. 1846–1855. With portraits and illustrations. 12s. net. (John Murray).

One of the most important publications of the autumn is this third volume of the "Life of Disraeli." The continuation of the work, so ably begun by the late Mr. Monypenny, has been entrusted to Mr. Earle Buckle, the former editor of *The Times*, who was not only a personal friend of Mr. Monypenny's, but had been consulted by him at every stage in the writing of the biography. We postpone our consideration of the book until next month.

AFRICAN ADVENTURE STORIES.

By J. ALDEN LORING. 6s. net. (Allen & Unwin).

Mr. Alden Loring was naturalist to the Roosevelt African Expedition, and saw much of big-game hunting in the ex-President's company. He relates his own experiences here, and those of other famous hunters in Africa, in a series of well-told and exciting stories. An interesting introduction has been written for the book by Mr. Roosevelt.

THE PEEK-A-BOOS' DESERT ISLAND.

Drawn by CHLOE PRESTON. Told by ZOË HOYLE. 5s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Another volume about those delightfully quaint little people, the Peek-a-Boos, brings its own welcome with it. This time you have them all, including the black baby and the teddy bear, wrecked on a desert island and meeting with adventures that are as amusing as they are unusual. Just a tale of the happiest laughter for very small children—even if they are too small to be able to read they will laugh joyously at the pictures. An irresistibly funny book for the littlest ones; no nursery ought to be without it.

THE GRANDCHILDREN OF THE GHETTO.

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. 1s. net. "Wayfarer's Library." (Dent.)

"The History of the 'Grandchildren of the Ghetto,' which is mainly a history of the middle classes, is mainly a history of isolation," writes Mr. Zangwill in the opening chapter of this finely realistic novel. In "The Children of the Ghetto" he pictured life among the Jews who live in lower London; the grandchildren move in higher circles—some in the highest—and this story is as true, as poignant, as alive with actuality as was the earlier one. It is a very notable addition to an excellent series—other new volumes in which are Cope Cornford's "Master Beggars of Belgium," Sir Gilbert Parker's "A Ladder of Swords," Miss Betham-Edwards's "Under the German Ban in Alsace and Lorraine," and two of Dickens's famous Christmas Books.

From Animals All (*Ward Lock*). THE SECRETARY BIRD.

From The Duke of Wellington (*Nelson*).

MAJOR GEN. ROBT. CRAWFORD, LEADER OF THE LIGHT DIVISION.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

By JAMES WALTER BUCHAN. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

The Iron Duke—"that long-nosed lord who licks the parley-vous," hated sentiment; hated pretence and humbug, could not tolerate fools. It is scarcely surprising that, however much feared and respected, he never secured much love from the men he regarded as "the scum of the earth. . . . English soldiers are fellows who have enlistedfor drink—that is the plain fact; they have all enlisted for drink." Yet he took great care of the "one small army" which was all Britain could afford; and "few generals were equally anxious for the well-being and the comfort of the troops during service." To him always war was "a grim business, and a victory only less terrible than a defeat." Studying the casualty list, he "wept tears over his lost soldiers." Yet, like Napoleon, he could sleep everywhere—even on battle-fields: "during the lull in the fight at Talavera," "while the French were walking into the trap" at Salamanca. Mr. Buchan has told us the stories of India, of Copenhagen, of the Peninsular Campaigns and of Waterloo. At the present moment, particularly, no narrative could be more inspiring or more full of interest.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN.

By G. I. WHITHAM. 6s. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.).

Five rousing tales of valour are here handled in splendid style by an author who knows how to make the principal characters live, and exactly how to get the atmosphere of the various periods dealt with. Sir Walter Raleigh is the hero of the opening episodes, and we hear of his exploits from the mouth of his kinsman and fellow adventurer Christopher Carey, of his downfall, and of his death. Bertrand, "Le Diamant Brut," is a powerful study of a puissant knight, and one of the strangest figures in history. "Pride of the West," deals with the struggle between King and Parliament and with the restoration of Charles to the English throne. But the part of this book which will afford most pleasure is "The Glory of his Day," a restrained and simple account of the life of Sir Philip Sidney. The greatest of men, the greatest of courtiers and one of the foremost poets of his age, it will be remembered of him that, "Amongst a world of liars he did not lie. In a world of deceit, hidden craft, and simulated goodness, he remained good, was what he appeared to be. Ambitious as he was, it was not the ambition that could stoop to get its end. Men who met him marked and had great hopes of him." Richard of the Lion Heart is the subject of the remaining story.

A HERO OF LIÉGE.

By HERBERT STRANG. Illustrated by CYRUS CUNEO. 3s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "A Hero of Liége," Mr. Herbert Strang has written a capital romance of the present War, unfolding the exciting exploits of a British airman in Belgium. Kenneth Amory is engaged in business at Cologne when the war breaks out; before he can get away from Germany he is arrested as a spy and narrowly escapes with his life; but it is not until after he starts to play his part in the acutal fighting that his real adventures begin. It is a vigorous, well-imagined book, crowded with incidents, to which the actual events of the day give an added spice of interest. One may safely say that no more fascinating story for boys, none fuller of life and go and varied adventure, has come into the list of this Christmas's books. The colour-plates of Mr. Cyrus Cuneo are quite uncommonly good.

From The Shepherd of the Ocean (*Wells Gardner*).

WHEN WE LANDED SIR LEWIS STUCKEY ARRESTED KING.

NELSON'S
NEW GIFT BOOKS.

Handsomely Bound. **Illustrated in Colours.**

6/- net. THE PAGEANT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Sir EDWARD PARROTT, M.A. With 32 Colour and 32 Black-and-White Plates. This volume is designed as a companion to the Author's popular "Pageant of British History."

3/6 NEW TALES OF OLD TIMES. By W. E. SPARKES. With numerous Coloured Illustrations. A book of stories of British civilization, including Columba, Aidan, Cuthbert, Chad, Patrick, &c.

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3/6 THE STORY OF THE "VICTORY." By GEOFFREY CALLENDER. The life story of the famous fighting vessel, from the launch to the final anchorage in Portsmouth Harbour, with many new Illustrations.

3/6 THE DAUNTLESS THREE. By THEODORA WILSON WILSON
A delightful story of Boy and Girl playmates and their pranks, fully Illustrated.

3/6 DRAGON OSMUND. By C. W. WHISTLER.
A tale of Viking times for older boys by a writer whose earlier work on the same period has won for him thousands of youthful admirers.

2/6 HOW I TAMED THE WILD SQUIRRELS.
By ELEANOR TYRRELL. With 6 Coloured Plates and numerous Line Illustrations, by HONOR C. APPLETON.

2/6 LICKLE TICKLE. By JEAN LANG.
With numerous Illustrations in Colour and Line by HARRY ROWNTREE. This is one of the most charming stories ever written. Full of humour and interest from cover to cover.

2/- PAT-A-CAKE. By FRANK ADAMS.
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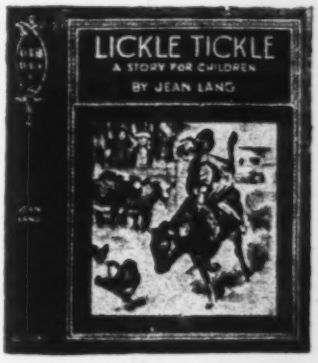

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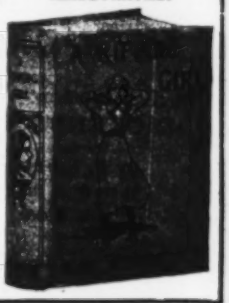

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